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THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 531.—JANUARY, 1937.

Art. 1.—THE KAISER AND ENGLISH RELATIONS.

*The Kaiser and English Relations.* By E. F. Benson.  
Longmans, 1936.

A WELL-KNOWN novelist has ventured into the fields of historiography, where no writer of fiction will ever be quite at home. For, while it is his privilege to create characters and make them act according to his fancy, history will not tolerate any slightest deviation from the narrow paths of strict historical truth. I refer to Mr E. F. Benson's newly published book 'The Kaiser and English Relations.' Now a profound knowledge of the subject matter is a fundamental requirement for any attempt at authorship in this domain. It may well be doubted whether Mr Benson ever met the German Emperor in pre-War days, and it may be assumed that he has not done so since. True, biographers sometimes write about living men whom they do not know personally. In that case they are supposed to have made a close study of their subject, using all the available material, all the data tending to throw light on the facts—which, alas, are often complicated and entangled and even obscured by adverse influences. Another indispensable requirement is the faculty for deep psychologic insight, which we miss in Mr Benson's book. All this applies to any biography, but more especially so in this case where a man is concerned who for decades stood in the foreground of the political scene. Books written during or after the War—that is, in agitated times not distinguished for just and impartial thinking—and books the strong and unfair bias

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of which is an acknowledged fact should not be used without counterbalancing them with the publications which in later years have contributed so much towards a revision of English war-time opinion of the Emperor William. The marked change which has taken place in this respect, and which is largely due to documentary post-War revelations, has escaped Mr Benson's notice.

It strains the nerves to read a book which deals with such grave and important subjects as the fateful relations of two powerful empires and the historic events of the period immediately preceding the Great War, that is written with such undisguised flippancy as in this case. The history of pre-War Europe is not a suitable subject to be turned into a farce; nor were the King, the Kaiser, and the Tsar the leading characters in a comedy.

The bulk of Mr Benson's information comes from three books, on which he chiefly relies: Prince Bülow's 'Memoirs,' the worthlessness of which as a source of reliable information is unanimously acknowledged; the biography of King Edward VII by Sir Sidney Lee, of whom a prominent English historian has said that his 'crude Germanophobia somewhat distorts the picture of the diplomatic chess-board at the end of the century';\* and Herr Emil Ludwig's cleverly written but strongly biased and fantastically distorted biography or essay where he parades his psycho-analytic hobby-horse. Probably it is due to the attention Mr Benson pays to this work that he constantly reverts to Herr Ludwig's psycho-analytic ideas, and the tale of inferiority and other complexes runs through the whole book. Such ideas are apt to become an obsession to their adherents. Unfortunately Herr Ludwig is no better acquainted with the Kaiser's real personality than Mr Benson, and these laboured constructions are far too forced to carry conviction. The 'British Documents' and the German 'Grosse Politik' are not in favour with the author, while 'Germany's Road to Ruin' by Nowak (important on account of the vast amount of material and information used), and Colonel Niemann's highly instructive books, are never once quoted as authorities. This does not reveal what has been described as the 'unbending

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\* Gooch, 'Recent Revelations of European Diplomacy,' p. 168.

determination to discover and tell the truth *sine ira et studio*.' But it is not only justice and fairness that require a more reverent handling of the subject than Mr Benson's. Nor is it a matter of sympathy or antipathy. The point is this : Is it likely to promote a rapprochement between the nations generally if, at a period when we all hope that peace and international cooperation will obtain, the work of years is undone by publications of this kind, raking up old misunderstandings, reflecting old misconceptions, and repeating old mistakes often long since refuted ?

If the Kaiser's relations with England are meant to be the main theme of the book, the author has missed an essential point : he describes the things on the surface as he visualises them, but he does not undertake to describe the underlying facts, the intrinsic features of the situation, the deep current of political developments ; nor does he realise the precariousness of Germany's position, sandwiched between two hostile powers, and the legitimacy of her ruler's growing uneasiness at the opposition his country met with wherever economic or political interests were at stake. He disposes of all this by simply ridiculing the idea of an encirclement. It is due to the same reason that he sees the increase of the German navy from one angle only, yet for the maritime force of a great power bordering on two seas, with colonies and a big oversea trade, the plan to attack and invade a particular country is surely not the only conceivable *raison d'être*. The author describes German foreign politics as inconstant and fluctuating between a policy aiming at an alliance with Great Britain and a policy desiring an alliance with Russia. This may be true, but a changing political attitude is not necessarily the outcome of volatility of mind ; it generally is the consequence of changing conditions, and adaptation to existing circumstances is believed to be the essence of the art of politics. Mr Benson represents the Emperor as having been continually engaged in trying to make trouble between England and other European powers. The friendships and alliances of States never find much favour in the eyes of the countries not participating in them, and it may safely be supposed that the Emperor tried to avert the trouble which might result for his own country ; for

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Germany the development of the network of Entente treaties was becoming a matter of alarm. As regards the Kaiser's frequently quoted letters to the Tsar, the author says himself that they were not written without the knowledge of the German Foreign Office. As a matter of fact, they were often drafted there, and the free use made by Bülow of this correspondence for his own ends gave rise to the Emperor's complaint that there must be some limit to the continuous interference by the Foreign Office with the text of his 'private' letters to the Tsar.\* To the important years between the death of King Edward and the outbreak of war only a few pages are devoted, and nothing is said about the marked improvement in Anglo-German relations in connection with the identical peaceful policy of the two countries during the Balkan Wars and the distinct flagging of the irritation felt on account of the naval competition.

It is quite safe to say that the Emperor sincerely wanted friendship with Britain, but in his efforts to achieve it he unfortunately met with the resistance both of powerful elements in England and of his own Government and subjects, and the different position of the two countries in respect to Russia has always been a serious obstacle. We know that Prince Bülow failed to convey to his sovereign Mr Chamberlain's message that a refusal of his offer of an alliance would result in England's turning to France and consequently to the Dual Alliance; and we know that Bülow's foreign policy was inspired by Holstein's Anglophobia and mistrust of England. As to the personal relations between the Kaiser and King Edward, we may safely say that such disharmonies are generally the fault of both parties. Besides, the King was in this respect much influenced by his sister, the Empress Frederick, whose attitude towards her son is open to just criticism.

In describing the relations between the Empress Frederick and William II the author apparently follows the Empress's letters to Queen Victoria. For although he places a full share of the responsibility on the Empress, yet he cannot free himself from the influence of her letters. Had the Queen's answers also been published, as we

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\* 'Grosse Politik,' Nr. 5972.

hope that some day they will be, Mr Benson would presumably have been less impressed by the Empress's letters, which in this respect are naturally partial and biased and represent one side of a picture only. Failing any knowledge of these answers we have to take into consideration what the Kaiser himself says in his foreword to the German edition of his mother's letters. The 'Manchester Guardian' wrote at the time that the Emperor, mastering his natural feelings of irritation, had shown himself a man strong in piety, generous in judgment, and keenly alive to the tragedy in his mother's life. Mr Benson even tells his readers that after Frederick's tragic death the young Emperor, looking for his father's papers (which, however, were already on their way to England), 'dressed in the red uniform of his Hussars, with a sabre in his hand, himself searched his mother's room'! This absurd story should find no place in a serious book.

The relations between the Emperor Frederick and his son are not correctly described, for, apart from the irritation felt by Frederick, which really was caused far more by the attitude of his father and of Bismarck than by his son's, there was a great mutual tenderness between them, and we have reason to believe that both suffered acutely under the almost complete separation imposed upon them by the Empress during the Emperor Frederick's illness. There is not the slightest foundation for Mr Benson's strange remark that the Kaiser felt no twinge of personal sorrow at his father's death. Nor did he try to obliterate the latter's short reign. Indeed, the Emperor Frederick had been far too ill to impress his stamp on this short period of 99 days.

Many points in the book require refutation; but there is no need for a complete list of the frequent mistakes, and only the most important subjects can be dealt with here. It must be mentioned, however, that the index is full of inaccuracies in the rendering of German names and titles, some of them disclosing a remarkable unfamiliarity with the status of men prominent in the history of Anglo-German relations. Most striking among them are the following: Count Bethmann-Hollweg (instead of Herr von Bethmann Hollweg), Count Bülow (Prince Bülow), Baron Eckardstein, German Ambassador (First Secretary



of the German Embassy), Kayser, German Colonial Secretary (director of the colonial department of the Foreign Office), Kiderlen (Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, German Foreign Secretary); then there is 'Sophia, Crown Princess of Greece, 139, 141,' and 'Sparta, Duchess of, 233,' but it is one and the same person, the late Queen of Greece. The free use of epithets and expressions such as the following is not a desirable innovation (they all refer to the Emperor): brutal, silly, conceited, arrogant, callous, impertinent, insolent, vindictive, ill-bred, bombastic, childish, hysterical, cantankerous, stupidity, rudeness, ill-bred impertinence, insults, ludicrous notes, rudest possible manner, tortuous devices, truculence, telling lies, appetite for futile intrigues, jibbing antics, rubbish, venom, crooked methods, tricks to which no straightforward man would condescend. Here would apply what has been said of another author—that he should have been more generous with his documents and more sparing with his invective. This sort of invective does not reveal a chivalrous attitude, and is all the more objectionable as it is directed against a living man from whom the author can expect no answer.

In Chapter V Mr Benson states that the Emperor was determined to get rid of Bismarck but had need of him to get certain military votes, and describes Bismarck's dismissal as a coup d'état. It was Bismarck who wanted to submit an army bill to the Reichstag of which the Emperor did not approve. The dismissal of a Prime Minister is not a coup d'état, and the real issue is not mentioned: Bismarck's failure to respect the sovereign's constitutional rights. With reference to the Emperor's friendship with Eulenburg, Mr Benson says that he possibly knew nothing of Eulenburg's 'homosexual propensities' (they are not an established fact), 'though, considering their long intimacy, this does not seem very probable.' Now there is not the least doubt that he had not the faintest notion of those rumours, and in this all agree, whatever their attitude towards the Kaiser may be. Moreover, we have the evidence of the Crown Prince, who says in his Memoirs how terrible the shock was to his father when he informed him of the accusations. As to Eulenburg having been 'thrown over'—does Mr Benson think that it would have been the right thing

for the monarch to continue before everybody's eyes his friendship with a man in Eulenburg's position? Later Mr Benson says that the Emperor told young soldiers after they had been sworn in that they must be prepared to shoot down their fathers and mothers if he bade them do so. What he said was different. He told them that by their oath they were bound to serve their country and the thought of it should support them in dark hours if, which God forbid, fathers and brothers faced them as adversaries.\* At that time the Socialists in Germany were pursuing active revolutionary plans.

Quite a number of pages are devoted to the Kruger telegram. Oceans of ink have already been spent on it. Mr Benson repeats the old incorrect version. We may take it for granted that there was some uneasiness in German Government circles after the Jameson Raid, seeing the close neighbourhood of the Transvaal Free State to the German colony of South West Africa. It may be that the advisability of some preventive measures was considered by the Emperor. But when the draft of the famous telegram was produced to him he at once refused to sign it, saying that it would irreparably spoil Anglo-German relations. His ministers insisted, referring to the Constitution—they were unanimous—he was outvoted. His resistance gave way: as a constitutional monarch he would not disregard his Government's opinion. He took up the pen, only to throw it down, again telling them that it was an impossible thing to do. They grew more urgent, and finally he signed, after striking out the most objectionable sentence. These are the true facts. I happen to have first-hand information on the matter, which I owe to the then Rumanian minister in Berlin, M. Beldiman. He told me years later that on the next day he saw Herr Kayser, of the Foreign Office, who was present during the whole scene and had drafted the telegram, and heard from him an authentic account of the incident. Towards the end of his book Mr Benson again says that the Emperor 'sent his telegram to Kruger out of sheer conceit and impetuosity'; but this dictum does not become truer through repetition. Nor did the Emperor ever say that the telegram was

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\* Stein, 'Wilhelm II,' p. 70.

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entirely his own idea. But, having signed it, he loyally undertook the responsibility for it, much to his own detriment, and the truth only came to light many years later.\* All this has been confirmed by prominent British authors. In an article published in 1934 Dr Gooch wrote: 'That the Kruger telegram was a temperamental outburst on the part of the ruler is a legend exploded long ago.' Mr Harold Nicolson says: 'The Emperor William was persuaded by his advisers, and against his own better judgment, to address to President Kruger a telegram of congratulation upon the failure of the Jameson Raid. This telegram created in England a prejudice against the German Emperor which, though unfair, was persistent.'† And Mr Winston Churchill mentions the affair with these words: 'Even the German Emperor's telegram to President Kruger on the Jameson Raid in 1896, which we now know to have been no personal act but a decision of the German Government, produced only a temporary ebullition of anger.'‡

In Chapter X Mr Benson wishes to show that at the time of the Boer War the Emperor had been scheming against Great Britain. This is not correct. On March 3, 1900, Count Osten-Sacken, the Russian Ambassador in Berlin, had suggested friendly pressure, but the suggestion had been rejected: the German policy continued to be absolutely neutral. Later the Emperor informed both the Queen and the Prince of Wales of the proposal made to him by Russia and France to make difficulties for Britain in her South African War.§ It was not the Emperor William who wanted to embarrass England. We have the evidence of the Boer envoy, Dr Leyds, who reported: 'The Russian Minister says that the Emperor of Russia is much interested in our cause. He desires to be kept continuously informed. I have some hope that he is looking for an opportunity to prepare difficulties for England.' This statement is corroborated by a recent revelation—a letter dated Oct. 21, 1899,

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\* Nowak, pp. 152-156; Chamier, 'Fabulous Monster,' pp. 102-105; Niemann, 'Wanderungen,' p. 32; 'Grosse Politik.'

† 'Lord Carnock,' p. 126.

‡ 'The World Crisis,' p. 19.

§ Nowak, pp. 240-243; Chamier, pp. 126-128.

written by the Tsar to his sister Xenia,\* whom he tells how glad he is to hear of the English discomfiture in South Africa, that no fleet in the world could prevent him from hitting England at the most vulnerable place by mobilising troops in Turkestan, that such were his most cherished dreams, but the time was not yet ripe, and that it was his intention, when at Potsdam, to put the Kaiser into a passion against the English in every way. Obviously the Kaiser's telegram to Queen Victoria was more than justified. Hers and the Prince's acknowledgments of the friendship he had manifested towards England show that they shared this view. In dealing with King Edward's last visit to the Empress Frederick, Mr Benson defends Sir Frederick Ponsonby's strange conduct in the matter of her letters to the Queen. He says: 'Without doubt he (the Emperor William) wanted to get hold of them and destroy them.' But the matter is far more simple: the Emperor rightly felt that upon his mother's death he should become the owner of the letters. The illegal publication in England—illegal because the Kaiser was the holder of the copyright—proved the correctness of his suspicions. Apparently Mr Benson thinks it was quite the proper thing for King Edward's attendant to smuggle huge boxes with papers out of the country.

He then mentions the Boer generals' visit to Europe and says that the Emperor wanted to receive them. This is not correct. He identifies the attitude adopted by the German Foreign Office with the Kaiser's, whose view of the matter differed from theirs. He informed his Government that he would only consent to receive the Boer generals 'provided that his Majesty King Edward has nothing against it, as they are his subjects,' and, as Mr Benson admits, ultimately refused to see them. We have here a mistake which the author frequently makes; he does not realise how difficult the Kaiser's position as a promoter of friendly relations with England was with a reluctant Foreign Office and a pro-Boer nation at his back. In the next chapter Mr Benson says that before the Russo-Japanese War the Emperor had been urging the Tsar to stand no nonsense from Japan. This statement is

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\* 'Krasny Archive,' vol. 63; 'Berliner Monatshefte,' December 1934.

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irreconcilable with the facts. The Emperor even went so far as to point out that in the circumstances the avoidance of war would be a great moral victory for Russia.\* His letters to the Tsar are quoted in this connection by Mr Benson, who says that the Emperor was annoyed by King Edward's offer to act as mediator; but he does not mention a subsequent letter written after a meeting with the King where the Emperor expressly states that the latter 'is very kind' and that 'his wish for peace is quite pronounced and is the motive for his liking to offer his services.'

A little farther on Mr Benson mentions the Tangier visit as an extremely clever move on Bülow's part. I confess this is certainly the first time I have heard this unfortunate affair referred to as a clever—even an extremely clever—move. It is characteristic of the author, who in every act of the Kaiser's sees an attempt at mischief-making between the Entente powers, that in another chapter—after having stated previously that the Emperor did not at all like the scheme, which is quite correct—he mentions the Tangier visit (entirely Bülow's idea) as an instance of it: 'The object was to make trouble between France and England.' Now it is obvious that Bülow's intention was to assert Germany's rights in the Morocco zone, a matter of prestige for him.

The ridicule heaped on the Emperor's activities in connection with the Björkoe Treaty is out of place. It was a matter of vital importance; the conclusion of the treaty was not a sudden idea but was preconcerted, and the Emperor had been acting in close cooperation with his Chancellor. The text had been wired to him by Bülow,† but it is correct that, very judiciously, the Emperor had added the words 'en Europe.' As the Treaty was subsequently dropped by the Tsar under the influence of the pro-French elements in his entourage, although originally he had been most enthusiastic about it, the Emperor's attempt was a failure; but certainly not a humiliating fiasco, as Mr Benson says. Besides, there were no 'silly schemes for a world combination to encircle England'—how encircle the British Empire?

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\* 'Grosse Politik,' Nr. 5933; Chamier, pp. 159, 160.

† 'Grosse Politik,' Nr. 6208.



on the contrary, it had been quite open to England to join in this wicked scheme for the maintenance of peace in Europe, which might have succeeded; the difficulty lay with France.

Subsequently Mr Benson says that the Emperor, in his talks, 'dispensed with any previous knowledge of his subject.' Here Mr Benson's ignorance of *his* subject is evident. The Emperor's solid stock of knowledge has been a surprise to many who have talked with him. As to the two special subjects mentioned by the author, it must be observed that in the field of ship construction, naval armament, etc., the Emperor is extremely well-versed and far more than a mere able dilettante, as his naval officers well knew; and for this we have the evidence of such men as Admiral Kerr and others; while as regards the faience factory, it happens that the clay was indeed incapable of transmutation into porcelain—nobody had wanted to transmute it—but is admirable in many ways, and the ceramic products of Cadinen are much appreciated and rival in beauty modern Copenhagen and Dresden china. Mr Benson's account of 'mysterious midnight interviews with Mr Haldane about the Baghdad Railway, of which he did not appear to know much,' does not fit in with Mr Haldane's appreciative description of the conference.\* Besides, there was scarcely anyone who knew more about the Baghdad Railway than the Kaiser.

King Edward's visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl was hardly quite so innocent of deeper political intentions, and it may be supposed that the King was not quite so fondly delighted with it, as Mr Benson makes out. As to the subsequent annexation of Bosnia by Austria, why does he say that the Emperor William 'feigned' intense indignation with Austria for undertaking this without consulting her ally? The Emperor had been taken by surprise and was very far indeed from approving.† Prince Bülow, on his part, had no objection, but as a matter of fact this *fait accompli* was highly embarrassing to Germany. Mr Benson correctly describes Prince Bülow's account of the 'Daily Telegraph' affair as a mis-

\* 'Autobiography,' p. 220; Begbie, 'The Vindication of Great Britain,' pp. 118 *seq.*

† 'Grosse Politik,' Nr. 8992, 9026.

leading version. But his own is not flawless. He asserts that Bülow never read the manuscript. There is not the least doubt but that he did read it. We know, too, that he had been kept informed of the Highcliffe conversations and had explicitly approved of them, thanking the Emperor for his efforts. So it was nothing short of treason that, when things had gone wrong, he sacrificed his sovereign in the Reichstag to save his own skin, not daring to defend his own policy in the face of the angry nation which just then would not hear of a friendship with England, and hoping to establish his own supremacy at the Kaiser's cost. All this Mr Benson does not mention. The extensive and authentic material, which came to light after the publication of Prince Bülow's untruthful memoirs and conclusively showed that the Kaiser's conduct was absolutely constitutional from beginning to end and that Bülow was prompted by disloyalty and cowardice, has escaped Mr Benson's attention. The whole affair was summed up in 1931 as follows by Herr Zimmermann, late Under-Secretary of State in the German Foreign Office: 'In any case he (Bülow) alone is and remains responsible for the deplorable incident. It was solely the Chancellor's fault that the Emperor William was at the time placed in a position below his dignity.' And Count Wedel, also of the German Foreign Office, wrote: 'The result of an examination of all these facts is this: in the "Daily Telegraph" affair the Chancellor, Prince Bülow, was the sole guilty party.'\* Mr Benson then proceeds to say that William II could not stand Berlin in the storm following the publication of the so-called interview and fled from it for a week's shooting with Archduke Francis Ferdinand. Now the Emperor was not in residence in Berlin at the time and had gone to the Archduke's before there was any storm. A visit to the Emperor Francis Joseph followed, and from Vienna he went to Prince Fűstenberg's. All, of course, according to programme. Yet Mr Benson does not hesitate to tell the following monstrous story: 'A few days after the interview had appeared' (i.e. at the time when he was staying at Eckartsau with Francis Ferdinand!) 'he burst into the box of Mrs Cornwallis-

\* Cf. 'Sűddeutsche Monatshefte' ('Fűrst Bűlow'), March 1931; J. Haller, in 'Front wider Bűlow,' p. 46.

West at the Berlin Opera-house, and with wild gesticulations shouted out,' etc. The Kaiser had not been in Berlin since Oct. 27 (the 'interview' was published on Oct. 29) with the exception of a few hours in the morning of Oct. 31, and he only returned to Potsdam on Nov. 17.—In parentheses, Mr Benson has a curious idea of manners at the Prussian court.—He finishes his account of the affair with these words: 'It was not till many years later, when he was an exile at Doorn, that he recollected that he had cut out from the typescript of the interview, as submitted to him, those sentences that gave so much offence in Germany, but that the printers had taken no notice of his omissions.' In reality the respective passage in the Kaiser's book (translated from the original German text) runs as follows: 'I had caused the draft submitted to me to be forwarded to the Chancellor for his examination. . . . By marginal notes I had indicated a few passages which in my opinion were out of place and had to be left out. Owing to several mistakes made on the part of the Foreign Office when dealing with the matter this was not done.' Particularly objectionable is Mr Benson's tale of the alleged doings at Donaueschingen 'where a revelry of fox-shoots, bawdy stories, music-hall performances and practical jokes assuaged the horrid smart . . . here was the same kind of diverting company as Eulenburg . . . had so often assembled for his entertainment.' This is absolute imagination. The days at Donaueschingen, although there was some shooting and although the Prince and Princess were doing their best to cheer up their guest, were conspicuous for their gloom, and this gloom was also the cause of Count Hülsen's borrowing a frock from the Princess for the caricatured dancing performance which ended so tragically. Eulenburg, whom Mr Benson mentions in this connection, was a fastidious man who would not have enjoyed, any more than the Emperor himself would, the sort of company Mr Benson chooses to surround them with and the low sort of entertainment he invents.

A little farther on the author says: 'In order to impress upon Germany the might of German arms and the majesty of himself and his Empire, he (the Emperor) held yearly manœuvres in Alsace.' When he reads to-day that French manœuvres are being held in Alsace, will Mr

Benson say that the French commanding general holds them in order to impress upon France the might of French arms and the majesty of himself and the French Republic? An instance, trifling in itself, of the author's frequent inexactness is his description of the wedding of the Kaiser's daughter: 'Troops lined the walls of the White Hall and passed torches from hand to hand.' This is quite romantic, but as a matter of fact no troops lined the walls and no torches were passed. The Torch Dance was merely a kind of solemn polonaise led by the High Chamberlain with a dozen pages each carrying a torch in his right hand.

After the news of the Serajevo murder had arrived, Mr Benson tells us, 'a motor-boat chunked out from Kiel Harbour and came alongside the "Hohenzollern," and the officer in charge cried out that he had a most urgent dispatch for the All-Highest.' (This is a term often used by Mr Benson, but he is mistaken if he thinks that it was used in Germany.) 'No use: the All-Highest was busy, and so he folded up his dispatch inside his cigarette case and threw it on board: somebody would pick it up and its contents would be inspected.' Mr Benson will excuse my correcting him, as I was an eye-witness of the incident. The Emperor was on board his yacht 'Meteor,' taking part in the races. No motor-boat came alongside the 'Hohenzollern,' but a launch with Admiral von Müller on board—and he was the bearer of the dispatch, not the 'officer in charge'—raced after the 'Meteor.' Of course, the Admiral could not board the fast-sailing Imperial yacht during the regatta, so he threw a box with the dispatch to a man of the 'Meteor' crew, and the Kaiser at once stopped the races and returned to Kiel. Then Mr Benson proceeds: 'All the uncontrolled hounds of his own temperament, his panic fears, his impetuosity, his indecision, his bawling self-assertion, leapt out and savaged him. . . . The Emperor was terrified for himself.' This is serious. What right has Mr Benson to use such language and to impute such paltry feelings to the Emperor?

I am glad to see that he does not repeat the well-worn Crown Council legend. He says: 'On July 5 . . . the Emperor gave to the Austrian Ambassador in Berlin his personal assurance that Germany would support

Austria whatever were the terms of the ultimatum to Serbia, which he urged should be issued at once.' This statement is not quite correct, for not a word of an ultimatum was said: in fact, it was only decided upon in Vienna on July 14 and handed over in Belgrade on July 23. All Mr Benson's far-fetched conjectures as to the Emperor's reasons for going on his cruise are mere guess-work. As a matter of fact, he wanted to cancel the arrangements made for his departure next day and stop at Potsdam; but the Chancellor was afraid that this would cause alarm to the foreign Cabinets and to the public, and urged the necessity of avoiding such highly undesirable results.\*

Mr Benson's war calendar wants rectification. He says that the Tsar ordered general mobilisation on July 30, but 'this was not known in Berlin or Vienna till the next day, when Austria had ordered general mobilisation and Germany had promised to support her unconditionally. This general mobilisation of the Central Empires, therefore, was ordered independently of the Russian mobilisation and was not consequent on it.' This is a serious misstatement. In reality the events followed each other in this order: July 29: Tsar consents to general mobilisation, but later, at 10 p.m., orders part mobilisation instead of general mobilisation. July 30: 4 p.m. Tsar consents to general mobilisation; 6 p.m. Russian general mobilisation. July 31: 11.40 a.m. official information of Russian general mobilisation received in Berlin; 12.23 p.m. general mobilisation in Austria; 1 p.m. state of imminent danger of war proclaimed in Germany; 12 p.m. German ultimatum to Russia demanding suspension of military measures; Aug. 1: 4.40 p.m. mobilisation in France; 5 p.m. mobilisation in Germany.

The last chapter is the most objectionable part of the book. It discloses a complete lack of psychologic insight, an absolute inability to grasp the tragedy of Spa. Some misstatements are unpardonable. It is an invention, the enormity of which ought to have prevented Mr Benson from repeating it, that, before the Emperor left Berlin, 'the thought of flight had occurred to him, for he had made enquiries at the Spanish Embassy whether

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\* Jagow, 'Deutschland freigesprochen,' pp. 33-35.



Spain would receive him with due honour,' etc. On the contrary, it is a well-known fact proved by ample documentary evidence, which Mr Benson has not taken the trouble to inspect, that he firmly rejected any idea of crossing the frontier until late in the evening of Nov. 9, and that he only consented when General Groener's arguments, strongly supported by Field-Marshal Hindenburg, who urged his immediate departure for Holland, seemed to be borne out by the rapid development of the situation—fully though erroneously convinced that by his self-sacrifice he would enable his country to get such better terms of peace as were held out to a Republican Germany in President Wilson's notes demanding his abdication. Mr Asquith, in his book 'The Genesis of the War,' gives the Kaiser's own account of the last days at Spa, adding: 'So he determined to act on Hindenburg's advice. I confess myself unable either to quarrel with his reasoning or to question his conclusion.' Mr Benson shows less understanding. He curtly says that the Emperor 'came to the conclusion that he would secure better terms for Germany if he left her to her fate.' The Emperor was absolutely unable to do anything for Germany at that time, when his withdrawal from the scene was the chief condition laid down by the Allied Powers. What Mr Benson proceeds to tell us about ideas of suicide, cases of champagne, etc., is simply imagination. He then says: 'Amerongen suited him. The search for a house of his own . . . was not prosecuted with any great urgency.' Mr Benson omits to say what prevented the earlier purchase by the Kaiser of a place of his own. This was the 'Hang the Kaiser' period, and the Allied Powers were using their best efforts to obtain his extradition. Pending these negotiations the Dutch Government was compelled to refuse its consent to any such purchase. The rest of the chapter is characterised by an utter incapacity for conceiving the feelings and thoughts of the man whom the author so unsuccessfully attempts to portray. But there is one sentence which cannot be passed over in silence: 'Throughout his reign he had never shown any grasp of the serious responsibilities of kingship, never once, for all his sincere patriotism, had he rendered any true service to his country. . . .' The deep consciousness of his responsibilities has always been the dominant trait

in the Kaiser's character. Under his reign his country enjoyed peace for twenty-six years, and the prosperity and cultural level of pre-War Germany are evidence of his thirty years' service. Queen Marie of Rumania, not a friend of the Kaiser's and the queen of an ex-enemy country, testifies: 'If he had been successful up to the very end his name would have remained that of a great emperor.' \*

The concluding church-bell fantasy is probably intended to be pathetic, but this touch of sentimentality is a mistake and not a fitting conclusion to a book so devoid of sentiment. For even more regrettable than the incorrectness and inadequacy of Mr Benson's book is the tone in which it is written. What he submits to his readers is neither history nor biography: it is fiction.

D. VON BESELER.

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\* 'The Story of my Life,' vol. II, p. 226.

## Art. 2.—INDIAN FEDERATION AND THE UNTOUCHABLE.

OF the many antinomies that distort the new democracy in India the most startling is the existence of a mass of submerged humanity, equal in number to the population of Germany, to which the dominant classes have for thousands of years denied, and still deny, the elementary rights of citizenship. Does federation hold out any hope for the future for the Depressed Classes or untouchables? Can their fate be left in the hands of Indian politicians, to people who regard them as something less than human? Their claim to political self-expression may before long be a burning issue in Indian politics. Have British statesmen in devising the new constitution given that claim sufficient weight?

The Depressed Classes are to be found in every part of the Indian Empire, excepting Burma, where caste is unknown. They form over 20 per cent. of the population of India and 30 per cent. of the Hindus. In Bengal there are over ten millions of them; in the United Provinces twelve millions; in Madras nearly ten millions; in the State of Hyderabad two and a half millions; and two millions in Travancore. Almost everywhere they are in a position of serfdom to the dominant Hindu community, yet clinging pathetically to the skirts of Hinduism. Some have been privileged to enter the Sikh community, but the distinction of caste is crystallised by the use of the term *Mazabi*, or Sikh by religion only. These would not, however, be included in the Depressed Classes, a remark which applies to those who have adopted the Christian faith and to the outcast protégés of the Arya Samaj. By origin the vast majority belong to aboriginal tribes, of inferior physique and civilisation, who were three thousand years ago enslaved by warlike invaders from the north and condemned to menial occupations such as scavenging, the skinning of animals, leather-working, and the like.

The outcast community in village and town is usually segregated from the rest of the inhabitants. Their occupations vary, but are mostly as described above. The Chamars of the Punjab are leather-workers, but are also engaged in field work. They regard the sweeper

class as infinitely beneath them ; so do the toddy-drawers of Madras and Travancore, and other untouchables not engaged in scavenging. A large number work as farm labourers, especially in the rice-fields in Madras. Many are employed in the tea, coffee, and rubber plantations of Southern India and in the tea-gardens of Assam and Ceylon. The mills in Bombay and other big towns absorb large numbers ; in some cases outcasts work in separate sheds in the factories. Much of the indentured labour of former times that was utilised by British capitalists after the abolition of slavery to develop the sugar industry in Natal, Fiji, and the West Indies was supplied by the Depressed Classes. It has not been found possible to open the lower grades of public services to them ; outcasts are not recruited for the police, the railways, post office, or the army. There is one exception in the case of the army—a corps of sappers and miners stationed at Bangalore, in which British Royal Engineer officers and N.C.Os. have made out of the outcast one of the finest soldiers in India, a proof of what can be done with them by training and sympathy. The outcast in the villages is miserably poor—the income of the normal family does not exceed 4*d.* a day ; 90 per cent. of them are only just above the hunger limit.

For orthodox Hinduism, even for educated Hindus, untouchability is a question of *Karma*. You cannot escape your *Karma* ; it is the product of your own acts. The outcast is expiating in a new rebirth the sins of an earlier existence. To seek to better his condition is to attract the anger of the gods. His Hindu superiors recognise no moral duty whatever towards him. There is no hope for him of breaking his chains. It is true that untouchability is part of the Hindu religious system, a living hell as an example to those who do not reverence the Brahmin ; the untouchable may worship the Hindu pantheon, observe Hindu festivals, but not in Hindu temples. He is denied the use of public conveniences such as schools, wells, bathing-places, burning ghauts. He is not allowed to utilise the services of barbers, tailors, or washermen. Contact with him pollutes everywhere ; in the south he pollutes at forty yards distance. If government insists that his children should attend the State schools they are made to sit outside the class-room.

Sometimes even the teacher, if of a lower caste than his pupils, is expected to remain at a respectful distance.

The outcast must not ape his superiors. A month or so ago there was serious trouble in several villages in the Jaipur State because the Chamars had taken to wearing coloured clothes and ornaments and building porticoes to their huts. The caste Hindus rose in their wrath, burnt the offending garments and knocked down the huts. In Madras recently an outcast deputation sought protection against their Hindu superiors, who had burnt the crops of outcasts who had bought land with money saved by working abroad. Gandhi in a recent issue of his paper, the 'Harijan' (outcast), refers to the case of an outcast member of a village board who was made to stand outside the building where a board meeting was being held. The members were mostly Congress men.

The apathy of the British government to the outcast problem is a blot on their record in India. They have been content to regard it as religious, a matter to be left to the moral awakening of the Hindus. It is to the credit of some Hindu states, notably Baroda, that they have adopted a more practical attitude towards the outcast. For example, in Baroda of late outcast graduates have been recruited for the State service; education is encouraged by the grant of scholarships. The Madras government since the reforms of 1920 has similarly taken a more liberal view of the outcast position. Members of the community have been nominated to the Legislative Council and the little group of eight or ten members encouraged to bargain with other groups for their support. As a consequence, it has been possible to find money for scholarships, land settlement, and other ameliorative measures on a small scale. It is significant that this policy met with opposition from Hindu ministers, and in consequence the outcast question had to be treated more or less as a reserved subject. Here and there Hindu reformers have made efforts to assist the outcasts, but so far there has been little progress, and the disabilities of three thousand years remain undiminished. The Arya Samaj of northern India has the best results to its credit. This society is a monotheistic movement within Hinduism basing its creed on the Vedas. In theory it repudiates caste and idolatry. Its aims and methods are quasi-political.



Arya Samajists bitterly oppose the conversion of untouchables to Christianity. They have held out to them the hand of friendship—shrinkingly, it must be admitted—and it is claimed that nearly thirty thousand Chamars have been brought into the Arya fold. Theoretically these neo-Aryas are freed from their servitude; actually as regards the vast majority of Hindus their position is practically unchanged. Orthodox Hindus, in point of fact, have not infrequently threatened to outcast the Arya Samaj itself. Of all the different agencies working to rescue the outcast, Christian missions have been most successful. There are six million Christians in India; of these two-thirds at least belonged originally to the Depressed Classes. The change of creed works wonders in many cases. The Christian convert, if he abandons his scavenging work and unclean habits, e.g. eating carrion, finds many occupations open to him. If educated, he would be eligible for government service or clerical work; the old disabilities no longer obsess him. Such conversions are not, however, approved by the caste Hindus, who are afraid that they might, as a consequence, be deprived of their cheap labour, and it often happens that economic pressure in some form or other is applied till the convert reverts to Hinduism. In the south Hindu landlords oppose migration to the Straits Settlements and Ceylon on similar grounds.

The new era of democratic reform since the War should have brought the dawning of hope for these downtrodden creatures. The British government, however, adhering to their attitude of religious neutrality, did little to help them in the constitution introduced in 1920. They were not separately represented, except by a handful of nominated members in the provincial councils. They could vote in Hindu constituencies, but the property qualification for the franchise, though infinitesimal, excluded the vast majority. In Madras, for example, they had 56,000 votes out of 1,270,000 in the Hindu constituencies. A single nominated member represented the whole community in the Imperial Legislative Assembly.

It was not long before the Depressed Classes began to realise that democracy in India as understood by the caste Hindus would mean perpetuation of their bondage. They lacked, and still lack, adequate leadership, and very

little was done except to agitate for temple entry and removal of restrictions. There has of late been a marked tendency to join the Christian communion, approaching in some parts of Madras to what might almost be described as a mass movement. In the Punjab as well as in Madras new converts frequently join in groups. In Madras especially the existing missionary organisation has proved inadequate to meet the demand for Christian teaching and education. This is to some extent due to the policy of the leading Christian missions. There seems some ground for the criticism that the emphasis has been too strong on higher education. There are thirty-one Christian colleges and a very large number of middle and secondary schools in India. These institutions are not reserved for Christians and the vast majority of students are caste Hindus. There is no proselytising and there have been very few conversions. The idea seems to have been that Christian influences would be of moral value to the students throughout their lives. Moral values are not easy to assess, but it may be doubted whether two or three Englishmen in a college of a thousand or twelve hundred students can exert any lasting influence save in a very few cases. Middle-class unemployment is one of the gravest problems in India to-day; mission colleges and schools must bear their share of the responsibility for creating it. A large proportion of the best men of the missions and a still larger proportion of available funds have been absorbed in providing cheap education for the caste Hindus, the oppressors of the outcast. Christian workers might have rendered a better service to India had they concentrated their energies and resources on the uplift of these human derelicts. The British government had the moral courage to abolish *suttee*. They would have earned the gratitude of every patriotic Indian had they made through the last half century a determined attempt to abolish untouchability. They might at least have appropriated adequate funds for providing the outcasts with sound elementary and vocational training, for financing land settlement, and so forth. Spread over a considerable period the process should not have upset the equilibrium of the economic life of the country. An increase in the economic efficiency of a fifth of its population would have been of all-round benefit to India.

The Indian Congress is almost entirely caste Hindu. Its determination to dominate India ; its striking success in its struggle with government ; its complete lack of interest in the fate of the outcast made it obvious to the outcast leaders that unless they were prepared to abandon all hope of progress they must manœuvre for a strong position in the political India of the future. In response to agitation they were allowed to send their own representative, Dr Ambedkar, to the Round Table Conference, himself an outcast and a man of character and ability. It is interesting to note that, though a British subject, his education in America was financed by his Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda, who gave him an important position in the State service on his return to India. According to his own story social boycott made it impossible for him to stay in his patron's service. Dr Ambedkar claimed at the Conference separate representation for the Depressed Classes in proportion to their numbers. This was strongly opposed by Hindu politicians on the ground that communalism was a negation of democracy. It does not seem to have occurred to them that the same stigma applies equally to untouchability. They pressed for a system which, with the outcast vote, would give them dominance almost everywhere, with the inevitable result that there would have been no spokesmen for the outcast in the parliaments of India. The communal principle was ultimately recognised by the British government, and since the various groups could not agree on a formula the Prime Minister decided the question for them.

The British government in announcing the communal award made it clear that they would amend it only by agreement of the parties concerned. They failed to take into account the weakness of the position of the Depressed Classes as compared with the caste Hindus, and only 71 seats were assigned to them in the various provincial parliaments out of a total of 1502. On the basis of numerical strength they could have claimed 350. Hindus have 705 seats ; the outcasts are 30 per cent. of the combined Hindu-outcast population : on this ground they could have claimed over 200 seats. Two hundred seats would have given them a fighting value in the political arena ; their voice would hardly be heard with the small number allotted to them. The British government were

probably influenced by the consideration that to have given the outcast a larger number of seats at the expense of the Hindus would have made the award unacceptable to them; while to have increased outcast representation independently would have excited the opposition of the Moslems on the ground that outcast votes were really Hindu and an increase in such votes would overweight the already exaggerated preponderance of the Hindus as compared with the Moslems.

The position was at once attacked by Gandhi. He saw in the separate representation of the outcast an attempt to split the Hindu community, and he informed the British government that unless the award were modified in that respect he would commit suicide by fasting. There was a hurried conference of caste Hindus at Poona to which Dr Ambedkar was invited. The outcome of the negotiations was an agreement known as the Poona award between the outcast leaders and the caste Hindus according to which outcast seats in the provinces were increased to 152 and to 19 in the Federal Assembly at the expense of the Hindus, on the condition that both outcasts and Hindus should vote in joint electorates, the voting to be preceded by a primary election for a panel of four outcast representatives for each reserved seat. The terms were accepted by the Government and Gandhi abandoned his fast. He had achieved his object, that the fate of the outcast should lie in Hindu hands. It is understood that the outcast franchise will be adapted to their economic condition.

It was intended that the entente between caste Hindus and outcasts should be followed by a rapprochement in the social and economic spheres and the removal of some at least of such galling restrictions as the prohibition of temple entry and the use of public wells and roads. The Hindus, however, gave no sign of any change in their attitude towards their untouchable neighbours, and it soon became obvious that Hindu politicians did not consider it necessary to conciliate them further. The politicians had got what they wanted, the means of procuring the election of outcast candidates of their own choice. Gandhi, it is true, gave out that he would henceforth eschew politics and concentrate his energies on the removal of untouchability, but so far he has

achieved little, if any success. Orthodox Hinduism is not prepared to follow him.

Whether orthodox Hinduism realises it or not, the political awakening of the untouchables has gone too far for them to accept the passive role Hindu politicians expect them to adopt. They are determined to escape from the inferno to which Hinduism has consigned them. In Dr Ambedkar's view the best way of achieving freedom is to cut themselves adrift from Hinduism by adopting another religion. He has weighed the respective advantages of three of the creeds of India : Islam, Sikhism, and Christianity. Each has its attractions. There are eighty million Moslems in India ; they have the moral and material influences necessary to lift the outcast out of the slough of misery in which he is sunk. Such a vast accession to Islam would give the Moslems a commanding position in India. The Sikh community, on the other hand, has no political influence outside the Punjab. Christianity has more adherents (six millions) than Sikhism and is in fact the third strongest sect in India. Indian Christians as a rule belong to the poorer classes, but they have the support of a series of well-organised missions with considerable financial resources. Should there be a landslide of the outcasts towards Christianity it is unquestionable that funds would be generously subscribed in America, Britain, and European countries to provide material and spiritual aid to the new converts.

An attempt to educate the outcast in the idea of a change of religion was made recently at a conference of delegates from the community at Lucknow. Moslems, Christians, and Sikhs provided hospitality and addressed the delegates on the advantages of their respective religions. A resolution was passed that the Depressed Classes should adopt a new faith, a decision to be made early next year. Here it may be noted that despite his aversion from Hindu orthodoxy, Dr Ambedkar is strongly attracted towards Hindu culture and, curiously enough, he would rather give his political support to the people who have despised and rejected him than to the Moslems or Christians. To take the untouchables over to Islam would in his opinion give the followers of the Prophet too strong a position against the Hindus ! One would have thought that would place the new converts exactly in the position

they want. The nationalist bias in his political make-up militates with equal force against Christianity. To give to the alien rulers the additional strength of outcast support might defer the realisation of complete self-government in India for a generation. This to Dr Ambedkar is anathema. There remains the religion of the Sikhs, which Dr Ambedkar favours because of its cultural affinities with Hinduism. Hinduism has peculiar powers of absorption. He may well think that ultimately the Sikhs will revert to Hinduism and with them the Sikh outcast converts, on equal terms. Possibly he is simply manœuvring for position.

Dr Ambedkar has not apparently made up his mind. The ground has however to some extent been cleared by a discussion in August between himself and Dr Moonjee, president of the Hindu Mahasabha, an association of Hindus on the lines of the English Church Assembly, at which the former agreed on behalf of his society that the Poona pact should stand on condition that the Depressed Classes adopt Sikhism as their religion and pledge themselves to co-operate with Hindus and Sikhs in defeating Moslem efforts to draw the Depressed Classes into the Moslem fold. On the other hand Rao Bahadur M.C. Rajah, another prominent outcast leader, repudiates the Ambedkar-Moonjee entente on the ground that the scheme is planned solely in the communal interests of Hindus and Sikhs. His school of thought were not prepared to renounce their birthright as Hindus; their aim was to reform Hinduism from within, and in that way to strengthen the Hindu community while securing the removal of their own disabilities. Gandhi endorses Mr Rajah's views. What the attitude of the Sikhs would be is not clear. Their interests are practically confined to the Punjab, where an addition of eight seats would be welcome. The Punjab Moslems would certainly object and demand a *quid pro quo*.

Orthodox Hinduism is very unlikely to accept Dr Moonjee's fiat. Its followers would demand the cancellation of the Poona pact if the Depressed Classes change their faith. It might be contended that the neo-Sikh members of the Legislative Council would refuse to support the Hindus and play for their own hand. This would put the Hindus in Bengal in a very weak



position. Orthodox Hindus have never really approved of the pact; the Hindus of Bengal, who were made to give up thirty seats to the Depressed Classes, are demanding to be freed from its provisions. The result may be to throw the communal award into the melting-pot at the moment of the introduction of the new constitution.

Mass conversions are not unknown to history; they have generally been the result of irresistible pressure of sovereign power, as in the case of the conversion to Christianity of the Saxons in England in the sixth century and of subject races to Islam. At least a generation must have elapsed before the new converts abandoned their heathen practices. One can hardly criticise Dr Ambedkar's policy on moral grounds if mass conversion would indeed lift the Depressed Classes out of the squalor and misery of their lives, give them new hope, and dissipate their terrors. It is at best doubtful whether secession *en masse* to Sikhism would achieve such a result. Is Dr Ambedkar not inclined to overrate the value of Hindu culture to the Sikhs? They have their own traditions and ideals. Outside the Punjab Sikh missionaries would have to face almost insuperable difficulties, a babel of tongues, a lack of knowledge of the people and their customs. To convey even the rudiments of their creed to the new proselytes would take many years. And with all this the new converts would not be admitted to complete equality with the genuine Sikhs; they would be Mazabis; caste Hindus would still maintain the old barrier of untouchability and it is difficult to see how their position would be improved. A compromise with Hindu orthodoxy seems impossible. In fact, Dr Ambedkar's Hindu nationalism has blinded him to the difficulties and disadvantages of utilising Sikhism as a means for the political uplift of his people. The case would be different with Islam or Christianity. By adopting either of these creeds the outcast goes completely outside Hinduism. Both are widespread throughout India and everywhere there would be local support for missionary efforts, Moslem or Christian. As already observed, the moral and material support from Islam would be immense; Christianity is not militant in the same sense, but it is organised and has considerable resources behind it.

It would seem then that Christianity and Islam are

ruled out unless indeed Dr Ambedkar finds that orthodox Hinduism finally declines to accept the Moonjee-Ambedkar pact. Should that happen he might possibly turn to one of the other two. If he chooses Islam there can be little doubt that India would be deluged in blood if indeed the majority of his people would follow him, which is very doubtful. He has little influence over the outcasts of the south. One thing is beyond doubt. British missionary societies will not attempt to make political capital out of the necessities of the outcast. The Archbishop of Canterbury made that clear at a great gathering of people at the Central Hall, Westminster, on Oct. 7. British missions, he said, would not take part in any auctions among political parties in India for the souls of any Indian peoples.

The difficulties which beset the policy of mass conversions seem almost insuperable; in fact, there is little hope that the outcasts will find political salvation by adopting a new creed. They must fight the battle for freedom without new allies. Under skilful and united leadership they might utilise the increased voting power given them by the Poona pact to their own advantage and not to that of the caste Hindus. But they will need courage and endurance to defeat Hindu machinations aimed at securing the election of Hindu nominees. Independence of the Hindus at the outset is essential and once they establish themselves they can put a price on their support. It will be a slow and painful process. They can hope for no active support from the British government: it has tied its hands; the most it can do is to prevent further oppression. Education is essential. Here the outcast will not look in vain for help and sympathy from Britain. British missions should reconsider their policy. They have helped the Hindu to attain political dominance; they might now concentrate on the regeneration of the outcast. Outcasts should have first claim on mission high schools and colleges. Only by education and the moral and economic improvement it will bring with it will they make their weight felt in the political field, only in this way will they be able to extract from reluctant Hinduism the final abolition of untouchability.

W. P. BARTON.

## Art. 3.—THE GREY SEAL.

NATURE's volume contains few passages more attractive than the life story of the grey seal (*Halichærus gryphus*), and it is not remarkable that so outstanding an animal should have figured in mythology as Neptune's attendant, since many of its habits must have appealed strongly to the imaginative spirit which characterised the age of fable. Essentially a creature of wild rocky coasts upon which great seas thunder, the grey seal appropriately enters upon life under stormy conditions, the official breeding season coinciding with the equinoctial gales which shake the coasts in late September. This circumstance possesses more than a picturesque significance, since it renders the cliff caverns in which the young are born less accessible than during calmer periods. Indeed, it might almost seem that the beautiful creature has been specially favoured by Nature. Scheherazade herself described no architectural magnificence excelling that of the seal's first home in some submarine palace upon which those patient sculptors, the tireless ages, have lavished their craftsmanship. Dry upon solid ledges, beyond the reach of the wildest tempests, these young sea giants spend their first days surrounded by fantastic columned walls and arches patterned with living encrustations and iridescent with rainbow tints when the sunlight, penetrating, transforms, as might Aladdin's lamp, each gloomy vaulted cavern into a fairyland.

The æsthetic advantages of its first abode are entirely lost upon the seal, however. Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown, and the occupation of a sea palace involves dangers which *Halichærus gryphus*—bold to excess under ordinary circumstances—cannot fail to recognise at this highly critical period. No sooner have the young acquired their sea legs than they are enticed into their natural element by the mothers, and since they begin to swim when about three weeks old, their time in the nursery is short. Even so, it has frequently proved too long, for, prior to the institution of legal protection, many were destroyed by fishermen who searched the caves systematically, clubbing the young animals, which were powerless to escape, wherever found. Farmers also participated in these expeditions, mainly to procure the

carcases, parts of which when boiled yielded a blubber-like oil. This was considered a valuable product in Wales many years ago, but its manufacture automatically lapsed when legislation prohibited the autumnal slaughter.

So far as the preservation of the species is concerned, doubt might be entertained whether the Grey Seals Protection Act of 1932 effected any material advance upon the measures which had been, at least nominally, in force for a quarter of a century. The close season extends from Sept. 1 to Dec. 31, both dates inclusive, the Ministry of Agriculture possessing powers to vary the period or sanction killing under the provisions of the Act. This may well seem insufficient, wholesale destruction being still possible within the law, and from a purely humane point of view it may even be preferable to kill the young—a comparatively simple proceeding—rather than the adults, the danger of merely wounding the latter being considerable. The actual breeding season is somewhat elastic, extending roughly from mid-September to November. In South Wales it was once the custom to exhibit young seals at the autumnal fairs which take place early in October. These animals must have been at least a fortnight old. That earlier births take place, however, is proved by the finding of one that was large enough to swim near St David's Head during the second week of August some years ago, and another upon the north coast about the same date in 1935. Since both were found upon sandy beaches at some distance from the customary breeding-places it seems possible that in such cases they are born at sea or upon out-lying rocks, and may even have been deserted by their mothers, in the same way as the unseasonable bird's nest is frequently forsaken.

Hopes for perennial or, at least, more adequate protection of the grey seal are now entertained in some quarters, since frequent agitation upon account of real or alleged damage suffered by the fishing industry has led to the destruction of such large numbers on the Cornish seaboard that fear for the survival of the species in those waters has been expressed. The seal has not escaped the inevitable census, but since representations as to its numerical status upon one part of the coast varied from 265 to 2,000, the difficulty in obtaining an accurate

estimate is obvious. When every allowance was made, however, the figures were, perhaps, sufficiently startling to justify some trade alarm, particularly when to every seal was allotted the maximum quota of fish that he could be held capable of consuming. The fisherman naturally assumes not only that the full allowance would be claimed but that mackerel demolished by these efficient competitors would otherwise find their way into his nets. It is not always realised that since grey seals are most abundant in those British waters where little fishing is attempted, the actual percentage that would reach the market but for their activities must be negligible. Controversy upon this point arises periodically in the Press, the extermination of the seal being demanded by some correspondents. In reply, an influential West-country paper recently expressed doubt whether the Cornish fisherman would find himself one penny a week the better off were this purpose effected. Such a view, moreover, seems justified when one remembers that the fish shortage is more or less general, applying equally to seas into which seals never penetrate. Indeed, the industry freely admits other and more far-reaching causes which would still persist were the last seal destroyed. Thus, the extermination of a splendid animal whose passing would serve no ultimate purpose is not a course to be recommended.

The argument that the fishing industry should first cast out the beam from its own eye in view of the wastage effected by trawlers is too apparent to need emphasising. The seal's best advocate, however, is his own attractive personality. Also, he has a 'good Press,' and there is reason to hope that his preservation will be insisted upon, at any rate in waters where he does little material damage. It is gratifying to find that accounts of seal-killing for 'sport' refer mainly to the past. It is difficult to imagine that an animal which displays little fear of man and whose carcase is valueless could ever have been regarded as fair game; yet at no remote date boats were hired for seal-shooting and it was a common practice of soldiers when camping upon the Welsh coast to indulge in this pastime, the discontinuance of which is due to sentiment rather than law. So far as Pembrokeshire is concerned, the legal position appears to be the one point upon which general doubt exists—a circumstance not

altogether surprising. At one of the principal police-stations of the county, I was informed that it was impossible to display a copy of the Wild Birds Protection Acts because snails ate the paper, and assuming that the same voracity is extended to all similar notices, ideas as to legislation must necessarily be somewhat obscure! In any case, the standard of Natural History prevalent in this western peninsula can scarcely be described as advanced. Even now the country people refer to grey seals as 'funny fish,' regard them with fear, and express wonder that visitors care to approach them. Indeed, many primitive notions persist in this land of pigs and poetry, of old-world picturesqueness and squalor, where charlock and poppies clothe the cultivated fields, where the fences are banks of wild flowers, and fragments of iron bedsteads or broken farm implements do duty as gates and stiles.

Returning to seals, the legal aspects of the case are immaterial so long as the animals enjoy the benefit of any uncertainty that exists, and there is ground for satisfaction that the slaughter of the species along the Cornish coast has not extended to Pembrokeshire. Here in a naturalist's paradise, where bird life abounds and a landscape of unsurpassed floral beauty is bounded by shores wild and rugged enough, yet negotiable at most points, one may enjoy unique opportunities of studying these magnificent creatures at close quarters. There are few animals which lend themselves more readily to observation and at the same time evade notice more effectually. Like moles or trout, they have their active and quiescent periods, and may easily be overlooked unless their customary haunts are well known. Even when abundant, they adhere almost entirely to parts of the coast which, for reasons of their own, are considered more desirable than others. There are bays in which seals may be seen almost at any time; others which they never seem to favour, although to all appearance equally suitable. True, single animals may be encountered practically anywhere, but these are merely passing along the coast, having in all probability become detached from their fellows of whom they are in search. Occasionally, indeed, a lone seal, like a lost dog, establishes himself in the most unlikely place. A year or so ago, for example, a wanderer—pre-



sumably from the Farne Islands—took up his abode in the Yorkshire harbour of Whitby, where his presence created a mild sensation. The unfortunate creature, being anything save welcome at the mouth of a salmon-river, was sentenced to speedy execution, his photograph appearing in the local Press together with that of the fisherman who achieved the distinction of shooting him. Generally speaking, however, the species is gregarious; and even as deer continue to feed and lie upon ground that suits their requirements, so companies of seals persistently haunt favourite beaches, where they can be observed at leisure.

To obtain satisfactory impressions of them a boat is not necessary. Upon the contrary, its use is rather to be deprecated, since observation is limited merely to the heads of the animals as they appear above the surface. The peculiar grace of their movements when swimming or their antics upon shore can only be appreciated from a higher level. Upon sunny days they frequently land, sometimes resting upon sand or shingle when the coast is clear. Eminently at home in the water as *Halichærus gryphus* is, he seems anxious to quit it whenever possible. He loves to rest his bulky person upon solidity, but at the same time prefers the reassuring swirl of the waves around him. For this reason, he takes his airing upon exposed reefs rather than the actual shore, yet as near land as possible; and he is fully alive to the protection afforded by high cliffs upon such occasions. Though naturally fearless, he recognises standards of procedure safe or dangerous, and when he ventures upon an open beach it is from necessity rather than choice. An ideal seal playground is a precipice-encircled bay, accessible only from the sea, wave-washed at all times but containing flat rocks the tops of which stand high and dry at low tide.

The one danger that a grey seal apprehends or against which his instinct makes definite provision is that of being stranded or caught at a disadvantage when out of the water. He takes this consideration into account when selecting the periods which he spends upon shore, coming in, for choice, at the extreme ebb of a spring tide. This precaution ensures against the possibility of surprise at a greater distance from the sea than he can conveniently cover in an emergency. Spring tides are preferable,

since they leave a greater expanse of rock exposed. Indeed, during neap periods as often as not seals remain afloat, for they are curiously conservative animals, and if their favourite rocks are submerged nothing will induce them to mount upon others. Although well informed as to the state of a tide, they appear to possess no instinctive foreknowledge as to its height, irrespective of which they assemble at the prescribed time, prospect the customary resting-places, and, finding them under water, hang about like children disappointed of an anticipated treat.

They are peculiarly entertaining at such a time as they drift in upon the breakers, riding the surf and somersaulting backwards into a recoiling wave. Despite their enormous bulk, they avoid injury upon the jagged rocks with the buoyancy of great balloons. Economy in effort is strictly observed, and though capable of executing a lightning-like dive when pursuing fish or effacing itself, a seal in the water follows the line of least resistance. When necessary, he can swim with the rapidity of a porpoise, less noisily but with the same undulating action, frequently rising to the surface for respiration. For sheer grace of movement, one could scarcely desire a more beautiful exhibition than a seal's love-chase—a possible solution of sea-monster apparitions. The suitor approaches the object of his desire confidently enough, intending to sniff noses after the manner of a dog. His preliminary advances, however, are usually received with a hearty cuff from the lady's flipper, whereupon both animals dive headlong, to reappear some distance away with her ladyship in coy retreat and the gentleman paddling hard a few feet astern. The silvery bodies glide through the water at incredible speed, pursued and pursuer twisting and doubling until they plunge again, to continue the chase along the dark submarine channels where no human eye can follow.

Day after day during the mating season one may witness such chases in which, as often as not, the same animals participate. No two grey seals are precisely alike, and an individual of whom a clear impression is once obtained can usually be recognised. In this respect they may best be compared with hounds in a pack. In general appearance, indeed, as well as in demeanour they resemble hounds more than any other animal, having

definitely dog-like faces of the square-jawed type, with the large, liquid, expressive eyes that one knows so well. Each face, however, is distinct with individual character, while both markings and colour are subject to such pronounced variations that a year or two ago sixty grey seals were destroyed off Cornwall during the close season under the genuine impression that they belonged to another species. The same herd may contain animals white, black, brown, or silver-grey, immense creatures eight feet long or more; others, apparently adult, not half the bulk. There is scarcely an animal which does not possess some definite peculiarity, while many are scarred from wounds, received presumably in fight.

Last summer, in Porth-y-dwfr, between Fishguard and St David's Head, my wife and I became acquainted with a herd of about thirty seals, many of which we eventually knew so well by sight that we distinguished them by nicknames. Most conspicuous was one huge slate-coloured old fellow, the patriarch of the band, who had grown so heavy that he could scarcely lift his great head above the surface to breathe. When he did so, he usually shipped water which he expelled with a whale-like snort, often betraying his whereabouts by this means. Another outstanding character was a silver-coated individual, also a massive-jawed veteran, who was easily identified by a large wart above his eye, and who rendered himself doubly conspicuous by his incorrigible curiosity. There was the seal upon whose glistening hide the customary order had been reversed, silver spots spangling a jetty background; another, lean and light, who when squirming about on the rocks strongly suggested a huge white ferret. Most curiously marked was the possessor of a pale grey pelt patterned all over with darker grey, excepting the head and flippers which were nearly white. For beauty and leonine grace, however, all yielded precedence to a magnificent cream-coloured creature, the Circe of the company, a distinctly remarkable animal both in appearance and disposition.

We first encountered this community by accident one afternoon when studying a family of peregrine falcons, and had been watching the lonely little bay for a considerable time before discovering that birds were not its only interesting occupants. The seals were quiescent

for a while, intermittently protruding heads alone betraying their presence. As time passed, however, they became more lively, and by the number of faces which peered up from the depths simultaneously, it was clear that many animals had assembled. The general tendency was shorewards, the submerged periods gradually shortening. At last the old wart-marked seal detected observers on the cliff and became immoderately excited over the discovery. He swam to and fro, agog with inquisitiveness, treading water to lift himself as high as possible, and moving backwards when changing direction in order to avoid losing sight of us. His agitation was the greater since, apparently, he had other matters upon his mind and could not divide his attention to the satisfaction of all claims. Now and again he would dash away to pursue a black seal in whom he was interested, but soon he returned to renew his scrutiny. Upon one occasion the chase led past the ledge upon which we were posted. The inquisitive old gentleman was making good headway in the race when he suddenly remembered our presence and checked in mid career for a fresh survey. The lady, who had noticed nothing, passed on, and could not be found when he renewed the chase.

Once he suspended operations to follow a fishing-boat, but could not tear himself away for long. His companions, meanwhile, had been withdrawing from the bay, singly or in pairs, swimming in a purposeful manner around a point to the southwards. He had just joined forces with two others which were proceeding quietly along when a sudden commotion all around them announced that they had run into mackerel, which could be seen leaping into the air on all sides. Curious as it may seem, however, beyond a wild plunge or two, as if more in play than earnest, these conventionally insatiable fishers took little notice of the shoal. As it subsequently transpired, they were intent upon another form of entertainment, and pursued their course in single file, passing immediately below us. Comically solemn and business-like they looked. The dignity of the procession was somewhat marred, however, when old Curiosity, who was in the centre, looked up and could not repress a loud snort, emanating either from resentment or water in his nose. Usually, a seal does not 'blow.' When breathing, his

nostrils open and close completely with each inhalation, and he tilts his nose well backwards so that air only is admitted. Our friend had possibly neglected this precaution in his preoccupied state.

The three swam away round the point after the rest, and, wondering what was afoot, we followed along the cliff-top, soon becoming conscious of an extraordinary noise. It might have been mistaken for people singing on the shore; but below, the great seas broke over the cliff's base, upon which no choir unless composed of mermen could have set foot. There could be little doubt about the identity of the musicians, and before long, reaching a heathery depression which commanded a view, we lay prone and looked down upon a remarkable scene. Two hundred feet below, a group of seaweed-draped rocks caught the sunlight. Upon these, clear of the water which still splashed round them and dispersed according to available accommodation, nineteen seals were established. Lying flat upon their backs, they rolled about in a manner that could only be described as ecstatic, up-curling their extremities and waving their flippers in the air, while now and again each huge head lifted and a mouth opened to give vent to a jubilant howl, as though the vociferator could restrain his exuberance no longer. The chorus thus produced resembled nothing so much as the desultory baying of hounds in kennel and was almost as far-reaching.

The common taste, as displayed in the choice of place, was characteristic. Most appreciated was a platform-like rock, about the size of a service-court, upon which twelve cumbersome monsters had contrived to find room. This rock, as subsequent observation proved, was never exposed by a neap tide. When available, however, as many seals as possible crowded there, and so tight was the fit that they frequently rolled against one another, and when this happened, angry snarls and miaulings of protest lent variation to the sing-song which echoed from cliff to cliff. They seemed to be unconscious of observation, and evinced no interest in ulterior matters, except when the throbbing of a steamer, far out at sea, was flung back by the precipitous walls of the bay. Then for a while every head drew erect, and necks, looking preternaturally long, craned cliffwards suspiciously. The true source of the sound was not realised, apparently, and since nothing happened, the

problem soon ceased to worry them. One and all lay with their faces towards shore. Behind them stretched St George's Channel, green and purple-splashed, with the pale outline of the Strumbles piercing the northern horizon. At Fishguard, twelve miles away, the choirs of Wales were presenting their national *Eisteddfod*, and here upon the wild shore these strange creatures also chanted, while the great black-backed gulls sailed overhead, snowy gannets dived like meteors, and the oyster-catchers on the reefs whistled a protesting accompaniment. But tides which wait for no man are equally unaccommodating to seals. The shadow of the western cliff crept over the assembly, and now and again came a loud splash as a rising wave swept someone from his place. Our own departure was already overdue, and this we effected as carefully as possible, being unwilling to break up the party before its official end. Looking back, however, from the last vantage point, we were surprised to see that not a seal remained in sight. The sea had swallowed them as completely as though they had never left its depths; the gannets and oyster-catchers remaining in undisputed possession.

Being anxious to see the preliminaries to such a concert, we revisited the place a day or two later at low tide. The cove was already full of seals, crowding in to secure good places. One or two had established themselves upon isolated rocks and were acclaiming their satisfaction, while others were endeavouring to hoist themselves from the water, utilising in-rolling waves to give them the necessary 'leg-up.' After watching the grace and agility of seals in the water, their helplessness when out of it seems the more remarkable. The difficulty which these animals experienced in gaining comfortable positions was obviously so great that one wondered at the strength of the desire which prompted the effort. In view of their confirmed habit of climbing on to dry spots, it seems curious that they should be so ill equipped for the process. As a general rule in Nature, necessity is met by proficiency; yet in the gratifying of this constant need or inclination the seal is as impotent as a dog in a tree. He has no limbs other than his flippers with which to raise his huge body. He uses these, however, grunting and groaning the while, like a fat old man. He also seems to



be quite unable to estimate his own ability, and as often as not, after accomplishing the greater part of a difficult ascent, is unable to negotiate some final obstacle. Indeed, the most painstaking effort frequently culminates in disappointment. A heavy old fellow will expend prodigious energy in hoisting himself on to a narrow slab, only to lose his balance with the crowning effort and roll off on the other side. It would be pathetic were it not so ludicrous.

There was one rock of limited dimensions, much coveted for reasons not apparent to mere man. Three seals contrived to monopolise it, and since the space would comfortably accommodate no more, the fortunate ones posted themselves in strategic positions from which they discouraged further aspirants—with one exception. This was a silver-coated individual—probably a lady, who enjoyed the privileges of her sex. At any rate, her approach was unresisted, watched with apparent interest, and it even seemed that way was made for her, as, with groans which resounded along the shore, the portly beauty gained a shelf a foot or two short of her objective. As it happened, their courtesy was put to no further test, for at this critical juncture the poor lady slipped, rolled back the entire distance, and was so disgruntled that she did not renew the attempt. A great black seal who, through ill luck or clumsiness, had been unable to find a pitch elsewhere was more persevering. Frustrated in frequent frontal attacks, he ventured an ascent from a more difficult point in the rear of the three sentries, and with infinite labour heaved himself upon a neighbouring slab separated from the main rock by a narrow channel. This he endeavoured to bridge with exaggerated caution, and had planted his flippers upon the promised land when the head of another adventurer popped up immediately below his extended and unprotected abdomen. This sudden apparition must have been singularly disconcerting. He turned hastily to menace the newcomer, overbalanced and fell into the water with a resounding splash which so startled those in possession that all three shot off like huge projectiles, leaving the coveted position untenanted.

Serio-comic incidents of a similar character constantly occurred, every moment being crowded with interest.

Comfortable rocks or those subjected to little wash were in great request, no matter how crowded. The main idea, apparently, was to get dry for a while, and as each animal hoisted his great bulk above the water-line he indulged in a hearty shake. No consideration was shown to late arrivals. If one tried to reach a place that was already fully occupied, a chorus of snarls greeted his enquiring face. When not wrangling, the fortunate ones expressed their contentment by lifting both heads and tails and vociferating lustily. This curved position imparted a concave or crescent-like appearance to the rocks upon which they were lying. The immense patriarch earlier mentioned had contrived to secure a place to himself, well out from the shore. He looked most uncomfortable, his head being at a lower elevation than his tail. This drawback, however, seemed immaterial, for his couch was considered desirable. Heads repeatedly poked up around him, as envious competitors endeavoured to scramble up beside him. Since he already more than monopolised all available room, however, he bit at every claimant impartially or repelled them with furious flourishes of his great 'arms,' and as they slid back discomfited, announced his gratification with deep-chested bellowings.

The flat platform, so favoured upon the previous occasion, again had its twelve occupants. These rolled about, executing indescribable contortions, opening and shutting their hind flippers like fans, stroking their noses with their 'hands,' or miauling and spitting at congested moments. The cream-coloured siren had secured the best place by unchallenged right, farthest from the wash, and this she resolutely maintained as the tide rose and her companions wriggled higher. A somewhat undignified incident, indeed, occurred when her nearest neighbour, a precocious gentleman in dark velvet, trespassed upon the needs of the occasion so far as to snuggle against her. She withdrew a foot or two the better to take action, then applied her flippers with a will. The other responded readily enough, and for a few moments fisticuffs were freely exchanged. Grace and colouring were not madam's only leonine qualities, however, and after a brief round the darkie was glad to drop the matter and for the remainder of the session kept well beyond flipper reach. As before,

the entire performance was all too brief, since the rocks, exposed for a couple of hours at most, became rapidly covered. Soon the cream-coloured lioness occupied the only dry place. Many rocks were already awash, and the ungainly curved outline of the patriarch appeared to be floating upon the water. It transpired that he was actually waiting for a wave to lift him off. As discomfort increased the 'music' subsided. The company on the platform, now reduced from twelve to seven, lay comparatively still, until suddenly one and all dived headlong into the encircling waves with the agility of otters; the unanimous splash of the seven heavy bodies providing a suitable accompaniment to a most effective 'gesture.'

Under the impression that all was over we rose to go. I was casting a final glance over the inrolling breakers, when the hoary face of old Curiosity suddenly appeared immediately below. As inquisitive as ever, he peered beneath his wart, and, as usual, lifted himself nearly out of the water to stare the better. Nothing is more infectious than curiosity. A moment later two more heads arose beside him, then others, until eleven were gathered within the narrow field of the binoculars, eleven pairs of big solemn eyes stared upwards, while into the centre of interest from the background came yet another seal, swimming his hardest in order to miss nothing. Then, suddenly, as though a shell had burst in their midst, every head dipped, every body described a somersault, and where eleven seals had been there remained only a widening circle of foam-bubbles. Within a few seconds they reappeared, to repeat the performance again and again. Its object could only be conjectured. One cannot *frighten* a seal in the water. He is as disconcertingly imperturbable as a surly old farmyard bull. One can only suggest that such sudden withdrawals from notice constitute an instinctive precautionary measure, largely negatived by the animal's natural boldness. However that may be, the proceeding, which is habitual, serves no apparent purpose, being merely entertaining to an observer.

All considered *Halichærus gryphus* presents many problems which provided ample food for reflection when walking later that evening in the curlew-haunted dusk. The occasion was eminently conducive to fantastic rather

than to serious thought, the evening being of that quality from which prosaic science seemed far removed. It was, indeed, an hour of enchantment, of unreality in which nothing substantial remained. Even the boundaries of ocean and shore had vanished, merged in a mother-o'-pearl wonder of a new faery sea, mist-created, above which carn-tip and island, now indistinguishable, floated like purple clouds against the sunset glow. What, one wondered, might have been the effect of the seal song, heard at such a time from the perilous shore by fog-bewildered mariners of long ago? Little wonder that wild stories concerning the sea-sirens and their fatal melodies found credence in those far-off days. Possibly the solution of many mysteries might be found in the realm of Natural History.

DOUGLAS GORDON.

## Art. 4.—SCOTLAND'S SUPPRESSED HISTORY.

*Scotland's Suppressed History.* By M. E. M. Donaldson. Murray, 1935.

A HUNDRED AND FIFTY years ago Dr Johnson complained that the Whigs had it all their own way with history. Had he lived in the era of Macaulay he would have had even more reason for his indignation, and Macaulay had many successors, of whom Froude was chief. Within the last half-century, however, much has been done to rescue historical truth from mere partisan rhetoric. Prepossessions die hard, but the modern student knows at any rate that he is pledged to the patient investigation of facts, and would be ashamed to embroider unsifted traditions in the manner of Macaulay. This, of course, does not mean that there will not often remain the possibility of divergent views of historical events. Not all the research of scholars will ever completely reconcile, say, the French and German views of the Great War, or the Roman and Protestant views of the Reformation. Nevertheless, honest men will wish that all the facts should be as far as possible revealed, and will hope that a large measure of agreement may be reached. Controversies there will be, no doubt, so long as men exist on this planet; but yet men of good will must agree that it is criminal to embitter and prolong them by the suppression or misrepresentation of facts.

These general reflections are suggested by the story of a little book published last year, and its reception by the press and the public. 'Scotland's Suppressed History' makes no pretence at being impartial in the sense of presenting all the facts: its very title proclaims that its aim is to call attention to one side of the truth—which has been suppressed. Further, the author with complete candour supplies the psychological background of the book: in a personal preface she tells how she was brought up in a milieu of Scottish Presbyterianism and reacted violently from it. To her, Presbyterianism is antipathetic; and she makes no distinctions. It is largely true that, as a reviewer complains, 'Scottish Presbyterians of all centuries, districts and classes are slumped together as if all were Gibbites' (an extreme,

fanatical Covenanting sect). It would have been better surely, as well as wiser, to rejoice at the vast changes in doctrine and worship made by a considerable school of modern Presbyterians, implying as they do a complete repudiation of Knox and the Covenanters, and a very large measure of agreement with the Episcopal Church. More surprising even is Miss Donaldson's aggressive attitude towards Roman Catholicism, which in Scotland shared persecution and misrepresentation with Episcopacy, and even more so. A wider view would concentrate not on the fortunes of the 'Catholic remnant' only (as Scottish Episcopalians called themselves), but on the future of Catholic Christianity in Scotland as a whole, and the formation of a united front against anti-Christian forces. To achieve this needs not only a love of truth but also a spirit of conciliation. It can hardly be denied that, to quote a reviewer again, the book 'will not contribute to better mutual understanding;' and it is also true that many Episcopalians have been repelled by the author's violent bias, and have criticised her lack of historical sense. Nevertheless, it does not follow, as some of the reviewers have assumed, that the book can be dismissed as mere invective. An analysis of the reviews shows that while most of those written in Scotland are thoroughly hostile and contemptuous, those from outside take a different attitude. Thus the 'New Statesman,' while charging the author with 'hysteria and wild bias,' goes on to say 'her carefully marshalled evidence merits widespread consideration.' The 'Methodist Times,' an impartial critic, says: 'We await an adequate Presbyterian answer.' The 'Natal Mercury' agrees with the author that 'historical facts have been misinterpreted and falsified for purely partisan purposes, which have placed a complexion upon Scottish history as it is taught vastly different from that which impartial researches have given us.' That is the point. 'The whole truth is very much to be desired,' as one reviewer says: Miss Donaldson asserts that in popular historical teaching it has not been desired but suppressed; and even if it were true, as the reviewer continues, that she 'only shouts and stamps,' that does not necessarily mean that what she says is untrue. The fact that a witness shouts and stamps may be due to extreme indignation that his



evidence is not being considered ; and it may even be that in some cases where truth has been persistently excluded only shouting and stamping will force people to attend to it. There is in fact a widespread indignation among Scottish Episcopalians at what they take to be the misrepresentation and intolerance of their Church in Scottish schools and elsewhere ; and it might open the eyes of the reviewers and others to read the many warm letters of thanks and appreciation which Miss Donaldson has received from people of standing and education, for expressing what they have long felt. 'Minorities,' said a Liberal statesman, 'must suffer ; it is the badge of their tribe.' Yet one hopes that no fair-minded member of a majority will wish his less fortunate countrymen to smart under continuous misrepresentation.

The question then is as to facts : first, are the statements of this book true, however onesided ? And secondly, are the facts misrepresented in the teaching of history in Scotland as it alleges ? So far as I can find, only one of the critical reviews of the book makes any real attempt to question the accuracy of its history ; the 'Aberdeen Free Press,' while expressly agreeing that 'the Covenanters have been unduly lauded, that there has been a good deal of bias in Scottish history books, even that Scottish Episcopalianism has been badly treated by common opinion,' goes on most astonishingly to question the statements that in 1634 the partitions in St. Giles were removed to make it a Cathedral, and that there was previously 'a mean table' in the church : both these statements may be found in the contemporary Presbyterian historian Row (pp. 369-70, 331) ; I fear the reviewer merely shows his ignorance. He also challenges the statement that the Curates of Galloway were as well intellectually qualified as the generality of Covenanting ministers, on the authority of Burnet ; but Burnet was a notoriously unreliable writer, who continually altered facts to suit his case. Miss Donaldson's statement rests on recent research into the records of the Presbyteries, which prove beyond doubt that most of the curates had University degrees. It is safe to say that the historical accuracy of the book is vindicated (except for some wrong dates which are clearly misprints), however outrageous its statements may appear to those who have

been brought up in the ordinary tradition—for example, the reviewer in the 'Glasgow Herald' dismisses the book (with a good-humoured smile no doubt) in the words, 'Suffice it to say that the Covenanters deserved what they got; that Scottish youth learns "untruthful history" from Hume-Brown; that most of the saints of the Covenant were sinners; that the people who were really persecuted were the Scottish Episcopalians.' It may, in fact, be argued that a much stronger case could be made out, using the works of modern historians; we may be content to leave the 'Glasgow Herald' writer to his colleague of the 'Glasgow Evening News,' who boldly declares that 'all Presbyterians would subscribe to Miss Donaldson's condemnation of the horrible régime of fanatical and bloodthirsty theocrats in the seventeenth century.' We shall find that this is far too optimistic a statement. Yet it is true, as another reviewer insists, that the same facts have been stated by modern historians like Mr Lang and Dr Law Mathieson—to whom we may add Lord Tweedsmuir, Mr Grey Graham, Professor Terry, Edwin Muir, and others. If it is 'mere mud-slinging' to picture Knox as a ruffian, what are we to say of the present Minister of St. Giles, who in his book 'The Presbyterian Tradition,' speaks of Knox's 'vitriolic tongue, domineering personality, colossal self-confidence,' finds in him 'a yellow streak of enervating cowardice,' and concludes that 'of Christian virtues he had but few'? It may be taken as agreed by modern authorities, with regard to the Scottish Reformation, that it was 'the work of a determined minority'; that the 'Lords of the Congregation of Christ Jesus' who carried it through were mostly profligate and self-seeking ruffians: that Knox (though there was another and better side to his character) was such a man as Dr Warr depicts, and in addition an advocate of persecution and assassination. Then as to the struggle between Kirk and King inaugurated in 1560, it is agreed that it was largely due to the intolerable claim of the ministers to interfere in politics and 'to establish over the whole of human life a harsh and senseless tyranny.' As to the theological system of the Scottish reformers, even Hume-Brown declares that it rested on 'an ingenious combination of texts divorced from their natural meaning, and would

have been unrecognisable by any writer either in the Old or New Testament.' On the other hand, as Mr Lang and others confess, the Bishops as a whole represented a theological creed which was in advance of their age, and far nearer to modern Presbyterian teaching than that of Knox or the Covenanters. When we come to the Covenanting period, it is agreed that the root cause of the trouble was the attempt of King Charles to wrest a living wage for the clergy from the spoilers: long before the introduction of the Prayer-book, 'he had estranged the nobility by his perfectly just and reasonable treatment of the tithes question'—in fact, 'the nobles became Protestants to get the Church property, Covenanters to keep it.' As to the Covenant itself, it was 'obtruded on people with threatenings, tearing of clothes, drawing of blood' in many cases; while the Assembly which expelled the Bishops was packed, armed, and disorderly, and by making the Covenant compulsory 'arrogated to itself the very power which it had denied to the King.' The history of the Covenanters falls into two periods—the former, in which they were supreme in Church and State, is often forgotten: in this period of their triumph, the Covenanters were merciless to their opponents, and perpetrated appalling massacres, even of women and children; 'the dishonouring of promises ~~of~~ quarter seems to have been the official Creed of the Covenant'; more appalling still are the reiterated demands for more blood to appease the Almighty. The results of the Covenant were 'a shattered Monarchy, a Kirk torn by dissensions, a bitter civil war, finally degradation such as Scotland had not known since Edward I.'

At the time of the Restoration, according to the Presbyterian leader Douglas, 'a generation had arisen which bore a heart hatred to the Covenant . . . and had no love to Presbyterian Government.' Episcopacy was restored by Parliament and accepted by the great bulk of the nation, and even by more than two-thirds of the ministers. While no one would justify the persecution of the Covenanters which followed, much of it was brought on them by their own irreconcilable fanaticism, intolerance, and violence. The familiar pictures of peace-loving peasants seeking freedom to worship in their own way among the hills bear little resemblance to the reality.

They organised armed resistance; plotted to capture the fortresses of the country, and negotiated with the Dutch for an invasion as early as 1665; while from first to last there was a continuous stoning and rabbling of Conformist ministers—their houses were broken into, they were wounded and forced to swear they would cease to officiate: it is the continuous complaint of the curates that the laws are not being put in force and that they receive no protection from the violence of their enemies. The executions after the two risings in 1666 and 1679 were comparatively few, far fewer than those carried out by the Covenanters in 1645 alone. The so-called 'Killing-time' has been 'grossly exaggerated in popular literature'; it was in fact limited to a few months in 1685, and was provoked by the Declaration of Renwick, which declared war on the Government and advocated assassinations of those who served the King, including 'viperous Bishops and Curates.' As to the claim that the Covenanters were, whatever their excesses and crimes, champions of civil and religious liberty, it is wholly inconsistent with the fact that they themselves denounced liberty with all their power—Rutherford, the 'Saint of the Covenant,' published the most thoroughgoing defence of persecution ever written, and Guthrie warned Charles II against the 'vomit of toleration.' Not only did they impose the Covenant by force of arms on Scotland, but they made the Solemn League with the English Puritans to enforce it on England and Ireland. Any modern Christian would turn from the utterances of the Covenanters sick with disgust—from Rutherford with his strange mingling of fierce Calvinism and erotic devotion, or from Peden telling his congregation that 'going to hear those profane hirelings will take you to hell as soon as idolatry, witchcraft, or adulteries,' and that 'all the bairns baptized by the Curates, God reckons them as children of whoredom.' As Mr Lang sums it up: 'Non-conformists were put out of their livings, as Conformists had been used by the Covenanters and were again used in 1689. Their flocks clung to them and were persecuted; and so far they were sufferers for conscience sake; but the worthy men whom they followed were mortal enemies of freedom of conscience in religion: they suffered what in 1638 and 1689 they inflicted.' Nor must it be forgotten

that again and again indemnities and indulgences were offered them by the Government; and in fact out of the 300 or less who were deprived in 1661, about half were reinstated in their livings, merely on an undertaking to cease from active rebellion. 'The Presbyterians,' says Wodrow, 'did now divide'; and the indulged were hated by the extremists if possible worse than the Episcopalians. Cameron, Cargill, and Renwick, the leaders of the last period of the Covenant, were in fact repudiated by the Presbyterian ministers as a whole, who said that 'though Renwick might have died *in* Christ, yet he did not die *for* Christ.' Strange indeed that these men, who, leaving apart altogether the Bluidy Banner and the gallows at Bothwell Brig, openly advocated war and assassination, should be canonised by the sober Presbyterians of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

When we come to the Revolution of 1688 we find religion once more the sport of politics. The Whig Convention adopts the Claim of Right, which asserts that Prelacy is 'an insupportable grievance to the Nation'; but their general, Mackay, declares, 'Let men flatter themselves as they will, I tell you, who know Scotland, that if I were as much an enemy to [Presbyterianism] as I am a friend, I would without difficulty engage to form in Scotland a more formidable party against it, even for their Majesties' Government [i.e. excluding the Jacobites], than can be formed for it'; while the renowned Dr Carlyle of Inveresk wrote that 'more than two-thirds of the people of the country were Episcopal.' In fact, it was only the Jacobitism of the Bishops which forced William to re-establish Presbyterianism; and 'No establishment,' says Principal Story, 'could have been more Erastian in origin.' That this Establishment can now claim to be 'the Church of the overwhelming Majority of the Scottish people' is true; but it is due to a determined and persistent persecution of Episcopalians and Roman Catholics which lasted a whole century. Over the larger part of the country Presbyterianism could only be introduced by force, with the aid of the civil power, and the struggle to eject the Episcopal clergy from the parish churches, though backed by military aid, lasted nearly forty years. It is often urged

that Episcopalians suffered only as Jacobites ; but this is quite untrue. By the Act of 1695 none but the parish clergy were allowed to officiate on pain of fine and imprisonment ; and up to the Tory Toleration Act of 1712 (which was bitterly opposed by the Assembly) many of the clergy who had taken the oaths to the Government suffered under this Act, beside the two hundred western curates who were illegally beaten, insulted, and turned out of their houses with their families at Christmas 1688. The Cameronians, it should be noted, were not compelled to take the oaths to Government at all. The later Penal Laws were, no doubt, occasioned by the Jacobite risings ; but the last and most severe of all, the Act of 1748, was an act of purely religious persecution, for it refused toleration to the Scottish Episcopal clergy altogether, whether they had taken the oaths to the Government or not. This Act was stigmatised by an English Hanoverian Bishop as an attack on the Christian religion itself. Under these Acts Episcopalians were pursued out of their churches into meeting-houses, out of meeting-houses into fields and barns and mountains ; the clergy were imprisoned and banished ; the laity were fined, debarred from Parliament, deprived of votes, rendered incapable of holding any public office, refused admission to colleges and Universities. Of the courage and devotion of both clergy and laity there is no time to tell. That none of them actually suffered death, except those who took part in the Jacobite risings, is due to the fact that unlike the Covenanters they believed it to be unlawful to fight for their religion, even in self defence ; those who were Jacobites took up arms at the call of their King, none did so for their faith. Thus after a hundred years of persecution the Episcopal Church emerged ' the shadow of a shade.'

These facts, recognised by all modern historical students, are of course not the whole story : they tell one side of it ; but it is a side which must be told if the story is to give a true picture of Scottish history. Miss Donaldson contends that this side of the story has been suppressed in the historical teaching given in Scottish schools. Some of the reviewers deny it ; they say that it is quite untrue of the teaching given to-day. We turn therefore to the history manuals actually in use in public



schools; and first I should like to quote some opinions which can hardly be dismissed as mere hysterical bias. A Doctor of Letters, and Principal Lecturer in a Scottish Training Centre, writes as follows: 'The real difficulty is that there is very little sound historical writing in Scotland at the present moment . . . and this inevitably influences the production of school books. Moreover, the Whig tradition of the School of Hume-Brown is very powerful, and the scholastic mind, quite out of touch as a rule with modern historical scholarship, is quick to resent the suggestion that there may be another side to the story.' He goes on to tell how in a little book of his own on modern lines, 'I made a few simple statements about the position of the Episcopal Church [in the eighteenth century]; no one, I thought, could take any exception to them, yet they were sharply challenged by the publisher. . . . And I had to take up a strong attitude to have the paragraph retained.' A schoolmaster of many years' standing writes: 'My experience is that school history text-books are most unsatisfactory. . . . As a rule they are forty or fifty years behind systematic history study. . . . The story of the Scottish Church has been presented in a perverted and distorted fashion for nearly three hundred years, and the writers of text-books simply follow that tradition.'

A Sheriff, a Doctor of Laws, writes that he found the history book used in teaching his own children 'full of misrepresentations and false suggestion.' That these statements are abundantly justified cannot possibly be denied. I have examined the following books, used in schools all over Scotland. 'Cormack's History Readers' (Senior and Advanced) very widely used; 'A Broad Survey of British History,' for modern, senior, central advanced division and secondary schools, by Henderson, reprinted in 1934; 'The Story of Scotland,' by Meikle, with a Commendation by Hume-Brown; 'Landmarks in English and Scottish History,' reprinted in 1933; 'A Vivid Story of Scotland, Part II,' used in some Glasgow schools; and 'Groundwork of British History,' by Warner and Marten. These books vary in value: the last, though thoroughly biased, is a real attempt to write history; the rest simply repeat (and embroider) the ordinary legends which pass as history in Scotland: 'A

Vivid Story' is a book of almost unbelievable vulgarity. The legends and blunders in these books may be found in every period, from the 'Coming of Queen Scots' described by Mr. Meikle to the doings of Mr Asquith and Mr Baldwin. As an example from the period we are discussing let us take the famous story of King Charles's attempt to introduce the Scottish Prayer-book of 1637 into St. Giles, Edinburgh. We will first quote the historian, Hill Burton—a good Whig who will not be suspected of anti-Presbyterian bias. (On the Dean beginning to read the book) 'there arose in the Congregation a confused clamour . . . books and other missiles were thrown, and the Bishop, who stood up to rebuke the rioters, narrowly escaped a blow on the head from a stool.' He goes on to quote a contemporary story how 'a gentleman answering Amen to what the Dean was reading, a she-zealot hearing him starts up in a choler. Traitor, says she, dost thou say Mass in my ear?, and struck him in the face with her Bible. The magistrates,' he concludes, 'expelled the rioters, and service went on.' In a footnote he discusses the story of Jenny Geddes, and says that Wodrow (the biographer of the Covenant) utterly dethrones Mrs Geddes in favour of a Mrs Mean, the wife of a burghess of Edinburgh.

We now turn to the school text-books. Cormack: 'On a Sunday in July 1637 the service was first used in St. Giles. Its effect was to convert the religious assembly into a riot. A pious apple-wife named Jenny Geddes hurled her stool at the head of the officiating Clergyman, and the meeting broke up in confusion.' 'Landmarks': 'Women, led by Jenny Geddes . . . drove the Dean from the Church.' 'A Vivid Story': 'Jenny Geddes, an old Edinburgh buddy, flung a stool at the Dean's head, and yelled, "Will ye daur say Mass in my lug?" The Dean ducked and vanished.' So is 'history' taught to Scottish children! And this is typical of these books. One could suppose that their authors would know when the Episcopacy which they vilify was restored—the Bishops were accepted by the General Assembly and consecrated in 1610, and established by Parliament in 1612. But, though Cormack tells us that King James 'had no abilities of any kind,' to all these books King Charles I is the villain of the piece, who must be credited with every crime. So

we read that 'the Presbyterian form of Church Government' (abolished thirteen years before he reigned) 'caused much vexation to Charles and Laud; they resolved to introduce the Episcopalian form into Scotland. They appointed Bishops over the Scottish Church.' So also Meikle, 'King Charles made up his mind to force the Scots to become Episcopalians.' (This writer has told us that in England 'Henry VIII had become a Protestant' and that 'most of the people called themselves Episcopalians'!) Henderson goes one better: Laud not only made the 'attempt to make the Scots accept Bishops,' but was 'endeavouring to set up Episcopacy in England,' where 'the Constitution of the Church was based on the teaching of Luther'! Another of Cormack's books knows better, for it informs us that 'the Church of England had retained the Roman system of Government by Bishops.' 'A Vivid Story' says, 'The Episcopalian Church had Bishops and Deacons' (priests are omitted, presumably because the author thinks them too shocking). 'Charles tried to force Parliament to abolish Presbyterianism and adopt Episcopacy. "Certainly not!" said the Scottish members'! Cormack alone mentions the Act of Revocation, in the following terms: 'Charles needed money, and therefore issued a decree recalling to himself all the Church lands in the hands of the nobles.' Here falsehood and malice are nicely blended.

When we come to the Covenant, we find the same ignorance and misstatement in full flood. Cormack tells us 'A great Assembly of the Kirk met at Edinburgh, and a spirited declaration called the Covenant was signed by an immense number of people.' In fact, there was no Assembly till nine months later. What the Covenant really was none of these writers informs us: clearly because they do not know. Meikle repeats the old mistake that the Covenant was signed in the Greyfriars Churchyard. Another of Cormack's books says that it was signed by hundreds of thousands—on a previous page we are informed that the total population was half a million. Warner and Marten affirm that 'the Kirk was Presbyterian in form. The Scots hated Bishops, the Scottish people believed in the divine origin of Calvinism and Presbyterianism'—the very existence of Scottish Episcopalians and Roman Catholics is entirely ignored. The Solemn

League is either ignored or referred to in vague or misleading terms; not a word of forcing the Covenant on England and Ireland: Cormack says it was 'a new edition of the National Covenant containing special provision for the safety of the Church of Scotland'; 'A Vivid Story' says 'the Scots would help the People's Army [*sic*] on condition that the Scottish Church was to be Presbyterian'!

About the tyranny and atrocities of the Covenanters most of these books are completely silent: one of Cormack's says that after Philiphaugh 'the Covenanters disgraced themselves by the cold-blooded slaughter of prisoners,' and Warner and Marten say generally 'from 1638 to 1651 the Presbyterians had been the persecuting body, now it was their turn to suffer'; but no details are given. The hero of this book is Cromwell; and we hear nothing of his shipping of Covenanters and others to Barbadoes, or selling them to Venice. When we come to the Restoration period, pages are devoted to the sufferings of the Covenanters. 'Now persecution begins,' says Henderson: 'religious troubles broke out through the attempt to enforce the Episcopalian system,' says Cormack—as if there had been none before. As usual the details are all wrong: 'Parliament enacted that all Ministers should submit to the Bishops in order to be duly ordained': 'Episcopalian "worship" was established'; the curates were 'mostly ignorant men, some even ploughmen!' 'All who attended Conventicles were liable to fines, imprisonment, scourging, branding and slavery,' says Henderson, drawing at large on his imagination. There are gruesome descriptions of the Boot and other tortures; not a word to say that the same tortures, which were part of the judicial system of the times, were inflicted by the Covenanters themselves in their day of power, and later by the Presbyterian Government of William III. All the old exaggerated statements are made about the persecution: 'Large numbers were put to death'; 'No Catholic had been put to death at the Reformation' (this is untrue); 'now hundreds were slain because they would not believe in a special kind of Protestantism.' 'The Covenanters wished what the Pilgrim Fathers had wished, namely freedom to worship God as they thought right.' Of the plots of the

Covenanters, their armed resistance from the first, the declarations of war and murder, the mobbing, wounding, and shooting of curates, the murder of soldiers, not a word. Sharp's assassination is mentioned as an act of revenge, without condemnation. Throughout it is stated or assumed that the executions were acts of religious persecution, inflicted as a penalty for worshipping God in their own way. When we come to the 'Killing time,' there is no word of the cause of it, and the usual vague and wholesale statements are made—'the list of crimes is a large one' and so forth, but curiously the only cases recorded in all these books are the same two—John Brown and the Wigtown Martyrs. Brown appears as usual as a godly peasant whose 'piety brought him to the notice of Claverhouse.' Of the real facts—that he was chased across the moors in company of a rebel fresh from an attack on the King's soldiers, that he had arms and treasonable papers in his house, that he entirely refused to abjure Renwick's declaration or promise not to rise in arms—not a word is told us. Similarly the Wigtown Martyrs were drowned 'for refusing to attend the Episcopal Church'! Here the facts are to some extent veiled in mystery; but all accounts agree that they were arrested for treasonable expressions, and that they were only put to death after repeated refusals to repudiate the infamous Declaration, 'in so far as it declares war against his sacred Majesty and asserts that it is lawful to kill those employed by him.' Of the sober truth about this period, that Cameron, Cargill, and Renwick, the saints and martyrs of these history-books, were, in Mr Lang's words, out 'to persecute all whose consciences differed from theirs, beginning in Scotland and carrying fire and blood and the banner of No Quarter to the gates of Rome,' there is not a word in any of these books. Their true character was recognised, and their actions repudiated, by all the best Presbyterians of their day: yet their memory as Martyrs for religious liberty, and hatred of the Bishops and the 'terrible' Claverhouse, who share the odium in equal parts, are kept alive by the teaching in our schools and by Conventicles and Commemorations held year by year all over the south of Scotland.

When we come to the period after the Revolution of

1688 we can be very brief: it would be useless to quote further examples of bias—to them William III is 'the most just and generous man who ever sat on the throne,' and not one of these books has ever heard of any religious persecution after the time of that great and good man, who 'wanted to give everybody fair-play, even the Catholics.' 'There was no persecution after the Revolution,' says Henderson, 'except the *disabilities* under which Roman Catholics laboured'! 'Dragoonings and tortures were gone with the Stewarts,' says Cormack, who has never heard of the Duke of Cumberland. Warner and Marten are more circumstantial: 'to three things above all did Scotland owe her prosperity: Presbyterianism, the religion of the great majority, was made the established religion; while the Episcopalians obtained toleration in 1712. Hence Scotland obtained what she most needed, the cessation of religious strife.' Of the true state of opinion in 1689, of what happened before 1712, of the forty years' struggle to eject the clergy, of the Penal Laws and their consequences, these complacent authors say—probably know—nothing at all.

It must not be thought that the above is a complete list of the misstatements, blunders, fictions, biased statements and omissions of the history-manuals we have examined—far from it. But enough has perhaps been said to show that Miss Donaldson has not in the least misrepresented the teaching given in Scottish schools at the present day. Nor unfortunately is such teaching confined to the schools. If there were space we might quote a work called 'Scotland's True Glory,' written by a retired schoolmaster, which is intended as a manual of Church teaching: its interest being primarily religious, it is if possible more biased and vituperative than the secular books. Worse still, because one would expect better things, are the statements of divines. Miss Donaldson has quoted Dr Warr on the Covenanters, and the necessity of 'finally suppressing Episcopacy once and for all.' Another recent book is Dr Moffatt's popular manual 'Presbyterianism.' Dr Moffatt quotes, as a summary of the Covenanting period, a work of a former Duke of Argyll: 'Everything of value in any part of that contest, every hope of national life, every love of freedom, every desire of truth, in short, every upward tendency in



human society, was ranged on the side of Presbytery in Scotland, and was at stake with its success.' All the truth, all the virtues on one side ! Is it really probable, even if we know nothing of the real history of the period at all ? Thank God, no Episcopalian or Roman Catholic, so far as I know, has ever made the same claim. Fortunately also there are many Presbyterians, ministers and scholars, who take a very different view. To them our appeal must be made. Is it not absurd to accuse Miss Donaldson of 'raking up old or dead and done with controversies,' while they are instilled into Scottish children from their earliest years and kept alive by the constant teaching of pulpit and press ? 'Scotland's Suppressed History,' we are told by a reviewer, 'is not calculated to promote the unity in spiritual, cultural, or social progress which is Scotland's urgent need' ; but is unity only attainable if the lamb will meekly lie down inside the lion ? Apparently so, for one reviewer tells us 'the Scottish Episcopal Church does not exist, and never has existed.' This is a common attitude. Skinner, Raeburn, Scott, Lady Nairne, Aytoun, Gladstone, were all somehow misguided members of an alien English Church—to which also in some mysterious way not only a large number of the old 'gentle' families of Scotland but thousands of her crofters and fishers have become attached. That 'bygones may be bygones,' that the sufferings of Episcopalians and Roman Catholics may be allowed at length to cancel those of Reformers and Covenanters, has been the constant plea of our Church writers from the days of Dean Ramsay, the author of 'Scottish Life and Character,' and Professor Grub, who wrote what a German critic regarded as the most impartial Church history ever published. Unfortunately, with some splendid exceptions like the late Professor Cooper, that appeal has met with little response. The biased fiction and abuse which are surely the shame of the educational system and the pulpits of Scotland still hold their sway ; as long as that is so, so long will protest and controversy be inevitable. Fortunately there are signs of better things ; and when Scotland's history is no longer suppressed, a real step will have been taken towards the building of national unity on the enduring foundation of truth.

C. L. BROWN.

## Art. 5.—A TEST FOR DEMOCRACY.

1. *Report of Departmental Committee on Persistent Offenders.* Command 4090 of 1932.
2. *Reports of Departmental Committee on Employment of Prisoners.* Command 4462 of 1933 and 4897 of 1935.
3. *Report of the Legal Education Committee.* Command 4663 of 1934.
4. *Report of Departmental Committee on Imprisonment in Default of Payment of Fines, etc.* Command 4649 of 1934.
5. *Report of Departmental Committee on the Social Services in Courts of Summary Jurisdiction.* Command 5122 of 1935.
6. *In Quest of Justice.* By Claud Mullins. Chapter 12. Murray, 1931.

IN 1930, when I wrote my book 'In Quest of Justice,' dealing with the civil work of our courts of law, I said, with youthful optimism, 'I believe that before long many of the big legal brains of the nation will be turning once more towards the task of law reform.' Since then, thanks mainly to the lead given by Lord Sankey during his term of office as Lord Chancellor, many changes have been made both in private law and in the procedure for civil litigation. But none of the big problems dealt with in my book has been tackled, and in the civil courts placid content is prevalent once more ; changes in the near future are likely to be of a modest character and will leave untouched all the substantial grievances of private litigants. In the legal field to which I transferred in 1931, the criminal courts, a different problem exists. The Home Office, unlike the Lord Chancellor, is accessible to parliamentary interrogation and it is, therefore, more closely in touch with public needs. It receives constant encouragement and helpful criticism from and through energetic peers and Members of Parliament. The result has been a series of inquiries into some fundamental problems. Yet the actual rate of progress in law-making is no greater than in the field of private law. Whether reformers should be happier when their ideas are incorporated in official Blue Books than when they can get no attention at all to their plans is a psychological question of no practical interest. In both cases they have to continue working the old system which they have criticised.

It is a commonplace argument with those in authority that parliamentary time is very restricted ; this was presumably the reason why most of our recent legal reforms were limited to matters which could be dealt with by general consent. Personally I never feel greatly impressed by the argument that parliamentary time is lacking until I know what reforms are ready to be enacted when time permits. Months and sometimes years of inquiry are usually necessary before schemes of reform can be prepared, and so long as no inquiries are on foot and no Bills being prepared, the explanation that time cannot be found in Parliament seems unconvincing. In recent years the Home Office has not adopted the policy of limiting its inquiries to such matters as seem likely to be given early Parliamentary attention. Vital problems have been made the subject of official inquiry as they arose. The result has been a serious and genuine blockage. In this article I propose to draw attention to some of the Blue Books that concern the administration of justice, mostly the result of energy at the Home Office, which would vitally affect the public if only the proposals contained in them were enacted. I shall then refer to some fundamental matters that have not yet reached even that stage. Finally I propose to suggest how the parliamentary bottle-neck could be by-passed.

It would be easy to make out a most formidable list of reports of Royal Commissions and Departmental or other Committees which have had no legislative results, even if the list were restricted to matters directly affecting the law. But as space is limited, I confine myself to the last five years and only give a passing mention to such reports as that of the Royal Commission on Divorce (1912) or of the Lord Chancellor's Committee on Insanity and Crime (1923). The latter recommended, *inter alia*, that the existing and illogical verdict 'guilty but insane' should be amended and that the famous McNaghten Rules of 1843 should be extended to deal with a delinquent 'charged criminally with an offence' whose 'act is committed under an impulse which the prisoner was by mental disease in substance deprived of any power to resist.' To this report are appended such names as those of Lord Atkin, Sir Archibald Bodkin, Sir Thomas Inskip, the late Lord Hanworth, Edward Marshall-Hall,

Herbert Stephen, and Richard Muir ; also Sir Edward Troup and Sir Ernley Blackwell. Could there have been a stronger team in 1923 ? But the impressive car that they built is still at the bottle-neck, if it can be said to have got even so far.

In April 1931 the then Home Secretary appointed a Committee (including Mr Justice du Parcq, Dr Norwood East and Sir Alexander Maxwell) 'to inquire into the existing methods of dealing with Persistent Offenders,' and a report was published a year later. There is no greater problem in the criminal courts. Keen as one may be on social and penological measures which are, we may reasonably hope, heavily reducing the number of future Persistent Offenders, no magistrate, recorder or judge can fail to realise the importance of better methods for dealing with the incurable offender to-day. The bulk of these people commit minor crimes, and the general tradition of our courts so far has been in such cases to punish for the offence rather than to sentence in accordance with the record. The result in many cases, is numerous short sentences. The Committee gave the following statistics. They relate to the year 1930, but are probably typical.

'Of the 39,000 sentences of imprisonment 28,000 were imposed on persons who had been previously found guilty of offences. In many cases these previous offences had been dealt with by methods other than imprisonment, such as the use of Probation, binding over, and fines ; but in 20,384 cases the offenders had been previously in prison. Many of them had served repeated sentences of imprisonment, as is shown by the following table :

4740	had served 1 previous sentence.
2952	had served 2 previous sentences.
1949	had served 3 previous sentences.
1499	had served 4 previous sentences.
1115	had served 5 previous sentences.
3382	had served 6-10 previous sentences.
2622	had served 11-20 previous sentences.
2125	had served over 20 previous sentences.

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20384

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As courts get more and more accustomed to the doctrine taught by our Lord Chief Justice in his Clarke Hall lecture (May 24, 1935), we may hope that there will be more abundant and wiser probation and fewer sentences to prison for those in the early stages of a criminal life. 'The experience of prison governors,' said Lord Hewart, 'appears to be almost invariably against a sentence of imprisonment for an adolescent. . . . Will anyone have the hardihood to deny that in the treatment of these offenders the main object and interest of the State, for the sake of all, must be reformation?' Yet Lord Hewart very wisely uttered the warning, 'It is necessary to beware of the excessive use of Probation.' That is our danger to-day, just as much as the excessive use of imprisonment. As at present defined, Probation cannot be linked up with any form of punishment and I am not a believer in the popular dichotomy 'Probation or punishment?' I regard both together, in proper cases, as valuable methods of reformative treatment. But the direction of Probation has so far been too much influenced by inexperienced sentimentalists. A Persistent Offender can be created by unintelligent leniency as well as by excessive punishment. If we could have a few separate penal establishments where those of 17 to 23 could be ordered a short term of Borstal-like detention, that would do more than anything else to limit the supply of future Persistent Offenders. At present Borstal treatment is only available for those sentenced for two or three years, and the conditions which the delinquent has to fulfil before the sentence can be passed are arbitrary and illogical. When all these problems have been solved, we may reasonably hope that there will be fewer Persistent Offenders in the distant future.

My own outlook is not very optimistic here, for I believe that the problem of crime has to be tackled at the time of conception and during the earliest years. To-day, as ever, the 'social problem' class (so different from, and so much smaller than, those comprised in that universally-used but foolish term 'working class') have families without any regard to their ability to maintain them and bring them up. From them come most of our delinquents, and by the time that such delinquents are within the range of Juvenile Courts and 'social services'

the damage has often been done. I see no sign that these factors are receiving consideration, and so long as they are neglected I do not anticipate a time when there will be no life-long law-breakers. But even accepting the optimism of the environmental school, what of the present and of the near future? Lives may be 'changed' after 50, but it is doubtful if it is possible in any considerable numbers. I have put many 'old lags' on Probation. The burden on the Probation Officer is very heavy, and my bitter experience is that the experiment seldom succeeds. As examples of what happens to-day I select two cases from recent calendars at the County of London Sessions and I do so without suggesting any criticism of the court, for under our present law the problem seems insoluble. P. G. was found guilty of receiving stolen goods knowing that they were stolen. He was then 67. His first conviction was in 1896, when he was 27. From then he had received the following sentences: 21 days' imprisonment, 2 months, 6 weeks, 9 months, 18 months, 12 months, 3 years, 12 months, 4 years, 6 years, 6 years, 3 years, 3 years, 12 months, 12 months, 12 months, 16 months, and 2 years. All the previous offences were stealing, receiving, or house-breaking. The sentence of the Court was 8 months' imprisonment. G. R. was found guilty of burglary. He was 82. His first conviction was in 1878, when he was 24. His record was: 4 months, 9 months, 18 months, 5 years, 5 years, 12 months, 12 months, 7 years, 5 years, 18 months, 10 years, 6 months, 18 months, 6 months, 15 months, 6 months, 3 months, 12 months, 8 months, 6 months, 12 months, 3 months, 12 months; then, in 1935, he was given a chance, but had been again brought before the court for a further offence 10 months later. All his offences were stealing or burglary. The sentence was 3 months' imprisonment. I only had to look up three calendars out of the many on my file before I found these two cases. Most calendars contain similar ones.

A realist view was taken by the Committee:

'The inference is that the present methods not only fail to check the criminal propensities of such people, but may actually cause progressive deterioration by habituating the offenders to prison conditions, which weaken rather than strengthen their characters. That the present methods of



dealing with persistent offenders are unsatisfactory is the general burden of all the evidence we have received, whether from witnesses who have judicial or magisterial experience, or from representatives of the police, or from prison administrators, or from social workers and philanthropists, or from medical experts and psychologists.

'In most cases the only practicable course open to a court when dealing with a Persistent Offender is to send him to prison for a period proportionate to the gravity of the particular offence of which he stands convicted. . . . If on the offender's release he speedily commits other offences, the expenditure of trouble and money by the Police who have to catch him, by the Judicial Authorities who try him, by the Prison Authorities who house, feed, clothe, and guard him, and by the Prisoners' Aid Societies who help him on his discharge, is out of proportion to the result achieved—to say nothing of the harm which may be caused to the public by the offences he commits between his periods of imprisonment.'

The Committee made eighteen recommendations, and while a few points have been tackled by administrative action, no legislative changes to carry out the substance of the report have been made. Personally I think that the Committee did not go far enough; they did not face the awkward fact that, to quote so enlightened an authority as the late Dr M. Hamblin Smith,\* 'for a certain proportion of offenders the only solution is permanent segregation in a suitable institution.' Many other experts in penology could be quoted; thus Lombroso† wrote that 'the individuals who are recognised as habitually dangerous and have already been several times arraigned ought never to be liberated.' A democracy will not lightly permit permanent segregation and will insist on adequate safeguards, but the real strength of the democratic system lies in its willingness to accept the unpleasant when good cause is shown. Be this as it may, if the scheme of the Committee were enacted, costly though it would be, the result in preventing crime and saving futile police effort would be beneficial. As an ex-Chief Constable once said to me, 'If a dozen men could be put away permanently, the crime record of my county would be one to be proud of.'

\* 'The Psychology of the Criminal' (1933), p. 175.

† 'Crime, Its Causes and Remedies' (1906), Modern Criminal Science Series edition, p. 423.

It may be said that it is better to have recidivist thieves than to segregate them permanently, and there is something to be said for the traditional English attitude of regarding the liberty of the subject as applicable to offenders rather than to their victims. But can this be said of those who are, for instance, prone to commit sexual offences against children? Few magistrates have tried harder than I have to enlist the aid of psychotherapy in curing this class of offender. As psychotherapy develops and as the courts become increasingly willing to use it, we may hope for a time when there will be few Persistent Offenders of this nature. But at present they exist and do fearful harm. No psychological treatment can reach those who are now old and set in their evil ways. In the last Report of the Prison Commission (for 1934) 588 persons reached prison for the strange offence of indecent exposure. Of these, 262 were 'known to have previous proved offences,' 41 having from six to ten such proved offences; 27 had between eleven and twenty, and 20 had over twenty. The Report does not say that the previous convictions were for sexual offences, but probably most of them were. A few years ago I read in the Press the grim record of D., then aged 67. In 1898 he had been sent to prison for 11 years for rape. In 1929 he was given 6 months at the Central Criminal Court for an indecent assault on a girl of 15. In 1932 he received the maximum sentence of 12 months at a Police Court for two indecent assaults on young girls. However much we may wish that at 33 he had received psychotherapeutic treatment, can one refrain from wondering how many other children have been his victims since his release? Many times when I have this type before me I feel sadly conscious of the futility of my legal powers. For Exhibitionism a magistrate's maximum power is to award 3 months' imprisonment or, for a second offence, to commit to Quarter Sessions, where the defendant may (I emphasise the 'may') be ordered imprisonment for 12 months. For an indecent assault a magistrate may order imprisonment for 6 months or commit the offender for trial, where he *may* receive 2 years' imprisonment, but the latter course is extremely detrimental to any children concerned, as they have to tell their story in two separate courts, the second time amid the full

majesty of the law with bewigged judge and counsel. In many cases these elderly offenders cannot be regarded as wilfully criminal, and indefinite segregation of a non-penal nature seems the only solution that is fair to them and to the public. When dealing with this class of case I often feel that the children who use our parks or play in the streets are most inadequately protected by our present law. In the lecture already quoted Lord Hewart reminded his audience of the words of Sir Matthew Hale: 'When I am tempted to pity a criminal, I remember that there is a pity also due to my country.'

In 1933 and 1935 reports were published of a Departmental Committee on the Employment of Prisoners and on their Assistance on Discharge, a subject closely bound up with Persistent Offenders, for upon his treatment on discharge largely depends a prisoner's abstention from further crime. This Committee was narrowly limited by the terms of reference and could not consider what has long seemed to me to be the key reform in this connection, namely that men and women discharged after a sentence of imprisonment should automatically be included in the relief, where unable to support themselves, either of the Unemployment Assistance Board or the Public Assistance authorities and be entitled to be maintained like other unemployed. At present even when a family has been 'on the rates' during the bread-winner's imprisonment, such relief stops automatically on his discharge and the 'bread-winner' has to pass through the full formalities afresh before relief is resumed. There is no greater incentive to recidivism than the poverty-stricken condition which so quickly follows a prisoner's release. The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Societies struggle valiantly with this problem, but my impression from attending some of their meetings is that much of their assistance is wasted because it has of necessity to be hopelessly inadequate. At one such meeting I was frankly shocked when men with many previous sentences were given 7s. 6d. or 10s. and a moral lecture about keeping straight. These Societies should all, as some do, see their prisoners several weeks before discharge in order to build up any connections that they may still possess. The maintenance of the ex-prisoners and the ticket home might well be a State obligation and all the money and energy of the

Societies could then be spent on helping to find work. Such a proposal would have been revolutionary before the War, but seeing the extent of the relief granted to-day by the Unemployment Assistance Board and the Public Assistance Committees, the addition of this burden seems natural and would not be heavy. Some of the recommendations in the first report about prison industries and the constitution of the Prison Commission have been carried out by the Commission as no fresh legislation was needed. But the work of the Committee has so far had no far-reaching result. Thus Persistent Offenders are still being created.

A Committee of much greater importance than seems apparent on the surface was appointed by Lord Sankey in August 1932. Their function was the 'closer co-ordination between the work done by the Universities and the Professional bodies' in legal education. Lord Atkin presided, and a somewhat conservative report was issued in 1934 with a vigorous independent memorandum by Professor Harold Laski. Defective legal education lies at the root of most of our problems of legal reform and penology. The whole attitude of lawyers to social problems would change in a generation if the proposals of Professor Laski were carried out:

'The public does not realise that, among the great professions in this country, the law stands alone in not having developed either systematic methods or definite institutions for the encouragement of research with its own subject-matter. . . . I believe that adequate encouragement in the field of research would place British contributions to the study of such subjects as comparative law, legal philosophy, legal history, criminology, upon a level, both in range and volume, with the best work now done upon the Continent of Europe and in the United States.'

Although when Lord Sankey left office plans were in the making for carrying out some of the Committee's (majority) proposals—and no fresh legislation is necessary—practically nothing has been done.

In June 1934 came a most valuable report from a Departmental Committee on Imprisonment by Courts of Summary Jurisdiction in Default of Payment of Fines and other sums. In the last year for which the Committee gave figures (1932) 11,244 persons went to prison

for not paying fines, 2,435 for default in paying bastardy orders, 3,648 for similar default on wife-maintenance orders, 3,089 for failure to pay rates and, though this could not be investigated by the Committee, about 3,000 for failure to pay County Court orders on civil debts. Such imprisonments, unless the direct consequence of wilful refusal to pay or to work, are definitely harmful and do no good to anyone. At the time the Press showed great interest in this problem and practically no criticism was made of the Committee's recommendations. But for over a year no legislative action followed this disturbing report. On Feb. 27, 1935, the matter was raised in the House of Lords, but no promise of early legislation was given. Right at the end of the Session a chance was seen by the Home Office. A Bill to carry out part of the Committee's recommendations was introduced into the House of Lords on July 10, 1935. It was only available for the public on the next day at the second reading. Committee stage and third reading were over by July 17. No amendments were possible either in that House or in the House of Commons, where on July 26 and 30 the Bill went through all its stages. Those of us who had been working for years for the reforms recommended by the Committee rejoiced at this new Act, which is now producing excellent results and is reducing by many thousands a year these futile imprisonments. But in this panic legislation no place could be found for many of the best recommendations of the Committee. Bastardy and Maintenance Orders, for instance, can still be varied only by the court that made them, with the result that parties who have moved far away only too often cannot get them altered at all. Where fathers and husbands live far away from the court that is enforcing the order, there is no machinery for searching their pockets. We magistrates can have them arrested and brought to us, at great expense to the police, but when we get them before us, how can we check their statements and who is to maintain them while we make second-hand inquiries at their place of residence? A large number of women are, in fact, not getting the moneys awarded to them because of these practical difficulties. Yet the Committee described as 'imperative' this reform that 'default should be dealt with in the locality of a defendant's residence, where his means and

circumstances are known or can be ascertained more easily.' There are many other omissions, but I can only refer briefly to two more. We magistrates are still bound by the full rigours of the laws of evidence (except that we may now accept signed statements from employers about wages) when inquiring into a man's means. Hearsay evidence is quite rightly excluded from formal trials, but the truth about, for instance, a street trader's earnings or the amount of a man's unemployment benefit, will never be obtained without it. Secondly, the wife who on the failure of her marriage determines to earn for herself, but who very properly requires assistance for the children in her custody, is ignored by the Act. She still ranks with the hire-purchase tradesmen as a civil creditor and has formally to prove her husband's ability to pay, with full observance of the laws of evidence, before a defaulting husband can be forced to pay. In practice the judgment creditor in the County Court gets his debtor sent to prison more easily than can a wife in the 'Police Court' under the Guardianship of Infants Act. Yet this kind of wife is often a very heroic woman, far more deserving than the wife who expects a pension for life as the automatic result of a breach with her husband, the responsibility for which may in part be hers.

To one last, but very important, Departmental Committee I will only refer briefly, as there is ground for hoping that legislation will be passed soon after the publishing of this article. The Departmental Committee on the Social Services in Courts of Summary Jurisdiction reported in March 1936. As to Parts II to IV of the Report (dealing with Probation and its organisation) no complaint as to delay can reasonably be made. Legislation will ultimately be necessary, but much preparatory work has to be done and good progress is being made with this. But Part I of the Report (dealing with the Matrimonial Jurisdiction of Magistrates) can be enacted without any delay. No expenditure of public money is involved and on three occasions the matter was discussed in the House of Lords, ending in the passing of a Bill by that House in March 1935. A private member, fortunate in the Ballot, has presented a Bill to carry out this part of the Committee's report, and this Bill will come before the House of Commons for second reading on 5th February.



The Bill should pass as it is likely that no serious opposition will occur in either House.

I have so far referred only to such urgent reforms as have already been the subject of official inquiry. But there are equally urgent judicial problems upon which no modern Committees have sat. Foremost of these are: (1) the better selection of lay Justices for court work; and (2) the simplification, codification, and consolidation of the laws of summary procedure. Justice in the Police Court affects every class to-day, and it is useless to complain of its quality while so many of those who administer it are selected for unsound reasons by hole-and-corner machinery and while the law and procedure governing these courts are a jig-saw puzzle of worn-out conceptions and ancient phraseology. I wrote of the former problem in a recent number of this Review.\* It is not generally realised how vital is the latter question. There is no reason why the law governing Summary Jurisdiction should be any more complicated than, for instance, the law governing Divorce. The latter has been put into neat and intelligible form by the Supreme Court of Judicature (Consolidation) Act, 1925. Only lawyers handle divorce cases. Yet for Magistrates' Courts, which are in the hands of laymen, except as to 32 out of some 1000 courts, there has been no attempt to put the law into an intelligible form. It is quite a false conception that a court of lay Justices is a court of jurymen, instructed on all technical matters by an expert clerk. Lay magistrates ought to be in a position to command their court, knowing the elements of the laws of evidence and procedure and a good deal about our various methods of dealing with delinquents. Yet it is impossible for laymen to understand the numerous Acts of Parliament, some of them dating back to 1848, which govern the everyday actions of magistrates. Even lawyers have to think very hard before understanding some of them. A few examples will suffice. Magistrates issue summonses daily; their rights and duties about them are defined in an Act of 1848 and the relevant section occupies 39 solid lines

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\* 'Justices of the Peace, Abolition or Reform?' 'Quarterly Review,' October 1935.

of type, containing 488 words, in the standard text-book. In 1848 there were no summonses that magistrates could issue on behalf of wives against their husbands. Busy courts now issue several such summonses daily. If lay magistrates can understand this verbose section at all, they will find that it is legal to serve such a summons on the husband by giving it to the complainant wife at their joint abode. If magistrates have to issue a warrant they find their powers defined in another section of 36 lines in the same Act which begins: 'That if the person so served with a summons as aforesaid shall not be and appear before the Justice . . .'. The first full stop or semi-colon comes in line 15. By the same Act the warrant may be executed by 'any constable, headborough, tithingman, borsholder or other peace officer.' Another Act of 1848 governs the important question of granting bail. The material section has 80 solid lines of print, with the first pause in line 17. The governing principle which should guide magistrates is not in any Act of Parliament at all, but is to be found in a reported decision of the High Court dating from 1898.

Not only does the law give magistrates no clear guide as to their powers and duties, it orders them to pass its cumbrous language on to the humblest of defendants. This is how, according to an Act of 1879 (which I hope is never literally obeyed), a Magistrates' Court should begin a case when the defendant has a choice between trial by jury at a higher court and trial at once before the magistrates. The defendant in the dock has to be told: 'You are charged with an offence *in respect of the commission of which* you are entitled, if you desire it, instead of being dealt with summarily, to be tried by a jury.' Would the words that I have italicised be tolerated from the most junior reporter on a local newspaper? The insertion of two phrases between 'entitled' and 'to be tried by jury' almost compels misunderstanding. If the word 'commission' means anything to plenty of defendants, it implies something financially advantageous. And the big majority of simple defendants cannot know what 'summarily' means. The form that I like to hear is: 'You have the right to be tried by a judge and jury at another court. But if you like, the case can be dealt with in this court now. What do you wish?' Simplicity

with simple souls, and most of our people are simple, is of far greater value than legal exactness in minor points, but it is difficult for laymen to know when to use the Nelson telescope to the law.

Nothing could so quickly improve the quality of Police Court justice—and it needs improving—than (1) an acceptance of the view that if Justices of the Peace wish to do court work they must equip themselves for it; and (2) the simplification and codification of the law of summary jurisdiction. Yet with all the problems mentioned above, on which committees of inquiry have already sat, still outstanding, what chances are there of early attention to these urgent needs? Unless the pace can be quickened, I shall pass the whole of my magisterial life without these needs being fulfilled.

What is the remedy for these delays and omissions? Cabinet Ministers can scarcely be blamed, for their time is over-occupied already. It would be unfair to blame permanent officials; so far as the Home Office is concerned, there never was a time when its principal officers were so enlightened or so sympathetic towards reformers. The blame must be placed on Parliament and its machinery. The matters referred to in this article closely concern the public and the administration of justice. Not one of them arouses party passions. Not one of them, except in some measure the problem of the Persistent Offender, would meet with any serious opposition. Yet little is done except in regard to such minor changes as can be made by official action. In Chapter 12 of my book 'In Quest of Justice' I outlined a scheme whereby reforms of private law and procedure could be prepared and passed on the general system applied to Church Measures under the 'Enabling Act' of 1919. My hopes of any such scheme have long faded away, for, as I wrote at the outset of this article, we can expect no great reform of the civil courts in the near future. But I would suggest that Parliament could solve this problem of congestion without any fresh legislation or new Standing Orders. A Joint Committee of the two Houses could be formed to thrash out Bills that deal with these problems and by a self-denying ordinance the House of Commons could agree merely to discuss, and once only, the merits of such Bills

as this Joint Committee recommended, exercising no right of amendment, but merely a right to pass or refer back such Bills. The other stages of such Bills could be merely formal. Thus the pace could be very materially quickened without any loss of the advantages of the democratic system.

In these days when so many countries have voluntarily and joyfully thrown away the rights and privileges that Democracy gave them, a democratic Parliament cannot afford to have increasing numbers of sober-minded people despairing of getting reforms through democratic machinery. The fact that this spirit of despair is increasing is, I hope, a justification for entitling my article 'A Test for Democracy.'

CLAUD MULLINS.

## Art. 6.—COMPULSORY TERRITORIALISM.

1. *L'Armée Nouvelle*. By Jean Jaurès. 2nd Ed. Posthumous, 1915.
2. *Democracy and Compulsory Service*. Translated and abridged from Jaurès, 72, Kimberley Road, Cambridge. 1916.
3. *A Territorial Army in Being*. By Lt.-Col. C. Delmé-Radcliffe and J. W. Lewis. Murray, 1908.
4. *Compulsory Service*. By [Lord] Haldane and Sir Ian Hamilton. 2nd Ed. Murray, 1911.
5. *Fallacies and Facts*. An answer to *Compulsory Service*. By Lord Roberts. Murray, 1911.
6. *The Nation in Arms*, organ of the National Service League, 1904-1914.
7. *The Case for Compulsory Military Service*. By G. G. Coulton, 72, Kimberley Road, Cambridge. 1917-1937.

HAVING learned by experience as a student at Heidelberg, in 1887-8, the ingrained militarism of the modern German mind, and, again, by personal experience, the inadequacy of our volunteers at home, I have for nearly fifty years been specially interested in the Swiss National Militia, which may be roughly described in those two words 'Compulsory Territorialism.' I spent money and time on this subject even before the foundation of Lord Roberts's National Service League, and have never seen cause for retraction, whether in British political experience or in talk with democratic friends abroad. What I am permitted here to suggest tentatively is what Adam Smith hoped for in Britain and John Stuart Mill; it was fundamental in More's 'Utopia,' and has had the support of British Socialists, from men in touch with the most definite realities, such as Hyndman and Thorne and Stubbs and Blatchford, down to one or two obiter dicta of Mr Bernard Shaw. On the Continent, all Democrats except the ultra-pacifists not only favour it, but take it as axiomatic, and are astounded that nobody in Britain dares to speak of it above his breath. Therefore, gentle Reader, strike, but hear me!

Before the Boer War, the old British system of manhood service had dwindled down to the Militia Ballot, which, in plain words, meant conscription of the poorest

to fight for the rich. Our military failures in South Africa led to a searching enquiry and stock-taking (the Norfolk Commission of 1904), which decided definitely in favour of compulsory service for national security. No Government, however, dared to act upon this Commission's recommendations. All that happened was the reconstitution of the old Volunteers under the name of 'Territorial Force,' by Lord Haldane, whose wide outlook and remarkable business qualities enabled him to reform the Regulars also, and to earn the title of 'Best War-Minister since Cardwell.' But here, as in his mission to Germany, Haldane had not the courage to take the nation into his confidence. He reduced the Regular numbers very considerably, stating semi-publicly what was doubtless the true reason, that he would otherwise have been turned out in favour of a successor who would have doubled that reduction. Again, men noted that his Territorial scheme was such that, by scarcely more than one stroke of the pen, it would be turned at any moment into a compulsory militia after the Swiss pattern; yet Haldane gave no hint of willingness to take that political risk. Haldane published, in partnership with Sir Ian Hamilton, a book called 'Compulsory Service,' containing gross errors in such plain matters as War Office arithmetic, which he never retracted even under correction. By such means he swelled his calculation of the cost of any compulsory system to the 'prohibitive' figure of 8,000,000*l.* per annum: i.e. just about what we were presently spending per diem when the War came upon us. Moreover, he allowed Sir Ian Hamilton to condemn the proposal of a citizen militia in words which deserve perpetual record, for the light they throw upon one of our most trusted statesmen and one of our most conspicuous generals, working together in political partnership. Such a militia, the book argued, would be contrary to the true British tradition. This, of course, is in flat contradiction to actual history. From the Middle Ages down to Victorian times the compulsory militia principle had always been alive; the victors of Crécy were in a great measure conscripts; to this system, again, we owed it that Communes could envy England for the orderly and harmless nature of her domestic quarrels as compared with France; and it was the conscripted trainbands who turned the scale



for freedom against Charles I. But the historical falsehood pales before the psychological absurdities.\* Sir Ian wrote:

'Shall we, panic-stricken, destroy . . . the voluntary idea, typical of our race and the creator of our national glory?

'Whatever you do, remember, I beg of you, that the best defence to a country is an army formed, trained, inspired by the idea of attack.

'In the Territorials there is hardly a man who has not joined for the express object of having a good fight if any fighting happens to come his way. There is hardly a Territorial, I believe, who does not, at the bottom of his heart, hope to go into one historic battle during his military existence . . . he will be delighted, not downhearted, like some others of his fellow-countrymen, when he hears that the invaders have landed.'

It mattered little that Roberts, in his 'Fallacies and Facts,' exposed this publication as one of the most dishonest episodes in our recent political history. Very few politicians dared to say what a good many thought. One independent member, who resigned and sought re-election in order to test this issue, was badly defeated. Yet, meanwhile, as we now know at last, Mr Lloyd George was among those who believed, and dared not to speak! He himself, in his 'War Memories' (I. 33), now relates how, in 1910, he proposed a carefully thought-out project of party-truce to deal efficiently with all great outstanding problems, including National Defence. One of his own proposals, he tells us, was for Compulsory Territorialism after the Swiss model. Under this, he writes, we should have had in 1914 a million and a half more of men, better trained and equipped than the Haldane Territorials, with 'a staff of trained and competent officers,' whose existence would in all probability have rendered the German gamble of 1914 impossible; or, at the worst, 'the battle of Ypres would not have been a stalemate, but a victory which might have liberated Flanders and ended the war.' This confession, astounding in its sudden revelation after nineteen years of silence, is corroborated now by Sir Austen Chamberlain.† Yet, all this time, Mr Lloyd George was publicly encouraging the pack

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\* 'Compulsory Service,' pp. 121, 141-2, 148.

† 'Daily Telegraph,' Nov. 12, 1936.

which made political capital out of the national distaste for compulsion. He had recently boasted in Parliament of having reduced Army expenditure by 5,000,000*l.*, with further reductions to follow. He said 'it does seem a piece of gigantic folly that we should be spending hundreds of millions a year on machinery for blowing each other's brains out:'. . . 'for this mad competition we are just as responsible as any other country in the world.'\* We may parallel this with what Mr Baldwin calls the 'appalling confession' that for fear of political consequences he concealed for two years his own knowledge of German military preparations, and refrained from making adequate counter-preparations for defence.

While statesmen thought thus in their inner minds, yet kept silence through fear of the electorate, Lord Roberts's agitation was gaining ground steadily and rapidly. In 1902 only two M.Ps. had dared to support the proposal; in 1906 there were forty-three, and in March 1910, 155 would have voted for Mr Lloyd George if he had opened his mouth.† Yet Mr Lloyd George's name is not on any of those lists. Mr Asquith, at last, consented to receive a deputation from Lord Roberts, in which he brought eight advocates to plead with him for the Swiss Militia system not only from the military point of view but also from the moral and educational, and from that of physical training (Feb. 27, 1914). The Prime Minister himself said in conclusion: 'The more this matter is discussed, and the more public opinion is brought to bear upon the aspects of it which have been dealt with to-day, the greater I believe to be the advantage to the community, both from the point of view of safety and of educational and social progress.' Less than six months after these words were spoken we were in the throes of a war which would in all probability have been avoided, and would quite certainly have been shortened if the British public had been less ignorant and prejudiced, and the statesmen more courageous in confessing the truth. If history never actually repeats itself, yet at least we have now come painfully near to an exact repetition of 1914. At this moment, in November 1936, the

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\* 'Hansard,' vol. 189, c. 8, 69; Debate of May 25, 1908.

† 'Nation in Arms,' Feb. and March 1910.

black storm-cloud is again on the horizon, warping steadily up against the wind ; while the Admiralty, again, is committed to that statesman who was mainly responsible for a recent very serious misunderstanding of our national feeling : and, behind these, we have a Government afraid to act, afraid to take us into their confidence, and capable only of an ' appalling confession ' after the milk has been spilt. I am thus venturing to voice, with redoubled emphasis, what Lord Roberts with his National Service League was preaching in 1914. I say, with redoubled emphasis, because I have now the further support of a man conspicuous for his war-services and for his devotion to democracy. In March 1914 I interviewed in his own home Albert Thomas, the right-hand man to Jean Jaurès in the French Socialist Party. He assured me, as I had expected, that no French Socialist or Democrat—outside a negligible handful of complete non-resisters after Mr Lansbury's pattern—had any doubt that, so long as war was possible, the only thoroughly efficient and democratic system was that of Compulsory Service. During the War, Thomas became Minister of Munitions. A dozen years after the Armistice, when he came officially to Cambridge as Secretary of the International Labour Bureau, I asked him whether the War had done anything to shake his faith in that system. His reply was : ' On the contrary, it has strengthened it immeasurably. No democracy can afford to leave its armed forces completely under the control of the Executive.'

Such is the conviction of the Swiss people, with whom this system has been domesticated from the first beginnings of their Republic. It is inseparably intertwined with the political and social life of the nation, growing as that grows. The only lesson modern warfare had to teach Switzerland was that national safety required, and the citizens could easily support, a few days more of training, amounting to one or two additional months spread over the man's whole life. This was duly put to a Referendum vote in 1907 and carried by a huge majority.

What, then, is this system ? It is admirably described in Colonel Delmé-Radcliffe's excellent little book. To begin with, it is a people's militia, controlled by the people. Everybody must start in the ranks, and promotion is

never by seniority, but only by approved merit. There are not a hundred professional soldiers in this whole army of 280,000 people. When an able German officer, exiled for duelling, sought professional employment in Switzerland, the only way of utilising his services was to make him first take letters of naturalisation and then go through his recruit-course like any greenhorn. The Swiss youth, in his twentieth year, goes up for examination, scholastic and medical. So uniformly excellent are the elementary schools, that practically none but the idiots and weak-minded fail in the former, which turns on (1) reading, (2) simple composition in the form of a letter, (3) mental and written arithmetic. He then goes to the 'recruit school' of his district, which lasts for infantry (the overwhelming majority) sixty-five days. For the next twelve years he comes out for alternate 'repetition' courses of about a fortnight each. For the succeeding twelve years he is in the 'Landwehr,' and is called out only every fourth year for about ten days at a time. For all these twenty-four years he must pass through his shooting classes at the rifle-range within a few miles, at furthest, from his own home: fifty rounds to be fired at his own leisure, but under strict Government conditions. In fact, this training in marksmanship enormously exceeds the compulsory minimum: in terms of British population, this would come to 3,100,000 compulsory marksmen, with 640,000 more (more than double our Territorial numbers) shooting of their own free will. With his forty-fifth year the citizen passes into the 'Landsturm' (all citizens from seventeen to fifty), which is never called out but in case of war or other desperate emergency. A considerable proportion are armed, the rest are utilised as porters, etc. Thus, though the citizen is never allowed to forget his duty of helping in the defence of his country, the actual time required of him is very short. A man who has reached his fiftieth year is no longer liable to serve even in case of war, and has spent less than a hundredth part of his life upon a duty which assures the freedom and prosperity of the country. And not only a duty, but, to most, a real pleasure also. You will find unanimous testimony to the fact that, in the great majority of cases, it is the rejected candidate who curses his fate. The army is extra-

ordinarily popular, as a similar army would be in Britain.

The cost of this army is less, man for man, than that of the British volunteers and their successors, the present Territorials. As to training and efficiency, there is no comparison. When I rejoined the Volunteers at Eastbourne, during the Boer War, we were embodied as Garrison Artillery. We were given muzzle-loading guns to play with, such as had not been seen in Switzerland, outside a museum, since 1870. In order to count my section as 'efficient' and to earn the Government grant, our sergeant-major reckoned a church parade as two drills, since it had lasted more than an hour. Haldane's Territorials did, indeed, advance beyond this; but voluntarism has always been their curse. A keen Territorial officer in a town area has told me that he had to put in two drills for every one put in by his men, such was their irregularity of attendance: another, in a country district, reckoned it as three to one. The Territorial deficiencies, compiled from Government statistics, were notorious from year to year. The minimum numbers required were reckoned at 312,577; the actual numbers in 1909, after four years, were only 272,562: yet this was at a time of trade depression, and therefore of favourable recruiting. These numbers included 'nearly 100,000 boys under twenty; 53,000 were serving under a one year's engagement, of whom 17,000 disappeared on June 30; and 23,500 did not attend camp at all, even for eight days. . . . Moreover, 39,000 recruits and 25,000 "trained men" failed to qualify in musketry, while 35,000 were not even tested at all.' Next year, the numbers of 'efficients' were increased by a very simple device: the standard for 'efficiency' was lowered! At the same time the Exchequer, under Mr Lloyd George, lowered the already low estimate for rifle-ammunition.\* As to the Territorial Artillery, the authorities dared not submit it even to the pretence of manœuvring with the Regulars. General French published a devastating report on the shortcomings of the Force; while the Prime Minister said: 'We have done all we can: you may be satisfied.'† Yet all this was under a wave of repentance

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\* 'Hansard,' 1910, vol. XIV, c. 1236.

† 'Hansard,' 1909, vol. VIII, c. 1389, 1387.

and comparative enthusiasm for Home Defence, broken only by a few Labour voices exhorting working folk 'not to touch the Territorials.'\* The question was long and seriously debated in Parliament from 1909 onwards. We were struggling to do then what should have been done at least a dozen years earlier, before the lessons of the Boer War, just as we struggle at this present moment to do what should have been done before the lessons of 1914-1918. And in one respect, at least, we are even more behindhand now: for recruiting is worse and worse. Now, in 1936, Regulars and Territorials are further below their establishment than ever in the past. The most absurd blandishments have been tried: unemployed men are invited into barracks to see how well-fed and comfortable the soldier is; yet with the scantiest success. The real obstacle is deep and ineradicable. The greatest of all incentives to enlistment has always been hunger; and the unemployed man of to-day (we may be heartily glad to think) is a good deal farther from starvation than the country labourer of old. Sir Ian Hamilton, whom we can here trust from his personal experience as Adjutant-General and from corroborative official figures, confessed this in 1909.†

'The majority of eighteen- to nineteen-year-old regular recruits enlist because they have just ceased to be boys and are unable to find regular employment as men. About four-fifths of them come to us because they cannot get a job at fifteen shillings a week. The immense work of national regeneration the Army has been unostentatiously performing by helping these lads and making fine men of them is quite unknown to the average citizen. But that by the way. The reluctance of the employers to take weedy, overgrown youths of seventeen and eighteen has markedly increased since the introduction of the Workmen's Compensation Act. This is good for recruiting. But if, under altered conditions, hungry hobbledehoyes knew that they would be called up for continuous housing and feeding during the winter, the Regular Army would begin to shrivel up from the roots. I know that all this is not very glorious, but it is true.'

That is how the facts were stated by this Voluntarist advocate. But the same notorious truth was very

\* 'Hansard,' 1910, vol. xiv, c. 1372.

† 'Compulsory Service,' p. 106.



differently interpreted at the same time by 'Justice,' the official organ of the Social Democratic Party in Britain: We have (wrote the Editor) 'under the guise of voluntarism, the worst form of conscription that could possibly be devised,' i.e. conscription by hunger. When we add to this, as we unluckily must at the present moment, the fact that official Labour is sometimes actually throwing its weight into the anti-recruiting scale, it is no wonder that our most economically prosperous of all great European States should be unable to tempt one-tenth of its able-bodied males to undertake, for little more than a living wage, the blood-burden of the remaining nine-tenths. The only service in which recruits are superabundant now is the Air Force; and here, again, Switzerland has a lesson for us. The most living persons in this present world are generally air-minded. Our youth has the same interest in machines as the Middle Ages had in great buildings: there they find something which all can admire in its imposing achievements, which all do to a certain extent understand, and which enlists visibly that concerted mass-action which is one of the tests of a great civilisation. The strength of the Swiss army is that it focuses, necessarily and automatically, the sympathy and potentialities and aspirations of the whole nation—to a certain extent, indeed, of all humanity. The Swiss Militia, like the Mediæval Church, is in a sense one aspect of the Nation. All the business-men are contributing their efforts, and all the best of the manual workers, whether sinew be needed or delicacy of hand. The divorce between Nation and Army in Britain seems absurd and fatal. Recent memoirs of the Great War bring this out most clearly. To Balfour, Kitchener was 'a stupid man': but that was because Kitchener was so crassly ignorant of civilian life in his own Britain. Haldane, on the other hand, who was so familiar with law and politics, was capable of the gross and patent military blunder of relying upon a Territorial Force which (in his own words) would 'mature' only six months after war had broken out! Our War Minister, in short, was only one degree less absurd than the contemporary Labour member who scouted all 'scaremongering': if any invader ever landed, the whole population would rise, and 'a million bayonets would

flash in the sun.' 'The Spectator' appositely quoted an aged village crone who, hearing her pastor preach with great emphasis on the darkness and gnashing of teeth, murmured, 'Let them gnash 'em as 'as 'em.'

To Lord Roberts, who was a very great and unselfish man, the moral advantages of the Swiss system seemed almost as important as the military; and with others they weighed even more heavily. In 1900 I made a special tour in Switzerland to get direct information on the spot. Apart from officers, I gleaned from the leader of the National Radical party, the official Labour Secretary, four clergymen, two professors, the editors of a Conservative and of a Social-Democratic newspaper, two bankers, two other commercial witnesses, and a headmaster who had begun as assistant at an English public school. On the following points these men were unanimous: (1) There is nothing to fear in the way of 'militarism'; all ranks are citizens in the first place and soldiers only in the second; the officers are responsible to the civil courts for what has been done in barracks or training ground. (2) There is not even the nucleus of a party which insists upon abolition of the militia. (3) There is no fear of Jingoism: a citizen militia with citizen officers, to all of whom military work is only occasional, cannot stand in opposition to the civic mass. (4) So far is it from trammelling trade and industry that Switzerland, without coal, is in the very first rank of the world's industry and trade. The Labour Secretary assured me, from the workman's point of view, that it was in no sense a national grievance. (5) Its bodily effect is so beneficial that, if Europe were demilitarised to-morrow, the national system of physical training would need at once to be revolutionised in order to fill the gap. (6) As to the moral effect, all admit unhesitatingly that this mingling of classes and creeds and outlooks, on equal terms, is one of the most valuable national assets. As to the brief barrack-life, my least complimentary witness admitted that he would rather send a boy of twenty to this than one of fourteen to a great boarding school. (7) So far is this amount of discipline from destroying independence that, with its practical experience of life, it tends to increase the man's resourcefulness and self-reliance in ordinary matters.

(8) Instead of breeding weariness and disgust, it quickens the voluntary spirit. The amount of *voluntary* military work, done outside the compulsory limits by Swiss citizens, amounts to more per head of population than all that is done by our Territorials in the whole of their lives. If we had such a force in the background, it would not hamper but facilitate the task of finding recruits for that small and voluntary Expeditionary Force which, so long as we are a Colonial Power, we shall always need. We, in Britain, could afford to make the fullest allowance for conscientious objectors, only making sure that they were given equally laborious employment, for the same length of time, in hospitals or at other public works. This, in itself, would provide most valuable materials for social science. In proportion as these objectors showed themselves, in the ordinary affairs of life, wiser and better citizens than the rest, in that proportion they would do far more for the cause of true pacifism than even the ablest of them can do at present by mere preaching. If, on the other hand, the public, after long experience, saw little reason to choose between one party and the other, then many of the objectors themselves would probably see equally small justification for their distinctive tenets, and would gradually fall into line with their fellow-citizens.

Foreign observers see these things clearly enough. On the Continent, even among those Anglophiles who have hitherto been most loyal to us, it would be difficult to find a single one who can trace superior morality or generosity in this refusal of the British public to face the insistent question of Compulsory Home Defence. They hold it not only absurd, but fundamentally immoral, that nine men should expect to pay the tenth to fight for them. The higher civilisation, they believe, is that in which the burden of war should be borne, as far as possible, by all alike: man, woman, and child. To some extent it may be that aerial warfare will ensure this; but by no means completely. No country will hold out to the extent of losing that percentage of its whole population which the Great War destroyed among our soldier-population. In almost every war the side finally beaten is not that which cannot but that which will not go on fighting. The nightmare of bombing would be

incomparably better faced by a population in which every able-bodied man was trained to united action; to coolness and resourcefulness; to the realisation of what we owe to our fellows and must do for our fellows; to the certainty that a rash foreign policy will involve the whole population, without exception, in whatever dangers it provokes; and (perhaps above all) to the shame of merely hysterical and uncivilised panic in face of contingencies steadily shirked and therefore now unforeseen.

The recent Labour Conference at Edinburgh has been well characterised by one of its principal figures, Lord Strabolgi.\* Three-quarters of our Trade Unionists are willing to permit the strengthening of our present defences, yet even these with significant limitations and hesitations. 'Quite frankly' (to use his own words), Lord Strabolgi explained this, within a few days of the 'appalling frankness' of Mr Baldwin on the other side of the House. Yet these Trade Unionists, in face both of the Italian and of the Spanish crisis, have advocated that policy which would involve the most immediate risks of war. Was there ever a more ludicrous and tragic example of the valour of ignorance? It is improbable that one of our Labour politicians in a thousand has ever read what was written on this subject, before 1914, by Jaurès, incontestably the greatest of Labourists in France and, as most would judge, in Europe or the world. Nor have their leaders even dared to face honestly the obvious fact, pointed out forty years ago by the Socialist Hyndman, that a democratic State can defend its liberties only with a democratic army. In the great pre-War Commons debate, it was left to a Tory member, Mr Rowland Hunt, to remind the Labourists of their social duties in this matter.\* Pleading for all-round compulsion, he said:

'The huge majority of these 300,000 [Territorials] are working men, earning from 2*l.* to 3*l.* a week as long as they keep their health; and you are asking those men to defend not only their country and their women and children, but to defend the prosperous people who are too idle to take any part in defending themselves. . . . Under this Territorial

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\* 'Times,' Nov. 18, House of Lords Debate.

† 'Hansard,' 1909, vol. VIII, col. 1889; cf. 1893.

scheme, you are making the poor defend the rich . . . I believe that at heart [Mr Haldane] does believe that everybody should learn to take part in the defence of the country either by sea or land.'

Haldane's quibbles in his answering speech should be studied by all who are really concerned to get peace and safety for Britain at this present moment of danger and distrust.

Fifty years hence—Heaven grant that it be not six months hence!—will not the British historian see these things in as absurd and humiliating a light as our friends abroad see them already? I have heard a politician, second to none in the public mind as an authority on these matters, urge privately the strongest point against Compulsory Territorialism, viz. that, in the present state of public opinion, the mere proposal would mean political suicide. Yet, all this while, there are hundreds of militarists in foreign armies who would commit the most literal suicide if, by diving down upon one of our nerve-centres, they could bomb it out and decide a war. In the face of this situation, would not the country gain from a few such political suicides as Cobden or even as Labouchère? As it is, he who has fooled us to the top of our bent is he who survives to fool us another day. Napoleon's bulletin announcing the loss of his army on the Russian retreat concluded with 'the Emperor was never in better health!' An 'appalling' disclosure may make an ugly hole in the politician's reputation; but, at the worst, he goes on to try his luck in some other ministry. The man recovers of his wound; the dog it is that dies. And, after all, it was to gain his own private ends that the dog went mad; or, shall we say, he was a sleeping dog, and the politician let him lie. Is there any more solemn judgment in all recorded history than those words of Jeremiah? 'A wonderful and horrible thing is committed in the land; the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so; and what will ye do in the end thereof?' Let us not deceive ourselves: the League fiasco of this year is due partly to the miscalculations, irresolutions, or unfaithfulnesses of this or that Government; but the root cause of it was in military inefficiency. The one Power which should have played

something like the impartial policeman's part possessed no truncheon. We had made no attempt to keep that exact balance which Pascal demands for the highest civilisation : that Righteousness should be strong, and Force should be righteous. Europe found in us a broken reed ; and so will democracy, if our people go to sleep upon a pillow of false liberty. As Lord Acton insisted long ago, liberty is not a thing we can inherit and put in the bank, and draw our quarterly dividends as quiet investors. At any moment, it may demand for its maintenance as much fresh expense of blood and treasure as that which won it first. So also with peace : that is no mere negative virtue, but one that taxes all a man's thoughts and energies and self-control and courage. At present, we too often choose and preach the line of least resistance, and call that peace. Present-day Europe suffers scarcely more from the activity of the militarist than from the inactivity of those who go about pitying themselves as his victims.

G. G. COULTON.



# Art. 7.—COUNT TISZA AND THE WAR.

THE Count Stephen Tisza was born in 1861, the son of Koloman Tisza and Countess Degenfeld-Schomburg. His family belonged to the Hungarian gentry and looked back on a long tradition of public service. As leading Calvinists the Tiszas had played outstanding parts in furthering the interests of their religious community. In their home in Geszt, a small house, they lived in great simplicity. Ostentation and pomp were alien to their nature. Their standards were similar to those of the English Puritans and stood in marked contrast to the ordinary life of the Hungarian aristocracy. Stephen absorbed the highest ideas of duty, public service, honesty, purity of family life, and uprightness from his earliest years, and they remained with him throughout his life. Never, not even amidst the wildest passions of his stormy parliamentary career, was his integrity questioned. Yet at times he was the worst hated man in the land.

He entered the Hungarian Parliament in 1886 as a Liberal. A year later he was in the thick of the political struggles then raging. He sided with those who believed in the 'Ausgleich,' the agreement reached between the Emperor Francis-Joseph and Hungary in 1867. That agreement was a realistic solution of the grievances which had induced Hungary to revolt against Habsburg domination in 1848. It was a compromise according to which both parties had to forgo some of their claims. The ruler consented to be crowned King of Hungary, to take the oath to the Hungarian Constitution, and to respect the Hungarian Parliament. In return, Hungary agreed to there being a common army for Austria and herself, while both her financial and her foreign policy were to be directed from Vienna. In the eighties of the last century her extreme nationalists propounded the theory that the Ausgleich was not final, and that it ought to be revised. They demanded a separate, fully equipped Hungarian army, a Hungarian national bank with a financial policy of its own, and even a tariff for the protection of Hungarian grain.

Supporters of the Ausgleich realised that these alterations were impossible. They knew that Francis-Joseph would never agree to them, however justified in principle

they might be. Because the Crown and the nation had equal rights, Tisza feared a deadlock. He was afraid that the real interests of his country would suffer irreparably through a protracted constitutional struggle. He also feared that serious divisions within the Monarchy would weaken Hungary in international politics, and thus in the long run react unfavourably on her prestige among the nations. He foresaw that the Hungarian demands would be followed by claims of the other nationalities within the Habsburg Empire. The Slavs, especially, were indignant about their status, as it was inferior to that of the Hungarians, and since the death of Crown Prince Rudolf in 1889 they had been effectively backed by the Archduke Francis-Ferdinand, the new heir to the throne, who wished to substitute for the Dualism of 1867 a 'Trialism' to be covenanted as soon as he came to power. He harboured an intense dislike for the 'arrogant' Hungarians, and was determined to break their 'unbending' necks, and the Calvinist Tisza he detested most of all, regarding him as a heretic who personified all the evil characteristics of the Hungarians.

Count Czernin, the Foreign Secretary of the Monarchy during two of the war years, was, however, a devoted friend both of Francis-Ferdinand and Tisza, and in 1911 tried to mediate between them. Tisza flatly refused to countenance any solution implying the infringement of Hungarian rights. When Czernin referred to Francis-Ferdinand's belief that Tisza was preparing to fight him once he became king of Hungary and asked him to reassure the Crown Prince on that point, Tisza's reply was characteristic: 'I cannot allow you to do that. I am prepared to fight even my king if he touches the Constitution!' Tisza based his political Credo on the agreement of 1867, defending it against extreme Hungarian as well as against extreme Austrian demands. He desired to reorganise Hungary into a strong, homogeneous, and prosperous unit, and was not prepared to witness in his country conditions similar to those prevailing in Austria. The dilatory and disorderly confusion of the Viennese system filled him with disgust. His solution for the woes of the Monarchy was the transference of its leadership to Hungary. To prepare his fatherland for this great part was to be his life-work.

It is one of the most tragic aspects of Tisza's career that he, who aimed at no less a goal than assuring for Hungary a dominating position within the Monarchy, was continually attacked and abused for giving up Hungarian rights and 'submitting' to Viennese pressure.

He was convinced that he was chosen by Providence for that tremendous task. As a staunch Calvinist, he had faith in the doctrine of predestination, and was ready to pay any price, and to suffer any ignominy for the success of his mission. The greatest obstacle in his path was the resistance of the Opposition in the Hungarian Parliament. According to ancient custom they had the right to prevent any decision being taken by 'talking out' the motions put forward. As a result of the obstructive tactics of the Opposition, from the moment the nationalist demands were brought forward public opinion in Hungary was rent into two hostile camps; and then, from the early years of this century, the issue of the general suffrage widened the cleavage.

The two factions hated each other as passionately as only Hungarians can hate when they feel strongly about politics. All constructive work became impossible in the Hungarian legislative chambers. The scandalous scenes which daily occurred shocked the thoughtful. Shouts, screams, insults, hand-to-hand tussles, were frequent, culminating in an attempt on Tisza's life in open session by a member of the opposition. Tisza was not the man to be intimidated by such practices. Although the revolver bullet only just missed him, he continued to perform his duties as President of the House, and when eventually he decided to 'put a stop' to the wild conduct of the minority, he showed no timidity. He ordered policemen to enter the House, and had the riotous members carried out bodily. Count Albert Apponyi, who after the War became a prominent figure of the League of Nations, was one of the few of Tisza's opponents who escaped such ejection. He shared their indignation, but could not join in their practices of throwing chairs, books, and inkstands, in howling and shouting invectives.

In 1913 Tisza was responsible for the introduction of a new electoral law and of a fresh set of rules for Parliamentary procedure. These rules meant the end of obstructionist license. All over the country the Opposi-

tion demonstrated wildly against this 'illegality.' Demonstrations degenerated into riots and newspaper attacks into ugly insults. Tisza was branded as a tyrant and a bloodthirsty dictator. No invective was too foul, no accusation too absurd to use against him. Such hatred went to extravagant lengths. He bore it without flinching, and would not defend himself or even contradict rumours. He went on his way, unmoved; his head high, being only convinced of the necessity of having his beloved Hungary's affairs set in order. An episode which occurred in 1913 in a provincial town well-known to me is revealing of Tisza's fearlessness and of his attitude to the public. He was visiting friends in the town hall. At the hour fixed for his departure a crowd gathered in the main street and consisted mainly of opponents who had come to boo. When his carriage was driven out into the street, the coachman—on official orders—was preparing to turn to the left down a side way to avoid the demonstrators. Tisza jumped up and shouted to him to drive on, and for the rest of the journey sat as though turned to stone, while insults and missiles were thrown at him.

A furious controversy raged over his political philosophy. Was he a liberal, as he styled himself, or a reactionary, as his opponents declared? His liberalism consisted of the theory of 'laissez faire' in economics, coupled with the belief that the introduction of social legislation was necessary; of faith in complete religious and social tolerance, and in the parliamentary system. Against this his opponents pointed to his obstinate refusal to consider the extension of the franchise, to his support of the Latifundia and entailed estates, to his 'lip-service' to the parliamentary system at the same time as he was busy destroying its essential foundation in the unfettered activity of a 'vigorous' opposition.

Whatever the unbiased verdict of history may be, it is a fact that Tisza ruthlessly cut out of the parliamentary system those excesses which have endangered its existence in many countries since the War. It was owing to his new rules of procedure that the Hungarian Parliament has survived the era of European dictatorships. The possibilities of stalemating parliamentary work by a minority had been eliminated. The only thing Tisza would not have conceded is the fact that this proved possible in

spite of extending the franchise to the classes whom he considered too 'unripe' and 'unschooled' to share in parliamentary government.

In his long parliamentary career of thirty-two years Tisza had only a few months for his constructive work. This was during the winter and summer session of 1914, when, thanks to the elimination of 'filibustering,' the opposition usually boycotted the House, and his party—that of National Labour—could set itself to perform overdue tasks. Reforms in labour legislation and social insurance, changes in the pay of the civil service, the central control of the county administration, and, last but not least, the increase and reorganisation of the army, were among his main projects and speedily passed. His liberal creed came to the fore in the speech with which he introduced his new labour legislation. 'It is grotesque to talk about progress,' he said, 'while we are unable to raise the standard of living of a large proportion of our wage-earners to a level fit for human beings and while the overwhelming majority in human society live amid degrading material, spiritual, and moral conditions.'

The session of 1914 ended on June 26. Tisza, who had been Hungarian Prime Minister since June 1913, went to his country place in Geszt to enjoy a few weeks of well-earned rest. Reading and riding were to be his favourite means of recreation. Two days later he received the message of the murder at Sarajevo of the Crown Prince Francis-Ferdinand and his wife. He returned at once to Budapest, and wrote a cautionary letter to Count Berchtold, the Foreign Secretary to the Hungarian Monarchy, advising moderation in whatever was done. He sent this by the hand of his private secretary, Ivor de Marsovszky, who has described to me his experiences then. 'On the morning of June 29, 1914, I travelled to Vienna with that most important letter in my pocket. The train was packed with happy people, mostly parents taking away their children for the summer holidays. I was troubled with forebodings. Would Berchtold listen to the arguments of my chief? Would he act in a statesmanlike manner?' Berchtold kept him waiting for a considerable time before he received him. He then read the letter, and put it on his writing desk. 'What message shall I take back to His Excellency?'

asked Marsovszky. With a cynical smile Berchtold replied: 'There is no need for an answer,' and the secretary returned empty-handed. He had no cause to wonder further over Berchtold's intentions.

On June 30 Tisza himself went to Vienna to seek audience with the Emperor Francis-Joseph and to discuss the situation with Berchtold and others. His impressions, and the nature of his talks, are explained by the memorandum he sent to Francis-Joseph on July 1.

'Only after my audience had I the opportunity of talking to Count Berchtold, and of being informed by him of his intention to make the horrible deed of Sarajevo the occasion for squaring our accounts with Serbia. I made no secret to him of my view that such action would be a fatal error, and that on no account would I share the responsibility for it. In the first place, we are not, so far, in possession of sufficient proofs of Serbian complicity in the crime and, therefore, have no cause for provoking a war with her; especially as the Serbian government may yet produce a satisfactory explanation of her conduct in the affair. We should have the worst possible *locus standi* if we began a great war in the circumstances. Secondly, I consider the present time as, on the whole, most unfavourable to such a step being taken. We are almost sure to lose the help of Roumania, without having secured a substitute for her; while the only state on which we could count, Bulgaria, is in a condition of complete exhaustion.'

In the remaining part of the memorandum Tisza pointed out that nothing could be easier than to find a *casus belli* in the Balkans. But the *sine qua non* of such action must be a position favourable to the Monarchy. The adherence of Bulgaria to the Triple Alliance ought to be assured, with no unfriendly intentions towards Roumania, even with the possibility of an 'open door' to the latter country, as well as of there being friendly relations between Bulgaria and Greece. Germany must be asked to do her utmost to achieve the open adherence of Roumania to the Triple Alliance. Failing that, Bulgaria, at least, ought to be made sure of, so as to keep Roumania in check with a chance of regaining her later.

On July 4, Tisza was shown a draft of the measures to be enforced in Bosnia while the facts of the murder were being investigated. Martial law, the dissolution of all



clubs, and severe repression were its main provisions. Tisza vehemently opposed most of those points. He tried to impress on the Austrian authorities that undue severity would create a very bad impression abroad. On July 5, the Hungarian Premier was informed by telephone of Berchtold's proposed note to Germany. By it the Minister for Foreign Affairs intended to influence Germany in her attitude towards Serbia and to hasten the unconditional support of the Reich in the event of complications. Again Tisza wanted all uncompromising passages to be eliminated. He objected to the sentence 'there can be no longer any question of effecting a compromise in the conflict between Serbia and us'; and, moreover, wanted to cut-out the reference to 'the need of coercing Serbia so as to stop all her aggressive activities.' The reason he gave to Berchtold for this was that 'the Germans must not be flustered.'

On July 7, the clash between him and the Viennese politicians became clear. A Crown Council was called for that day, in which the Austrian and Hungarian Premiers, the Foreign Minister and the Minister of Finance, the chiefs of the General Staff, and a few experts took part. Berchtold presided. As the German government had sent a satisfactory reply to his note, accompanied by an enthusiastic message delivered by Herr von Tschirsky, the German Ambassador in Vienna, the supporters of an 'energetic' solution were in high spirits. After Berchtold's cheerful account of the German assurances, Tisza rose and opposed in grave terms all measures likely to lead to a conflagration. He conceded that the unconditional support of Germany on the one hand and the highly incriminating proofs regarding Serbia's guilt on the other had brought nearer the possibility of military action. Yet Tisza was not prepared to agree to such action without extensive diplomatic preparations. He repeated his two most important arguments: the isolation of the Monarchy in the Balkans and the untimeliness of a conflict. He suggested that the idea of an ultimatum should be dropped and that, instead, hard but not impossible conditions should be sent to Serbia. Were they accepted, this would mean a first-class diplomatic success for the Monarchy; while in the event of Serbia refusing them there still would be time for an ultimatum.

And then, how different would be the position of the Monarchy in relation to Russia! Even then he protested against any intention of destroying or annexing Serbia. Turning to Berchtold, he declared: 'I welcome gladly Germany's full support as an ally of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, but it is not the business of Germany to decide whether or not Austria-Hungary shall attack.' He wound up by stating that if his view were not accepted, he must resign. The other members of the Crown Council favoured quick military action; but Tisza's solitary opposition prevented a decision being on that day reached.

On the following day, July 8, Tisza addressed another memorandum to Francis-Joseph, in which he set out once more his reasons for opposing a solution by war.

'The welcome news from Berlin, coupled with a rightful indignation over the occurrences in Serbia, have led all the other members of yesterday's council to decide in favour of war, to square our accounts once and for all with that arch-enemy of the Monarchy. I was not able to agree fully with that plan. According to all human calculations such an attack must lead to Russia's intervention and so to a world war. In spite of the optimism at Berlin, I, at least, question the neutrality of Roumania. As just now Berlin gives us *plein pouvoir* in the Balkans, so we should be able to carry out there a successful policy, and later wage a war under more propitious conditions. The adhesion of Bulgaria is the first step, as well as the Archimedian point, to which we must work if we are to lift Russia's policy from its axes.'

Tisza then stressed the truth that he was not prepared to pocket Serbia's provocations. If Serbia did not produce a satisfactory reply to a moderate, as against a threatening, note, then sharp action would be justified. But then, 'to avoid complications with Italy, to assure us British sympathy, and to enable Russia to remain a mere spectator of this war, we would have to circulate a note in due form, and at a convenient time, stating that we had no intention of destroying Serbia or even of annexing her.' So far as the territorial problem was concerned, he suggested that Serbia, at the close of the war, should cede strips of territories to Bulgaria, Greece, and Albania; while the Monarchy should be satisfied with the occupation of a very few strategical points.

Tisza had opposed successfully an attack on Serbia

by the Monarchy at the end of the second Balkan War, when, in flagrant defiance of the settlement reached at the London Conference, that unruly country invaded Albania. From his Hungarian point of view any addition of alien nationalities to Hungary was undesirable. He aimed rather at strengthening the Monarchy and improving her position, but he saw no need for extending her territory. He was not misled by the unrealistic view of Berchtold, endorsed by the leading militarists of Berlin, that Russia was unprepared and unable to mobilise; even less did he think she would stand-by during another Balkan 'affair' in the manner in which she had put up with the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908. He took it for granted that Roumania would not remain neutral; but would join Russia the moment that luck favoured the Entente. He even doubted Italy; and that is why in his memorandum of July 8, he wrote, 'in order to avoid complications with Italy.' Caution was the one course he deemed advisable. Unfortunately he was the only man in a responsible position in the Monarchy who had so much foresight. Beside the arguments which he repeated in Vienna day after day, there was another consideration, at least as decisive to him as the unfavourable international position of Austria-Hungary. This was the internal conditions of Hungary. 'For twenty bitter years,' he wrote to a friend after the outbreak of the war, 'I was tortured by the idea that this Monarchy, and with it the Hungarian nation, was doomed to destruction, because Our Lord first sends mad those whom He wants to destroy. Then in the last few years things had taken a better turn.' This better turn would be automatically upset by a war. Tisza feared that his great plan to establish Hungary as the real centre of the Monarchy would go to pieces. He did not believe for one moment that any punitive expedition against Serbia would be over in a few weeks' time. He foresaw the probability of world-war.

Back in Budapest, he found himself faced by attacks from yet another quarter. In Parliament the Opposition were indignant with him. Question after question was rained on him about the background of the murder. Wild statements were voiced about the disaffection of the Bosnian population. This time he had to cool the

patriotic hotheads of the Opposition, who clamoured for satisfaction. 'I protest emphatically against all forms of pessimism and panic. I also protest against a mass-psychosis which detects enemies of Hungary and the Monarchy in the loyal citizens of the border territories.' His firm tone disguised his real feelings; for by then he knew that at least one part of the citizens in the border territories was not loyal. His first care, however, was to preserve peace.

The pressure brought to bear on Tisza by the war party, who had an overwhelming majority both in Austria and in Hungary, was tremendous. It is a tragic fact that Berchtold, as poor and unimaginative a Foreign Secretary as the Monarchy ever had, was for once really clever in his efforts to break Tisza's resistance. Berchtold knew that in spite of his steadfast refusal to brook German 'advice,' he considered support from Berlin as of cardinal importance to the Monarchy. Since the annexation crisis in 1908, the Germans had been the only trustworthy friends of Austria-Hungary. Yet the more they learnt of the internal conditions of Austria, the less they liked it. Baron Conrad mentions in his 'Memoirs' that Tisza was very worried in the first days after the Sarajevo murder lest Germany should not support the policy of the Monarchy, or only on certain conditions—a state of affairs he could not have accepted. This is the reason why Tisza called Germany's declaration to stand by her Ally 'welcome news.' To him it meant real relief.

In view of the Franco-Russian-English Entente, the Hungarian Premier could not envisage an alternative orientation for the Monarchy but through an alliance with Germany. Berchtold was well aware of this Achilles heel in Tisza's policy. Therefore, he had the shrewdness to tell him again and again that Germany would expect energetic action. In the official diary—'Tagesbericht'—of July 4, 1914, there is a report about the German Ambassador, who told a friend with the obvious intent of having it passed on to Berchtold, that 'Germany will stand by the Monarchy through thick and thin.' Berchtold made the most of this in his argument with Tisza. Actually it has never been proved that Tschirsky made any such statement. But there is no doubt that immediately after the murder, the German Ambassador went

about Vienna dropping casual comments of this type: 'The Monarchy will lose all value as an ally in the future if she behaves spinelessly in face of the latest Serbian provocation.' It was inconceivable to a straightforward and conscientious man like Tisza that an ambassador could indulge in such references without authority. Yet that is what happened. Tschirsky received the first dispatch about Germany's attitude on July 6. For a whole week, then, he had talked irresponsibly. Whatever unstatesmanlike actions the German Chancellor, von Bethman-Hollweg, may have committed, both he and Herr Zimmermann were restrained in their expressions during this period. In the telegram of July 6 a passage occurs, as follows: 'Germany, in harmony with her duties as an ally and in view of her old friendship, would stand in all circumstances faithfully by the side of Austria-Hungary.' Bethman-Hollweg crossed out the words 'in all circumstances.' He did not want to encourage the Austrian government.

In spite of that moderation, Tschirsky continued his 'flowery' speeches. Exactly what he said to Berchtold on July 7, when supposedly he was reporting the contents of Bethman-Hollweg's telegram, cannot be ascertained as no witnesses were present. From the documents published it is evident that Tschirsky had not received other official communications. No doubt he knew of the confidential letter that the Kaiser William had sent to Francis-Joseph. But even that was couched in moderate terms. Yet on July 8, the day on which Tisza wrote his second Memorandum to the Austrian Emperor, to urge him once more against the War, Berchtold informed the Hungarian Premier that Tschirsky had just visited him on behalf of the Kaiser, and told him with emphasis that Berlin expected energetic action from the Monarchy. People in Germany, Tschirsky is purported to have said, would not understand it if the Monarchy let this opportunity pass without striking. From the further declarations of the Ambassador, Berchtold pretended to have understood that Germany would regard any leniency on the part of the Monarchy towards Serbia as an acknowledgment of her weakness. This could not but react unfavourably on the position of the Monarchy within the Triple Alliance, and on Germany's future policy.

This letter cannot be classed as anything but a fabrication of lies. It is impossible to tell whether the responsibility for it lies primarily on Berchtold or on Tschirsky. The German government had not sent any instructions even remotely tallying with the extravagant terms of Berchtold's letter. It is no less a fact that this letter is mainly responsible for the World War. Had Tisza been properly informed, had he not been led to believe that the Monarchy would lose both her only reliable ally and her international prestige by a moderate course of action, it is inconceivable that he should have agreed to the ultimatum. Besides, on Nov. 5, 1914, Tisza wrote to Tschirsky: 'It shall first be stressed that before we embarked on our course against Serbia we consulted Germany, and carried out our *démarche* in Belgrade with the deliberate encouragement of the German government, and following the declaration that it favoured the squaring of our accounts with the steadily increasing threat of the Serbians.' Germany did not give any encouragement of this sort. Tisza's statement proves beyond doubt which factor decided him in giving way on a point of such importance. All his great plans were bound to collapse if Germany deserted the Monarchy and Austria-Hungary were left to face alone the Pan Slav ambitions of Russia. He was fully alive to the schemes of the Russian nationalists who plotted an advance in the West, thus to retrieve the disastrous experiences of the Russo-Japanese war and to circumvent the pressing demands of the Liberals. These plans could only have succeeded at the expense of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

Berchtold also belaboured Tisza in a round-about way. He mobilised all his friends in favour of the War. One after another they impressed on the Hungarian Premier their view that it was absolutely necessary to chastise Serbia. Not one single voice was raised in support of Tisza's moderate tactics. Besides, very probably Berchtold was responsible for Francis-Joseph not having received Tisza between July 7 and 15. In intrigues of the court the Foreign Minister had always proved himself efficient. In any case, he fully achieved his purpose during the critical week of July 1914, and Tisza was isolated.



In the ministerial council of July 14 all the members were against the solitary Tisza, and eventually managed to wring from him his assent, in principle at least, to an ultimatum being sent to Serbia. At last, on July 19, he gave his consent, on condition that at the end of the war the Monarchy was not to increase her territory at the expense of Serbia and, still less, to annex her. The dice were cast; the catastrophe was inevitable. There only remains the problem as to why Tisza did not resign, and the explanation for that lies in his character and his religious convictions. He felt it his duty to remain at the helm during the greatest trial that his country could possibly experience. He did not know of anyone whom he would have trusted to be sufficiently strong-willed to replace him during the abnormal circumstances of a long war. He considered it his duty to shoulder the risk for a decision that he had been unable to prevent, and he desired to atone for it by straining his forces to the limits of endurance. His Calvinist faith, his belief in predestination, further strengthened him. He thought himself 'designed by Providence' for the leadership of the Hungarians and must live up to this mission whatever the circumstances. If he failed, he was willing to pay the penalty.

When at last the terms of the ultimatum were made public, the enthusiasm in Hungary knew no bounds. Overnight the 'hated' Tisza became the idol of all. The opposition cheered him as wildly as his followers. Everyone 'detected' Tisza's energy and determination in the harsh terms of the ultimatum. His sudden popularity was fantastic. The same crowds that had demonstrated against him a few days earlier, now organised processions in his honour. Even during his short daily walk he was besieged by admirers. But, as in the days when he was hated and insulted, so in the midst of these frantic scenes Tisza remained unmoved. Unfortunately, he told no one what he thought of his undeserved popularity, showered on him for a course in which he could not believe, and that he had only adopted after a hard struggle with his conscience. In his public utterances in August 1914 he often referred to the 'peaceful intentions of the Monarchy,' as though trying to justify the War at a time when no one criticised it and public opinion regarded it as a crusade.

Perhaps he was trying to justify it to himself. His feelings about his own share in the cataclysm were anything but happy. Months after the outbreak of the War he confided to Czernin that he had opposed the harsh terms of the ultimatum because he had foreseen the World War and he had wished to avoid it. It is an interesting trait in Tisza that he, who in party political struggles was unbending, unwilling to compromise, determined to fight out every issue to the bitter end, shrank instinctively from bloodshed. A private letter, written to a niece on Aug. 26, 1914, is revealing :

'To-day we had news of the first great victory over the Russians. I'm hopeful about the future. . . . And yet, even a victorious war is terrible. To me every war means misery and destruction, with the shedding of innocent blood and the suffering of women and children. It embitters me that I should have a share in the waging of a great war. The demonstrations organised in my honour pain me, as I do not even take part in the fighting. But my conscience is clear, the noose was round our neck. We could not have acted differently, and yet it pains me that it had to happen in this way.'

In the second year of the conflict Tisza gave vent to similar feelings at a party conference.

'It was only for a short time that I shared in the affairs of the Monarchy, yet I stood for peace as long as was compatible with our honour. I could never shoulder the responsibility for a so-called preventive war. I definitely decline the "praise" lavished on me in different quarters, as though we had called forth this war in order to avoid fighting it a few years hence in less favourable circumstances. . . . To praise anyone for hurling the terrors of war on his fatherland in the belief thus to prevent greater danger in the future, I consider the most shortsighted utterance of human overbearance, arrogance, and foolishness.'

Little attention was paid to this speech during the War. He had been praised from one end of the Monarchy to the other as the one man responsible for the War, and no one could have conceived then that he, acclaimed as 'the embodiment of the war spirit,' should have been the one man in the Monarchy who had opposed it.

His sincerity is borne out by the attempts he made to end the ghastly struggle. He was the only one among the

responsible statesmen of the Central Powers who favoured an immediate peace in April 1915. The actual offer tendered by the Central Powers in December 1916 was mainly his work. 'I see the greatest danger in the fact that our necessarily cautious attitude in stating our terms might lead to the view that we only play about with the idea of peace without sincerely wanting it,' were his comments to Czernin. Unfortunately, the overtures of the Central Powers were not accepted. In 1917, when the Germans decided on their ruthless submarine campaign, Tisza foresaw that this would lead to America's entrance into the World War on the side of the Entente. He warned German and Austrian statesmen of the consequences. Again he was not listened to. Again he considered it his duty to remain at his post in spite of it.

By this time his position was no longer as firm as it had been at the outbreak of the War. Francis-Joseph had died in December 1916; and his successor, the Emperor Charles, was far from liking the straight and hard Tisza, who also was a protestant. In spite of all efforts on the part of the Hungarian Premier to please the new ruler, he was forced to resign in May 1917. Charles had 'dropped his pilot,' just as William II had dropped Bismarck. It is a coincidence of fateful importance that about the same time as the Hungarian Monarchy lost her one strong man, the French put Clémenceau in control, while the British government went to the hands of Mr Lloyd George. From the point of view of leadership the Entente had become supreme; and that was when the fate of the War was decided.

Those who had idolised Tisza for 'chastising Serbia,' that is for unchaining the War, were quick to turn on him when they realised that it was developing into a losing conflict. Gradually his old opponents and enemies were reinforced by thousands who were weary of the carnage and the deprivations the War entailed. By the end of the summer of 1918, defeatist propaganda was working up the despairing population of Hungary into a white heat of fury against him. In October 1918 it was freely rumoured that he would be murdered. His friends warned him; those in Budapest visited him personally and begged him to go away from the capital in which every street-urchin knew where he lived. He

would not budge. Harassed and tired, he continued his daily visits to his party headquarters. When the government ordered five policemen to watch his flat, situated in a lonely villa in the midst of a small garden, he told them to sit in the basement, or anywhere they liked, as long as he did not see them. He could not bear the feeling of being 'protected.'

On the afternoon of Oct. 30 he tidied his writing desk and burnt several papers. By means of the duplicates in the possession of his private secretary it could be established that he carefully destroyed all documents within his reach which incriminated other people of furthering the outbreak of the War. About five o'clock four disreputable-looking men, armed with rifles, called at his flat and asked to see the ex-premier. His valet felt there was danger, and rushed to Tisza's room to warn him. He implored his master to escape by the back door. Instead Tisza went to the entrance hall to see the men. His wife and a niece, the Countess Denise Almássy, followed him. At once the 'visitors' shouted to Tisza to put down his revolver. 'You are armed too!' he retorted. But arguments were no longer of any avail; so he put down his revolver. 'You are the man who made the War! You are responsible for our sufferings!' they cried and raised their rifles. 'I did not make the war,' replied Tisza. 'You had better go home——' He could not finish the sentence. Four shots were fired. Countess Almássy tried to shield him by throwing herself in front of him. Her nose was shot away, while Countess Tisza was wounded in the arm. Tisza fell to the ground. 'It had to happen like this,' were the last words that he uttered.

He died as bravely and uncompromisingly as he lived. To the end he kept his secret about the attitude he had taken towards the outbreak of the War. His death coincided with that of old Hungary. The fatherland he had loved above all things, the country he had served with all his great ability, the system he had represented with all its shortcomings—they passed away with him.

JUDITH LISTOWEL.

## Art. 8.—THE LOST LETTERS OF MARIA EDGEWORTH.

*Romilly-Edgeworth Letters, 1813-1818. With an Introduction and Notes by Samuel Henry Romilly. Murray, 1936.*

MARIA EDGEWORTH and her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, are now mere names to most of us; yet there was a time—some 120 years ago—when those names stood for two very distinguished figures in the social and literary worlds, distinguished in every sense of the word, not only distinct from their fellows—she by her literary talents, he as a writer of authority on education, as an inventive expert in mechanics, and above all for his eccentricities—but distinct also from each other in the incongruity of their natures. Lord Byron wrote of them in his Journal in January, 1821 :

‘ I thought Edgeworth a fine old fellow, of a clarety elderly red complexion, but active, brisk, and endless. . . . He bounced about and talked loud and long; but he seemed neither weakly nor decrepit and hardly old. . . . He seemed intelligent, vehement, vivacious and full of life—he bid fair for 100 years. He was not much admired in London. The fact was—everybody cared more about her. She was a nice little unassuming Jeanie Deans looking body as we Scotch say—and if not handsome certainly not ill-looking. Her conversation was as quiet as herself. One could never have guessed she could write *her name*; whereas her Father talked, not as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else was worth writing.’

Two sons of the Edgeworths—who were originally an English family which had risen to some distinction in the reign of Henry VIII—had migrated to Ireland about the year 1585 and eventually settled as landowners in Co. Longford, where their chief claim to distinction seems to have been in riotous living, till we come to the name of Richard—Richard Lovell’s father—who, in strong contrast to his extravagant forebears, by careful management contrived to retrieve the family fortunes and rebuild the old house of Edgeworth’s Town. Another strong contrast was to be found in the saint-like Abbé Edgeworth, a second cousin to Richard Lovell and the Father Confessor to Louis XVI, who had the supreme courage to stand on

the scaffold with his King, facing the mad mob who were thirsting for his blood.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth seems to have been a queer blend of the conflicting hereditary peculiarities of his race: A wild youth; a mock wedding at the age of sixteen conducted with the aid of a white sheet for surplice, a door key, and whiskey galore, which 'marriage' Edgeworth père took the precaution to have solemnly 'jacticated' in an Ecclesiastical Court—followed, whilst he was still an Oxford undergraduate, by a runaway wedding at Gretna Green, which infuriated his father, who, however, forgave him and had him remarried by licence. Maria (born in 1767) was the second of the four children of this marriage. It was not a happy one. Richard Lovell, still under age, found his wife dull and neglected her, though she was a most worthy young woman. After her death he at once married Honora Sneyd, who died after giving birth to two children in 1779. Then, in defiance of public opinion, he married his sister-in-law, Elizabeth. She bore him ten children and died in 1798. His fourth marriage, to Frances Anne Beaufort, took place the same year, and like the last two was perfectly happy, resulting in the birth of six more children, thus bringing the grand total to twenty-two, an achievement of which, had he been hampered by modern notions as to monogamy, even Solomon in all his glory might have been proud. By now he was very much 'the family man,' had long laid aside his youthful exuberances; and with all the children of his four families lived in bliss at Edgeworth's Town, though he made occasional visits to Paris or London.

One of these trips was in the autumn of 1802, when Maria, accompanied by her father and stepmother—No. 3, whom she dearly loved—paid a visit of several months to Paris. There they made the acquaintance of many remarkable people, including Madame de Genlis and Madame Récamier. They also renewed their old friendship with Madame Delessert, the friend and correspondent of Rousseau, and her daughter Madame Gautier, who had a large country house at Passy on the outskirts of Paris. There also they met Dumont, the Genevese 'ghost' of Mirabeau and an intimate friend of Sir Samuel and Lady Romilly, as also were Mesdames



Delessert and Gautier. Their stay in Paris came to a premature end owing to the outbreak of war in February 1803.

Another of their excursions was to London in the late spring of 1813. It was during this visit that Maria first met Lady Romilly. Mr Edgeworth had, so he says in a letter, made her acquaintance in 1805, but there is no evidence that Maria had done so. The meeting soon ripened into a firm friendship, and resulted in a five years' correspondence, which was cut short only by the death of Lady Romilly, on Oct. 29, 1818. By a lucky chance some of these letters came into my hands when the old house in Scotland, where they had been lying buried and forgotten for nearly a century, had to be sold and its contents dispersed. But unluckily they comprised little more than one side of the correspondence. All save one of Maria's letters were wanting. But what was there seemed too full of interest to be allowed to be lost to the world. So I wrote an introduction, and they were published in June of last year under the title 'The Romilly-Edgeworth Letters, 1813-1818.' Hardly had the book come out than there appeared in a second-hand bookseller's catalogue an advertisement of some MS. letters from Maria Edgeworth to Lady Romilly. These, to my joy, proved to be the missing letters I had been seeking. But it was too late then to make use of them. The book was out and there seemed to be no means of making the collection complete. But now, thanks to this Review, I am enabled to save from oblivion some extracts from them.

At this time (1813) Maria Edgeworth had reached the height of her fame as an author. She was the rage of that season; but though so lionised was too modest to get her head turned. She claimed no monopoly of success. Her father—like Dr Johnson with Fanny Burney—was always advising on and reviewing her work, and sometimes to its detriment; yet Maria would always associate him with herself in her success, giving him more share of the credit than he deserved. She seldom spoke of her work in the first person singular. It was usually 'we' who are bringing out a new book. He was certainly proud of his clever daughter, and also not a little of himself for having begotten her, and was quite willing

to share her pinnacle. Yet in spite of his self-esteem he must have been a man of great charm; for his wives and children were devoted to him, while Maria worshipped the ground he trod on.

Her letters might almost be called notes of interrogation, so full are they of questions mostly for the 'Chronique Scandaleuse' of London and Paris. Anne Romilly's answers are given in full measure, sparkling and flowing over, but Maria pays for them in good coin of her own, with stories of the Irish life around her, full of humour. It is curious to notice the formality with which these close friends addressed each other. They never used Christian names—Maria is always 'Miss Edgeworth' and Anne either 'Lady Romilly' or 'Your Ladyship.' Here are some specimens of Maria's eager thirst for news:

'Have you heard anything lately of Madame de Stael? I long to know how she goes on in Paris and whether she finds it possible to refrain from meddling with politics or whether she contrives to take chestnuts out of the fire without burning her fingers. Among her various talents I should not think this was one. . . . I rather think she would be safer going to Athens and drawing a new Corinne at Athens. The more she travels the better for the world for she is the finest painter of national manners that modern times have seen. But if once she goes into Parisian society again I fear she will give to a salon "what was meant for mankind." How do she and Talleyrand go on? Have they made up their old "*depit amoureux*" and has Talleyrand forgotten, or is he flattered by his own portrait in "Delphine." "Madame de Vernon," we were told in Paris was Talleyrand at full length in petticoats. What is to become of poor Benjamin Constant? Your letters my dear Lady Romilly are always particularly entertaining to us because they tell us the little "*desous des cartes*" which we love to know, and which we cannot always get at. How can you resist the temptation of going to Paris, where you have so many friends and admirers?' (Aug. 22nd, 1814.)

'Can you tell me to what situation M. D'Arblay has been lately appointed to by the King of France? Lady Crewe writes me word that the K. of F. has appointed him to some high situation in consequence of his *late distinguished conduct*. Now I dare not confess to Lady Crewe my profound ignorance by asking an explanation. Do pray my dear Lady Romilly help me.' (Sept. 3, 1814.)

'Pray have the goodness, dear Lady Romilly, to tell me what is become or to become of the Princess of W. Of her ever learning discretion there is I fear no hope. But what has been the cause of her chamberlain's leaving her—&c.—and of the dismissal of Lady E. Forbes. I am curious about Lady E. F. because she is a relation of our neighbour Lady Granard.' (May 31, 1815.)

'I forgot to ask about Lord and Lady Byron. We have heard 7 different causes for their separation. The most likely I guess to be that he brought an Actress with whom he is in love home to his house for supper, and that Lady B. was indignant. Pray lighten our darkness on this important subject.' (Feb. 9, 1816.)

In her reply Lady Romilly assures her that there is no truth in this story.

'But I suppose all eyes in London are at this instant on the Princess's wedding paraphernalia. *What* is the Prince of Cobourg—and is it a love or a policy match—or neither one thing nor t'other as most matches royal and plebeian are—as Johnson said—formed on "mixed motives between convenience and inclination." Does the P.R. like or dislike this match? . . . ' (May 7, 1816.)

After this questionnaire it is only fair to give a sample of Miss Edgeworth's gifts as a letter-writer when she is not asking questions.

In December 1817 Sir Samuel Romilly was recovering from a severe illness, and Maria writes, on the 31st, a letter of great length to her friend Anne, with the intention of cheering him up and amusing him. After her thanks for some service which Sir Samuel had been able to render to her brother Sneyd, she goes on thus :

'Some people tell me that they are so much in awe of Sir Samuel Romilly that they should never dare to talk nonsense before him, much less to him. Now I never felt the slightest fear or constraint in his company, though I think, and indeed am pretty sure that my *respect* for him is as great as their's could be. But I have always felt much more afraid of fools than of persons of superior talents because I know which are the most indulgent of the two—so to go on my own way. I trust that this will find him quite well and in spirits and at leisure to be amused. If my brother Sneyd had seen him at such a happy moment he might have diverted him with some anecdotes of Irish illegal *still-hunting*, of which he could

vouch for the truth however extraordinary they *must sound to English legal ears*. In one instance a still was found concealed in a Church, where the people worked it by night. In another instance the persons who were charged with illicit distilling and in whose house a still had been found, just at the time of the Assizes carried off the informer and the exciseman who was to give evidence against them and kept them actual prisoners in a little island in a bog during the three days which the Assizes lasted, obliging them all the time to sit up at night to watch a still which they had at work, and to draw water for them till the Assizes were over. No one could guess what had become of the exciseman and the informer. As no prosecutors appeared, however, the illegal distillers were acquitted. When they returned from their island with their prisoners whom they then liberated it was all a *good joke* and a *spirited thing*—and no doubt they are at this moment going on at their perilous but profitable trade.

‘A greater service I think could scarcely be done to this country than putting out of fashion this making of poison for the body and the mind. But it is astonishing to see the *passion* the lower Irish have for whiskey—even when they know—that in this private distilling as well as in what they call “*raal parliament spirits*” there is such a quantity of vitriol mixed that it frequently occasions immediate sudden death. Two instances within these few days have occurred of this in our own neighbourhood and to our own knowledge. Yet their poor neighbors hear it—and wonder and pity—and go to the funerals of the deceased to drink of the same whiskey in the same quantities—a man spilled half a glass of whiskey on a stocking—it burned a hole in the stocking—he saw it—but a man who was standing by drank of the same whiskey afterwards. . . .

‘Nothing in Botany-Bay madness for spirits can exceed this.’

Then, as she says ‘to make a desperate transition from the sinners to the saints,’ she tells another story (too long for quotation) about the marriage of a certain Lady at which ‘I do not wonder that the sinners laugh the saints out of countenance,’ and ends with the moral ‘How many have been brought like Joseph Surface to wish they had not so *very very* good a character.’ She then switches off suddenly to Madame de Stael, who—so Lady Romilly had just written to say—had lately contracted a ‘left-handed’ marriage (which turned out however to be a real one) with Rocca.

'There is Madame de Stael who, at least, is free from that incumbrance, and at all events is consistent. But why a *left-handed* marriage? Has she pledged or mortgaged her right hand to Benjamin Constant or others? or has M. Rocca engaged *his* right hand to some provoking wife who will not die? Pray explain the difficulty to me. Why does Madame de S. do the business so awkwardly? It is not so new to her. Does Cupid always flutter her wits so that she does not know her right hand from her left? Seriously I hope she has not done anything irremediably disgraceful, for besides her extraordinary genius she has uncommon candor and generosity and goodness of heart which interest me for her—and I cannot bear that one so superior should be "hurled from high."'

The letter goes on and on, sheet after sheet, but want of space forbids further extract.

At this period two names were on everyone's lips in London society. Those of Lord Byron and of Necker's wonderful daughter, Madame de Stael. Miss Edgeworth did meet Byron during her visit, but she missed Madame de Stael, who burst like a meteor upon the London world a few days only after Maria's return to Ireland. It was only a year since Byron had 'woke one morning to find himself famous,' by the publication of the first two cantos of 'Childe Harold'; and now in the midst of the brilliant constellations round him he was undoubtedly the cynosure; also the most prolific source of supply to the scandal-mongers, through his engagement, his marriage, and then his separation and sudden departure from our shores. Both Miss Edgeworth and Lady Romilly had been firm friends with his bride; so that it was natural they should be her strong partisans in those matrimonial troubles. Lady Romilly had written, on Nov. 7, 1814, announcing Lord Byron's engagement to Miss Milbanke, 'one of the best, the most amiable and cleverest young women in the kingdom. She is making a most dangerous experiment.' And this is Maria's reply on Dec. 31.

'I am still more, *far more*, interested about that other marriage which you mentioned to me—Miss Milbanke's—as I have not seen it announced in the papers I hope some fortunate accident, some happy prudent second-thought has occurred to prevent it, for I cannot conceive that a woman of her disposition could be happy with Lord Byron—such as

he is said to be, and indeed such as from his own portraits of himself and from the spirit of his books he appears really to be. We all knew and liked Miss Milbanke, preferred her to any young lady we were acquainted with in London. We rejoiced to hear that at that time she had refused Lord Byron and I remember I quite agreed with a friend of ours who observed that her conquest of his Lordship was indeed only *conquête de malheur*. In what a manner did he write to Lady Jersey and speak to his bookseller of her! I do wish that her good genius, or even the evil genius of scandal could have reported the words to her. Even at the very church door in her place had I heard them I would have turned back and left the world to abuse me as a jilt rather than make myself miserable for life by such a marriage—pray tell me that it is broken off.'

On April 19, 1816, Anne had written in answer to Maria's inquiry as to the reasons for the Byron separation saying, 'I am sorry that I can give you no information; my lips are closed by Sir Samuel having been consulted by Lady Byron, and my reports might have a weight which they do not deserve.' But she does say that she believes it to be a fact 'what is known by everybody, that within a few hours of her marriage he told her that he had only married her to be revenged on her.' She also enclosed in her letter a cutting from the 'Morning Chronicle,' containing Byron's 'Farewell' and his 'Sketch from private life,' both of which he had had printed but not published. The latter was a most virulent lampoon on poor harmless Mrs Clermont, originally Miss Milbanke's maid, and then promoted to be a sort of governess or companion. Lady Romilly calls the Sketch 'a miserable blackguard production,' and most people who have read it would, I think, agree with her. At any rate it roused Maria's indignation to white heat, and this is her outburst:

'MY DEAR LADY ROMILLY,

'I am very much obliged to you for the verses and for every scrap that relates to Lady Byron, for we are excessively anxious about her and indignant against him—*indignant* indeed is not the word that expresses my feelings of abhorrence for his meanness and for his virulent malevolence—Oh, why did that sweet creature marry him? She who had everything to give! By this day's paper we see that the articles of legal separation are signed—I hope this is true? and that there is to be no lawsuit and no publishing of letters? Is it



possible that Lord B *could* as Mr Perry hints have an idea of publishing his wife's letters? All I hope is that Lord Byron has ruined himself with the *public*—that is all he will feel—and surely this must be the result of his late publication especially his base *sketch* and *curse*. In the days of Junius that powerful writer nearly lost himself in public opinion by one passage in a letter (I think) to the D. of Grafton in which he touched upon his domestic misfortunes. The public could not then bear that sort of domiciliary visit of the satirist, surely the generous British public cannot be so much altered since that time as to endure Lord B's tearing "the decent drapery" from the most private and sacred recesses of domestic life.

'The insinuations that the nurse or governess assisted the mother in some intrigue which those verses have thrown out have made an impression I observe in this part of the world. Can nothing be done to repel them, or as my father thinks is it better to disregard the whole as slander deserving no answer? I presume that Lord B. disclaims the publication—and that therefore he could not be prosecuted for libel. So much the more base to assassinate character in the dark and without affording a possibility of defence. Tell me my dear Lady Romilly whether this woman is really a faithful domestic or a *meddler*. You may be sure that I will never repeat one word you write to me except what you authorise me to repeat, and I should be glad to have authority for saying that there is no truth in the insinuations thrown out in that "Sketch."

On May 7 Maria writes again :

'We long to hear something more of Lord Byron. We hear that he is gone abroad with a resolution never to return—I hope this is true. I hope that her fortune, or at least independence is secured to her, and I hope still more that he has not had art enough to leave a sting or the point of a broken arrow in her heart.'

Again on May 15 she writes :

'I hear Lord Byron said—and I think it the best thing he ever said—that he is an evil spirit and that he *must* do mischief—that he tried to reform and do good but could not. The charitable here all believe he is mad. For my part I am uncharitable enough to think that he only pretends to be mad, or that his madness is only the madness of bad passions wilfully indulged.

'When every other excuse fails either to defend a criminal

against law or to avert from him the execration of mankind it is convenient to plead *madness*. But I do not think that either in law or justice such a plea should avail to save those who commit crimes from punishment. One end of punishment is the reformation of the criminal certainly, but another is the prevention of future similar crimes. I think we should see fewer outrages committed by *madmen* such as Lord Byron if they were shut up as insane the moment they have recourse to this excuse.'

#### Exit Lord Byron.

There was another newly-wed couple in whose matrimonial affairs Maria took much interest, Sir Humphry and Lady Davy. She had been a Mrs. Apreece, a widow-lady well known and popular in Edinburgh society, but, as Lord Dudley said in one of his letters to 'Ivy,' 'fiercely ugly to be sure.' Lady Romilly had written, in April 19, 1816: 'Report says that Lady D. and her Philosophe Beau Husband do not live on the very best of terms together.' In her reply Miss Edgeworth says:

'I shall be very sorry if the Beau Philosophe and the Belle Philosophe don't agree, but if I were in her place I would abide by my own choice, and never expose myself to public derision by quarrelling *before company*. Davy has a good heart—I will answer for that. I have known instances of that which are quite convincing, and whatever his faults of temper may be his wife has taken them for better for worse. As to his other fine gentleman foibles, she created or indulged and fostered them, and now it is certainly her part to make the best of her own work. I do not think that these matches of heads instead of hearts seem to do well. This was a lady who married for *celebrity*, carried home a scientific Punch, and found he was not so diverting in private as in public.'

#### On Dec. 23 she writes again:

'I send you a *jeu d'esprit* of my Father's on Sir H. D. and his Lady. By-the-bye, I do not believe the report that they are going to separate, because my Sister, Anna Beddoes, who is an old friend of Davy's and knows every turn of his mind, and who lately saw them together at Cheltenham, tells me that she thinks there is no truth in it, her expression is "for my part I think they manage wonderfully well together."'

The '*jeu d'esprit*' is missing from the letter, but it must be one or the other of these two skits which Maria

had previously quoted in a letter to her cousin Miss Ruxton—the second of them, probably, because she said her father thought it the best.

‘To the famed widow vainly bow  
Church, Army, Law & Navy,  
Says she I dare not take a vow  
But I will take my Davy.’

and

‘Too many men have often seen  
Their talents under-rated,  
But Davy owns that his have been  
Duly *Appreciated*.’

It is remarkable how little allusion there is in Maria's letters to the stupendous events that were taking place on the Continent at that period—the escape of Buonaparte from Elba, his triumphal entry into Paris, the flight of Louis XVIII, and the re-establishment for a time of Buonaparte on the Imperial Throne. True, she does refer to them in a letter of May 31, 1815, but only so far as to say ‘I do not clearly understand how Switzerland will be affected by this last wonderful revolution.’ Lady Romilly's eldest son was at this time pursuing his studies at Geneva.

‘M. Dumont in his letter seems to expect great calamities for his country. But Buonaparte has so much other work to do, that I think he must let Switzerland alone to legislate for itself. Besides he is making a character for himself now, and must be good, and Carnot holds him in republican leading strings, so he dares not yet play “the tyrant.” . . .

‘My Father has made this bargain with Admiral Pakenham. The Admiral is to give him a guinea a month for every month between this time and next January that Buonaparte sits on the throne of France. My Father is to give three guineas for every month between this time and January that Buonaparte is not on the throne of France. Will my Father lose much? That depends on Carnot and the Emperor of Austria I suppose. Does Marie Louise really like or dislike Buonaparte? Can any mortal tell for certain?’

In this ‘bargain’ the Admiral showed more discernment than Mr Edgeworth, and Maria also shows herself wiser than her father (as she often did); for she takes it for granted that he will get the worst of the bargain and

asks not 'Will he lose?' but 'Will he lose much?' The answer, assuming that Buonaparte might be considered as still on the throne up to the actual day of his surrender to Captain Maitland on July 15, would appear to be fifteen guineas. It wanted yet but seventeen days to Waterloo. It casts rather an interesting sidelight on Maria's character when it is explained that the words she had originally used were 'laid this wager' and that she had crossed them out, and substituted 'made this bargain.' Evidently she did not wish to lay her adored father open to the charge of being a betting man or a gambler.

By the time of her next letter, June 28, the Battle of Waterloo had been fought and won, and the Duke's despatch of the 19th had just been received. But people, in Ireland at any rate, do not seem to have realised *what* a victory it was. Maria can only exclaim with horror at the price paid for it: 'The limbs, the lives of so many brave men. So many distinguished Officers—what private misery and mourning there must mix with the general rejoicings for victory—and the decisive stroke yet to come!' Not knowing that this was itself the decisive stroke, and little dreaming that in another fortnight's time the Corsican Ogre would be a prisoner of war on board 'Bellerophon.'

To return to domestic matters. Undoubtedly the greatest event in the year 1814 for the literary world was the anonymous publication of 'Waverley.' Speculation was rife everywhere as to its authorship, and naturally Maria and Anne had their own ideas about it, and expressed them in writing to one another. Maria opened the discussion in her letter of Oct. 27:

'I am impatient to know whether your Ladyship has read "Waverley" and what you think of it. I cannot restrain the desire I have to tell you how much we admire it. Whether it be Scott's—Lord Cranstone's—or Mr Forbes I know not. I think, however, it must be Scott's—because I know of no one else who could write it. But whoever has written it surely it is a work of *first rate ability*—original and new—I should say if certain opinions about genius did not stare me in the face.'

Anne did not share Maria's enthusiasm, however, for in her reply of Nov. 7 she writes:

'I am afraid that we do not admire "Waverley" as much as it deserves. The praise you give it would almost induce me to change my opinion, but I must be honest above all things. I did not like the Hero and thought the whole more a portraiture of individual than of general manners; but this may have arisen from ignorance, and I find in general the rest all pleased with it. Walter Scott, if he did not write it, certainly must have had a good deal to do with it, but there is a sort of notice prefix'd to the last edition which they seem to say makes it very improbable that it should have been written by him.'

On Dec. 31 Maria writes: 'I am sorry I cannot get you to sympathise in our admiration of "Waverley." It is, I understand, written by Mr William Erskine.' No more about it from Anne till Feb. 13, 1815, when she writes: 'The "Edinburgh Review" will have praised "Waverley" to your hearts content. Surely there is no doubt but that Walter Scott is the principal author of it.'

At Edgeworth's Town 'Waverley' was being read aloud night after night by Mrs Edgeworth to an enraptured audience. When she came to the end Mr Edgeworth cried out 'Aut Scotus aut Diabolus' and Maria at once sat down and started writing to the unknown author the ecstatic letter commencing with these words which is set forth in Augustus Hare's Life of her. Just as Mrs Edgeworth was about to close the book she happened to turn over the last page and saw the 'Postscript which should have been a Preface.' 'Oh, there is something more,' she said. 'Well, let us hear it,' cried Edgeworth, and his wife read it out. It contains these words: 'It has been my object to describe these persons . . . so as in some distant degree to emulate the admirable Irish portraits drawn by Miss Edgeworth.' Imagine the thrill of delight kindled in each breast by this sudden bolt from the blue. Maria ends her letter to the unknown thus: 'Oh, my dear Sir, how much pleasure would my whole family as well as myself have lost, if we had not read to the last page! And the pleasure came upon us so unexpectedly. We had been so completely absorbed that every thought of ourselves of our own authorship was far far away. Thank you for the honour you have done us, and for the pleasure you have given us.' Always 'our' and 'us,' be it noted, not 'my' and 'we.' Maria

could not bear that her father should not share in her own glory.

It was to be nearly nine years before Miss Edgeworth met the 'Great Unknown.' This she did in June 1823, when on a visit to the Dugald Stewarts at Kinneil near Edinburgh. Sir Walter wrote to her there inviting her to meet some of 'the Northern Lights' at his house. She went, was captivated; and the acquaintance thus begun soon ripened into a warm friendship. This was followed by an invitation to a three weeks' visit to Abbotsford. But before paying it she took her two half-sisters with her on a tour through the Highlands. This trip was sadly interfered with by a bad attack of erysipelas, which kept her a prisoner for a fortnight in an inn near Forres, so that she did not reach Abbotsford till July 28. From thence she writes, on the 30th, to Mrs Kennedy at Dalquharra Castle, the daughter of her old friend Anne who had married the Rt Hon. T. F. Kennedy of Dunure three years previously, and was now expecting a visit from her mother's friend on her return south. In this letter Maria gives this short sketch of her host:

'A beautiful magnificent Castle, and the great unknown still greater in my opinion and more agreeable the more known, perfectly free from pretention or affectation. He makes one forget that he is Walter Scott till you recollect that none but he could supply such an inexhaustible flow of original ideas. He is the only person of shining talents whom I ever heard converse who never blazed me with excess of light, the only very entertaining person who never tired me—the only very good-natured and actively obliging person who never oppressed me for a moment with the sense of their doing too much, or who, as the child well expressed it, never made me say "Thank you" too often.

'Though I was three weeks later than my promised time, and though my visit had been put off from year to year and month to month and day to day in a manner which would have sickened any other new acquaintance, and almost any old friend, Sir Walter received and welcomed me with a courtesy and cordiality which prevented all apology and put me at ease and at home immediately. I had promised a three weeks' visit. I can indulge myself here, however, but ten days in consequence of the abridgements I must make in all my plans after this cut up which my illness made. "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose."



Maria's visit to Abbotsford was returned by Sir Walter in August 1825 when he, accompanied by Captain and Mrs Scott and Lockart, paid a visit to Edgeworth's Town. After that the whole party made a short tour to the Lakes of Killarney which is described by Augustus Hare who quotes Mrs Edgeworth as relating that on the day after leaving Killarney and their arrival at Dublin, the whole party dined together at Captain Scott's house in Stephens Green, and that it being 'Sir Walter's birthday, the 15th of August, his health was drunk with more feeling than gaiety. He and Maria that evening bade farewell to each other, never to meet again in this world.'

SAMUEL H. ROMILLY.

## Art. 9.—BROADCASTING NEWS.

WHEN broadcasting became a practical instrument of communication, its potentialities as a medium for the spread of education and the promotion of 'uplift' generally were the features which first captured public attention. The possibilities of the new instrument for entertainment, and running comment on the various activities of the world's life, also came early into view. Of course it was quickly realised that broadcasting, improperly used, might exercise an influence the reverse of educative, might even be as powerful a means of debauching public taste as the stock American films of a decade or so ago. That danger, however, was not allowed to become an active threat in this country owing to the particular form of organisation which we adopted and the personalities who controlled the organisation. It was quite a common saying a few years ago that broadcasting was probably the only scientific discovery of recent years that was wholly beneficial to mankind. Then it looked as though there was no possible threat to world peace and international relations to be feared from it. 'Nation shall speak peace unto nation' was the ideal, and broadcasting was regarded as a heaven-sent means of dispelling misunderstandings, spreading knowledge of each other's affairs and opinions among the nations.

This phase of happy optimism has been brought to a close by certain very ugly and very dangerous developments of the past few years. Certain developments in broadcasting are now fast turning it into a most powerful cause of international friction through its employment for propaganda purposes, and the use, in this base service, of languages other than those of the country from which the propaganda is broadcast. But these developments did not come about at one step. The use of wireless broadcasting for purely propaganda purposes and even in order to create hostility against a particular country in neighbouring and other foreign countries, came about largely as the result of the gradual degradation of a legitimate extension of broadcasting, namely, the provision of broadcast news services.

It was inevitable that sooner or later news bulletins would find their way into wireless programmes. Now that

they have everywhere assumed such importance, it is strange to notice how slow and hesitant broadcasting authorities were in developing their wireless news services. The principal reasons for this are obvious. In the first place, the newspapers quite naturally disliked the advent of a new medium for the dissemination of news, which they looked upon as potentially a dangerous rival. Later in this article reasons will be advanced in proof of the argument that broadcast news is supplementary to, and in alliance with, the newspapers. But this point of view is even now suspect in newspaper quarters, although it appears to be making its way steadily. However this may be, the influence of the Press all over the world was instrumental in holding back the progress of broadcast news services. Then too, the extraordinary force of the impact of spoken news on the public mind was not at first perceived. In those countries where broadcasting was directly under the control of the state authorities, government communiqués and propaganda talks were regarded as a more profitable way of employing time which might have been allotted to news. But certainly within the last two or three years, the critical importance of broadcast news has been fully realised and, as we have seen, some governments are not content with broadcasting news in their own language to their own nationals, but now broadcast news bulletins throughout the world in a number of foreign languages.

It is unfortunate that the returns of the *Union Internationale de Radiodiffusion* relating to the percentage allocation of time to the various programme classes in a number of European countries do not distinguish news from other kinds of 'topicality' material. The very interesting charts which have been included in the last two numbers of the 'B.B.C. Year Book' do not therefore show the percentage of time devoted specifically to news. But those who have had occasion to listen to news bulletins from the various European countries have been struck by the predominance of straight news items in recent months over other forms of topical material. Further, a glance at these charts will show, among other interesting things, the immense jump in the amount of time allotted in Italy to the broadcasting of news and allied material which has taken place during the last three years, and

particularly in the second half of 1935. Also, the greater space in the programmes given to news and kindred subjects in countries like Germany, Norway, Poland, Sweden, France, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia, as compared with our own, is worthy of attention. More and more the material which is being broadcast in this part of the various national programmes is taking on the character of definite news broadcasting.

Now this development is of the highest political and international importance, for news, of course, is the real *speculum mundi*. Talks, however objective the speaker may try to make them, necessarily have something controversial in their essence. If there is any expression of opinion in the talks, it is bound to provoke hostile reaction somewhere or other, whilst the choice and presentation of facts cannot meet with universal approval. The speaker himself, his political or religious views, his nationality, his very manner of speaking, all abstract from the perfect objectivity which is demanded by the strict canons of fairness. But from a news bulletin there is, so to speak, no appeal. It is possible, of course, that some objection may be made to the choice of items, but the editor of the bulletins, at any rate in a country like this, which has a perfectly free Press, always has a good answer if he has done his job well. He can compare his own choice and weightage of news items with those of the great national newspapers of long-established prestige and unquestioned competence. In a word, he can prove, if he has done his work well, that his judgment is supported by that of the acknowledged leaders of the newspaper world.

So far, so good. But once the comparison has been made concerning the choice and weightage of news items, the paths of the newspapers and the broadcast news bulletins begin to diverge. Methods of presentation must vary. The written word may or may not be suitable for speaking over the air. Juxtaposition of facts, emphasis on one or more particular words, and tone of voice are capable of influencing powerfully the impact and even the meaning of the script prepared for broadcasting. All these considerations reinforce strongly the inherent importance of news bulletins, since the latter can themselves be tuned up, so to speak, to a higher power by the

manner of their presentation. Let us take a simple concrete example of the far greater potential power of a broadcast news item than that of the same item in a newspaper. Suppose that a foreign statesman or dictator has been addressing some great public meeting in his own country. The subject of which he would speak to-day is certain to be one of high international importance. The editor of a broadcast news bulletin, if he choose, can present the essential parts of such a speech, as we say, 'alive' if his bulletin happens to be going out while the speech is being made; that is to say, he can pick up the speech as it is broadcast (and all such speeches are broadcast nowadays), and let his listeners become part of the audience. Or if the speech is over by the time his bulletin goes out, he can enable his listeners to hear a record of it, together with the audience's reactions, crowd noises and the like. Thus, listeners in this country can hear the impassioned tones of the orator, the sometimes frenzied—even hysterical—cheering of the audience, and, therefore, to a large extent can share in the excitement of the people concerned. Now, however skilfully a speech like this is written-up for a newspaper, however ably its reception may be described, the readers can gain nothing like the same vivid impression of what has happened as those who have listened.

This simple example will show the sort of possibilities that are latent in news broadcasting. Imagine that relations between country A and country B are strained, and that the prime minister, the dictator, or whatever it may be of A, is speaking at a mass gathering about relations with B. If the broadcasting authorities of the latter decide to relay the speech to their listeners, it can be seen that the speech may be almost decisive, either for peace or for war. A pacific speech well received would go an enormous distance towards placating opinion in B, whilst a bellicose speech, punctuated with shouts of hatred and contempt, would have a directly opposite effect.

Examples can be given to show how 'sound' broadcasting in the news can operate just as effectively in the sphere of domestic affairs. In Germany, for example, one of the most attractive and popular parts of news broadcasting is the 'Echo des Tages,' which consists of sound

records of happenings of the day, made by mobile recording units. It needs no very great strength of imagination to see the uses, both beneficial and detrimental, to which such a feature of news broadcasting could be put. Anyhow, the extraordinary force of all this side of news broadcasting is clear. Ever more serious considerations arise when we examine the relations between governmental and broadcasting authorities in the different countries. This article opened with reference to the high hopes which were entertained at the inception of broadcasting in respect of the use to which the new medium of communication could be put. As long as broadcasting was in its more or less experimental stages, and generally under commercial auspices, no very serious problems arose, because the broadcasters had to sell to the public what the public wanted, and, therefore, entertainment, together with the rendering of a certain homage to cultural and other serious purposes, provided the key note of the programmes. But once the government began to assume varying degrees of control, the new and undeniably formidable features of broadcasting which we are now discussing began to show themselves. In many countries to-day, including some of the most important European countries, broadcasting is either a state-owned and managed service, or is meticulously controlled in all its activities by the state authorities. The United States of America provide the only important example of practically complete absence of state control, or, even, of organisation. In our country and in the three great overseas British dominions, Canada, Australia, and South Africa, we have discovered the happy mean of the public utility corporation, which is a typically British institution, and combines in a really remarkable manner the trusteeship of public interests with the advantages of free and unfettered individual initiative. It is true that in both Canada and Australia commercial broadcasting exists side by side with the national broadcasting corporation operating under government charter; but in South Africa recent developments have left broadcasting in the hands of corporations of the same type as the British Broadcasting Corporation.

The political implications of these differences in the control of broadcasting operations are, of course, seen



most clearly in the news bulletins which are put out in the different countries. Where broadcasting is a state service or is completely controlled by the government, the broadcasting of news is one department of the work of the national ministry of propaganda. In the United States and in other countries where commercial broadcasting exists, the news is not subject to state control, but is compiled with a view either to tickling the public's palate or to suit the opinions and political objectives of the commercial interests concerned. News broadcasts in the United States, for example, contain every day items which would never have the remotest chance of appearing in one of the B.B.C. news bulletins—such items as the tabloid newspapers splash on their front pages. Or, if the item of news in question is a serious one dealing with foreign policy or some first-class matter of domestic policy, it can be coloured and biased in a manner unthinkable to us in this country. It is perhaps inevitable that all broadcasters should think that their own system is the best, but the world-wide consensus of opinion as to the peculiar merits of the B.B.C.'s organisation and programmes does at any rate give some sort of foundation for our own British belief in our own system, and certainly in regard to the news bulletins, the policy is clear and unmistakable. The B.B.C. are the trustees of the interests of their millions of licence-holders, who range in political opinion and interests from the extreme Right to the extreme Left. The greatest possible degree of objectivity, therefore, in the selection and presentation of news is the ideal and any serious shortcomings in respect of its attainment would not fail to be brought to notice by the sections of opinion concerned, either through their representatives in Parliament or in direct correspondence with the B.B.C.

These differences in the kind of news bulletin put out in the different countries need to be still further stressed because of their great psychological importance. National policy, and the degree and kind of influence exercised by a nation in international affairs, depend in the last resort on the mental and moral qualities of its nationals, and the degree of knowledge which they possess. For good or evil, mass production in ideas and information is going to be one of the features of the world's mental and spiritual

life, just as mass production in industry is one of the features of its economic life. It is inevitable that broadcasting, the films, television, and, to a steadily decreasing degree, the Press, shall constitute the main educational influences of the future. And again we must refer to the difference between broadcast, televised, and filmed news and all other kinds of programme material. Mass suggestion can and will be increasingly applied by means of broadcast talks and filmed or televised scenes, plays, and the like. Already broadcasting plays an important part in education in every country, and one has only to consider how it is used in certain countries on the Continent to appreciate the possibilities of more or less complete standardisation of thought and knowledge in the future, if certain lines of policy continue to be followed.

Earlier in this article we saw that any expression of opinion or even the presentation of certain facts in broadcast talks tended to produce hostile reactions in the mind of part, at any rate, of the audience. It might be asked, therefore, if the dangerous psychological results foreshadowed from possible developments in broadcasting will, in fact, come about, since there will be a certain natural resistance to their suggestion in the minds of so many people. The answer to this question is that this resistance exists now because of the kind and quality of the education which the listeners have hitherto enjoyed. In this country and, in fact, in practically every civilised country until very recent years, the educational system has been such as to stimulate independent thought and self-expression. But if in future the system of education and all the influences to which the growing minds are subjected are such as to lead to atrophy, more or less complete, of independent thought and individual self-expression, then the minds of the public in the countries concerned will be simply blank tablets on which the state authorities can write whatever they choose. This vision is not mere fantasy, for so far as we can see it does seem to be the policy of certain governments to reduce the mass of the population to the position of morons, thinking, acting, and living generally according to the will and ideas of those who hold the power in the state. Certain passages in Mr Aldous Huxley's 'Brave New World' do not look so utterly fantastic to-day as they did when the

book was first published. However this may be, we can certainly expect still further growth of this process of standardisation, so to speak, of thought and opinion. And, if there is to be no independent objective news service, the situation becomes still more serious. We have already referred to the much greater impact which news makes on the mind, in comparison with any other form of information or exposition, because a news item is, or ought to be, a statement of something that has happened in the world—something which is not open to question and which cannot be denied. Now, however completely moronic a mind may have become, there must still be some capacity left for the reasoning power that is of the very essence of a mind. The habit of using this capacity may certainly have been dulled or drugged into quiescence, but it can always be reawakened, and the action of a genuine news service is the ideal agency for this purpose. News honestly presented must inevitably be a continuous counter-suggestion to the special pleadings of the state authorities in charge of broadcasting. We all know how theory can be destroyed by one unpleasant little fact, and the constant battering of hard facts on the psychological defences against the truth raised in the manner we are now discussing must in the end break these defences down.

This argument becomes all the more important when we remember that young people, and even children, are taking the greatest interest everywhere in broadcast news. In this country we have already plenty of evidence to show that schoolchildren listen regularly to the B.B.C. news. A very interesting letter was received by the writer of this article some months ago from a housemaster in one of our great public schools, informing us that he had just discovered that some of the senior boys had got out of bed after hours in order to listen to our late news, and write it down in the form of a news sheet for their companions. On discovering this practice, the housemaster had very wisely regularised it. Still more recently—in the middle of last November—a popular film paper gave some results of an inquiry conducted in certain thickly populated quarters of London into the listening habits of people of the working classes. Children were consulted, and with them the news was found to be a favourite part of the programme. It is impossible to

deny that high importance must be attached to the popularity of the news service among the rising generation. They are receiving impressions and gaining information which will have great influence on their mental development and their opinions and characters. In a word, broadcast news services are training our future citizens in the way they should go. This experience is, of course, not peculiar to this country, and so we see again how difficult it is to exaggerate the importance of broadcast news. Quite recently we have witnessed the rise of broadcast news bulletins in languages foreign to the country of origin, these bulletins being broadcast, of course, for strictly propaganda purposes. It is not easy to assess the influence which such propaganda broadcasts have, but it is obvious that they can at any rate have some influence, however slight, in the formation of opinion in the countries and among the people to which they are addressed. Also it is too early yet to say whether this kind of news broadcasting will become a permanent feature of broadcasting activities. Except among the ignorant or incautious, or, indeed, among those already inclined to favour the opinions and the point of view expressed by such propaganda broadcasts, it seems unlikely that any great impression can be made. Perhaps in the end those responsible for broadcasting news in foreign languages may come to the opinion that the results are not commensurate with the expense entailed, and that the inevitable suspicion which must fall on all their other broadcasts may leave them in the end with a net debit balance. However this may be, there can be no doubt that the broadcasts of those countries which do not indulge in this form of propaganda, and particularly of Great Britain, inspire far greater confidence and have much greater prestige than those of the countries we have been discussing.

All serious students of affairs, when they examine the considerations displayed in this article, will want to know something about the effect of broadcasting news on the newspaper press. In this country at any rate, the Press is justly accounted one of the chief pillars and ornaments of our political system and one of the mainstays of our personal freedom; and, indeed, the independence of the Press from official control is one of the most powerful

safeguards of liberty which can be imagined. We have already seen that the British broadcast news also enjoys this freedom, and so far as this side of the matter goes there is no conflict between the B.B.C. and the Press. But it cannot be denied that there has been, and still is, a good deal of misgiving on the part of the Press concerning the B.B.C.'s news. At first sight it seems as though broadcast news must be a rival to the newspapers, and this *prima facie* view of the matter has been accepted by a large number of people. But experience has already shown the truth that broadcast news is the ally of and complement to the best newspapers. This is particularly true of the morning newspapers, and it is so also of the evening papers. The first broadcast news bulletin is not given until six o'clock, when all but the very latest and the special editions of the evening papers are already on sale. Further, the longest news bulletin, shorn of its weather forecast, S.O.S., police messages, and the like, amounts in length to a little more than one column of 'The Times.' Clearly, therefore, the function of a broadcast news bulletin is to give the public the essence of the most important and noteworthy news of the day. In other words, the broadcast news bulletin is a guide to the next morning's newspapers. This has been recognised in a very interesting fashion by the 'Morning Post,' which for some months has published a list of news items in the broadcast news under the title of 'Radio News-Box,' indicating the pages of the 'Morning Post' on which these topics are treated. Again, all the leading newspapers have members of their staff listening to the news bulletins in order to make sure that they miss nothing that the B.B.C. deems to be of importance, and also to study the technique of broadcast news. The latter continually draws its listeners' attention to important matters which are to be dealt with in the next morning's papers, and it is a careful chronicler of all notable developments in the newspaper press. It would be a disaster if the Press and the broadcasting authorities were to come into serious conflict in this sphere of the B.B.C.'s work.

Nevertheless, the agreements between broadcasting authorities and news agencies are on similar lines to each other in nearly every country in the world. In particular, the hours between which news may be broadcast are laid

down in most of the agreements with the agencies, but only a few try to limit the length of the number of words. In one or two countries the news agencies themselves prepare the broadcast bulletin, but this will probably prove to be no more than a temporary arrangement. In short, broadcasting is like the motor-car industry, in that its growth and the force of circumstances will free it ultimately from all restrictions—a development which will be speeded-up by the growing conviction of the essential identity of interests between broadcasting and the Press.

But there is one part of the field in which broadcast news and the Press will clash severely and where broadcasting must ultimately prevail. In countries like our own where broadcast news is as free as the Press, the objective presentation of news according to its importance and news value will make the position of the merely sensational or yellow press increasingly precarious, and, in the end, untenable. This is a development which experienced journalists have already forecast, and it is one which all responsible citizens, whether journalists or not, will welcome. It will be seen, therefore, that while the broadcasting of news has a formidable significance in both domestic and international affairs, it is capable of being used for the highest purposes of civic and individual education. We have given reasons for hoping that certain developments of recent months will not be permanent. What is good can be and should be made permanent.

J. COATMAN.



Art. 10.—SIR J. J. THOMSON AND HIS SCIENTIFIC WORK. ✓

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2. Research papers in the *Philosophical Magazine*, *Nature*, the *Proceedings of the Royal Society* and of the *Cambridge Philosophical Society*, 1876–1936.
3. *Beyond the Electron*. Cambridge University Press, 1928.
4. *The Structure of Light*. Cambridge University Press, 1925.
5. *The Electron in Chemistry*. The Franklin Institute : Philadelphia, 1923.
6. *Rays of Positive Electricity*. Longmans, 1913.
7. *The History of the Cavendish Laboratory*. Longmans, 1910.
8. *The Corpuscular Theory of Matter*. Constable, 1907.
9. *Electricity and Matter*. Constable, 1904.
10. *The Conductivity of Electricity through Gases*. Cambridge University Press, 1903, 1906, 1928, 1933.
11. *The Discharge of Electricity through Gases*. Constable, 1898, 1903.
12. *Elements of the Mathematical Theory of Electricity and Magnetism*. Cambridge University Press, 1895, 1897, 1904, 1909.
13. *Recent Researches in Electricity and Magnetism*. Clarendon Press, 1893.
14. *Applications of Dynamics to Physics and Chemistry*. Macmillan, 1888.
15. *A Treatise on the Motion of Vortex Rings*. Macmillan, 1883.

MODERN physics is admittedly one of the greatest intellectual achievements of our busy, energetic age. No one has contributed more to its beginnings and early development than Sir J. J. Thomson. He has been a great master of pure science. For the past sixty years he has lived at Cambridge, as undergraduate and fellow of Trinity College, as Cavendish professor of experimental physics for more than thirty years, and as Master of Trinity for nearly twenty—a busy, dedicated, fruitful life, of great

influence over physicists everywhere and of great value to pure science itself. But it has been a quiet life ; outside of Cambridge and science he is still little more than a name. He is not one of the great ones chronicled in the Press, perhaps because his important adventures have all been in the mind. Last December he completed his eightieth year and there appeared about the same time his interesting book of recollections. An eightieth birthday and the publication of a book of general interest may serve as excuses for some remarks on his work and personality and the life of a scientist generally.

Every country gets the kind of scientists it deserves. In our universities and research institutes and especially at Cambridge and Oxford, where endowments are large, it has long been possible for a man of ability and character to devote his life to the pursuit of pure science. He is just sufficiently well paid as don or professor to steer between the worries of finance and the temptations of wealth. He has many colleagues in safe posts who can help and encourage him. There is a constant stream of young men passing through his classes, the best of whom are anxious to help, and be helped by him. The money for research, though it must always be sought for diligently, can be got from government or industry or private benefactors. The man has no doubt that, safe in his laboratory, working out his ideas, trying this, achieving that, he is one of the most fortunate of people. He can really be himself. He would, quite genuinely, rather be doing what he is trying to do than anything else in the world. If he is granted health of mind and body his main prayer is for insight into nature, for the 'hunch' that will take him in difficulties to the right path and keep him on it. Prosperity, for him, is a rush of fruitful ideas. His reward is that of all creative work ; in this case the joy and interest of spying out God's ways in nature—a great and lasting joy and a remarkably absorbing interest. There are, in addition, other simple, harmless little things to sweeten toil : an increasing influence over the younger generation in things of science, the comfortable professorship, the long vacations, the fellowship of the Royal Society, a gold medal or two, an occasional three months' visit to the United States, with good fortune the Nobel Prize, a few honorary degrees from the Universities, a knight-

hood, and perhaps in the end the Order of Merit and the presidency of the Royal Society.

Outwardly Sir J. J. Thomson's career conforms reasonably well to this pattern. That such a life can be happy and satisfying to the liver, apart altogether from the great influence and value of the work done, he would be the first to affirm. In his eightieth year he can write modestly of himself. 'I realise how fortunate I have been throughout my life. I have had good parents, good teachers, good colleagues, good pupils, good friends, great opportunities, good luck, and good health.' He was born in Manchester in 1856 and before he was fifteen went to Owen's College to prepare to be an engineer. (It is interesting to note that Einstein also began as an engineer.) Owen's College—now the University of Manchester—was then, as now, one of the best colleges in England, with men on its staff like James Bryce, Osborne Reynolds, Henry Roscoe, Adolphus Ward, Stanley Jevons, and Balfour Stewart. Its physics laboratory, where the future director of the Cavendish laboratory tried his 'prentice hand, was, however, primitive and ill-equipped by present standards—a few rooms that nobody wanted in Richard Cobden's house in Quay Street. After five years at Owen's Sir J. J. Thomson entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had been given a minor scholarship at his second try. There he spent most of his time doing the advanced mathematics and mathematical physics at which the examinees of the period were marvellous adepts. He came out second Wrangler (Sir Joseph Larmor was Senior) and second Smith's Prizeman in 1880, and later the same year, to his surprise, was elected a fellow of his college. In 1881 there was a chair of physics vacant in Manchester for which Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Schuster, and he were candidates. The choice fell on Schuster. It is interesting to speculate where physics would be to-day had Sir J. J. Thomson returned to Manchester then and remained there. But he did not. Three years later, in 1884, after he had been doing experimental work for a few years only, the Cavendish professorship at Cambridge fell vacant through Lord Rayleigh's resignation. An effort was made to get Sir William Thomson (afterwards Lord Kelvin) to fill the chair. He was the embodiment of all that was best in

theoretical physics and an experimentalist of great insight and industry. But he was happy in Glasgow, where he had gone as professor in 1846, and was unwilling to leave. In default of the elderly and experienced William the electors to the chair fell back on the promising and youthful J. J. An elderly don or two growled that things had come to a pretty pass when mere boys were being thrust into chairs, but as it happened, a better choice was never made.

The period 1884-1894 was not an exciting one in physics. It was the end of the long time during which radiation, the ether, and the ideas of Faraday, Clerk Maxwell, and their school were considered all-important. Its great triumph was the discovery of the electromagnetic waves by Hertz in 1887 which later gave us wireless telegraphy. Then the medium and all that pertained to it were everything; molecules and atoms were unimportant and might conveniently be left to the chemist. But from the end of 1895 all was altered. In 1895 Röntgen in Würzburg discovered the X-ray. In 1896 the radioactivity of uranium was discovered by Becquerel, in 1897 the independent existence of the electron by J. J. Thomson, and in 1898 radium by the Curies. These four events heralded the new day. Interest in the ether lessened. Particles of all kinds, and especially the electron and the charged atom, became the new objects of investigation. The abstract ideas which only the best men could understand, or formulate mathematically, were at once replaced by simple, naïve, concrete conceptions which, to the astonishment of the old school, worked. The experimenter with insight into physics, even if he were not a mathematician, came into his own. In the work that was published the rows of mathematical equations tended to give way to the results of the experimenter with his ingenious apparatus. Fresh air had been let into the house of physics. At precisely the time when the right men were needed to follow up the major discoveries the right men came forth. By a fortunate coincidence Cambridge in 1895 had thrown open her degrees to research students from other universities. The Cavendish Laboratory was accordingly able, as it had always been willing, to welcome these new-comers. The colleges gave grants or scholarships and eventually fellowships, when they

could, to the most promising of these. A little earlier, a providential increase in money to assist research students without private means had been general in the universities, so that often a researcher coming to Cambridge brought with him the wherewithal. The most famous of these endowments were the scholarships financed by part of the surplus from the Great Exhibition of 1851, which were distributed among colonial and dominion universities and the modern universities at home, one for each university every year. Men of ability in science who might have languished in subordinate posts through lack of opportunity were thus enabled to research in the great universities of Europe and by proving their metal become set up for life.

No one played a greater part in ushering in this renaissance of physics than Sir J. J. Thomson. His work on gaseous ions and his discovery of the electron, in which his ten years' work in electricity culminated, had opened up paths which could be immediately explored by the young men. At Cambridge at that time he was the right man in the right place. The fact of the electron showed that the 'indivisible' atom could be divided, and hinted that it had a structure. Most important of all, he and Lord Rutherford gradually realised that in the revelation of this structure lay the key to everything in physics. The properties of the atom would explain those of matter in bulk; once you knew the atom you would eventually know the whole show. The electron, moreover, was such a simple thing—once it had been found. It made many strange things plain. Valency in chemistry has since been interpreted entirely in terms of electrons. Had there been no electron in matter half the understanding and three quarters of the interest in present-day chemistry would never have existed. The nature of electricity itself began to be understandable. Before the days of the electron it used to be averred that an electric charge was nothing more than a 'state of strain in the ether.' An electric current, instead of representing the passage of anything definite down a wire, corresponded merely to a continuous 'slip' or 'breakdown of a strain' (whatever they were) in the medium within the wire. One sympathised with the great Lord Kelvin, of whom it used to be said that he knew everything about electricity

except just what it was. The electron came in time to complete his education. Industrial applications of the electron began then and have since become legion. No electron, for example, no valve in radio ; consequently, no broadcasting as we now know it.

By 1898 the number of researchers in the Cavendish Laboratory had risen to about twenty. It increased to about thirty at the beginning of the century and except during the War it has never decreased. Those who worked in the period 1895-1900 may be pardoned for believing there was never a time in the laboratory like then. It was certainly a great time. Professor J. S. Townsend, one of the early researchers from outside, specialised in the properties of gaseous ions and soon made an independent name for himself in that field. Lord Rutherford, from New Zealand, after doing pioneer work both in the detection of wireless waves and on gaseous ions, branched into the new science of radioactivity and has since made it quite the greatest things in modern physics. Professor C. T. R. Wilson developed his 'cloud-chamber,' one of the most useful of all instruments for detecting swiftly-moving particles and, in itself, one of the most wonderful and original things ever invented. Professor O. W. Richardson developed the work which became known as thermionics, of great practical as well as theoretical importance. In the period 1895-1900 more than a hundred research papers from the Cavendish Laboratory were published.

In the period 1901-1914 Sir J. J. Thomson's work was divided between research on atomic structure and positive rays and the application of the theory of electrons to chemistry. He received the Nobel Prize for physics in 1906, was knighted in 1908, and received the Order of Merit in 1912. In 1918 he resigned the professorship he had held for thirty-four years on his election to the mastership of Trinity College. From 1916 to 1920 he was president of the Royal Society. Perhaps the most interesting discovery he made in this period was that of the existence of two forms of the gaseous element neon. He showed that some of the atoms of neon weighed 20 and others 22. The excitement which this observation might have caused in scientific circles was lessened by the fact that this new property of matter had been



observed amongst the very heaviest of atoms—those which are radioactive. But the merit of the discovery was in no way lessened by this fact. Sir J. J. Thomson's work owed nothing as regards either idea or technique to that done in radioactivity. It was merely a coincidence that independently and about the same time a new property of matter had been found by entirely different techniques in a light atom and in heavy atoms—the property that one and the same element could have atoms identical otherwise but different in mass. In the sequel Sir J. J. Thomson's discovery proved to be the bigger thing because the common elements to which his technique was eventually adapted are so much more numerous than the radioactive ones. In the capable hands of Dr F. W. Aston the technique was so improved and adapted that the 'isotopic constitution' of nearly all the common elements was eventually investigated—one of the great pieces of research in physics since the War.

The greatness of a physicist to-day lies mainly in the quality of his insight into nature. What is wanted for progress are not some really clever or highly imaginative ideas of nature but, so to say, God's ideas of nature. It is probably true that in science, at least, not every road leads somewhere. He is greatest who is visited oftenest by those 'hunches' which, in the event, lead to the only right path. The really great man has a feeling about what he is coming up against before his quarry is yet in sight and can take the significant step at the critical moment. He can distinguish more easily than others what is important, what trivial in ideas and results so that neither time nor pains are lost in following roads that lead nowhere. He must have courage to break away from what has been cherished and accepted when he honestly feels he should. He must, at other times, have the imagination to read new meaning or a richer content into the old without formally breaking with it. And he must be able to design experiments to test his ideas and see what is vital in the results he gets. All these qualities in different degree are Sir J. J. Thomson's. It is one of his observations, moreover, that nature is always more wonderful than the most imaginative of investigators thinks. While he urges, therefore, the development of the imagination in researchers he warns them always to be on

guard not to miss the hints that nature drops ; the accidental discovery which opens up new paths is too precious a thing to be lost. He has never been a believer in whole-time research in pure science. It is well for most people that they do some lecturing or demonstrating for a small part of the day so that the mind can keep elastic and rest. Too much concentration on a theme may be definitely bad. The best ideas, it is his experience, come at odd times and unexpectedly—though, of course, as the result of previous hard thought. It may surprise some to know that although Sir J. J. Thomson has initiated so much beautiful experimental work and been for so many years professorially an experimentalist he is not personally a great experimenter. He has never professed to be one of those skilled people who are good at glass-blowing, expert with recalcitrant instruments, good with their hands, beautiful manipulators. He, of course, has always designed the main lines of the apparatus to test a point and taken observations with it when it was ready, but the details of the apparatus, and getting it to work, have been left in the hands of capable and devoted assistants. The director of a large research laboratory can be an inspiration to the researchers in it simply by being there. Sir J. J. Thomson has avoided that tempting method of direction which consists in keeping away from the laboratory as much as possible, however well the time spent elsewhere may be employed. He has not been the first to arrive there in the morning, but has usually been one of the last to leave at night. During working hours he has always been willing to help or advise or discuss. When he lectured he lectured in his own way. He was never one of those ‘good’ lecturers, with a perfect script or card-index before him, who began his finished elocution promptly on time and ended the last of his Johnsonian periods as the bell rang. He sometimes began late, but, unlike Charles Lamb, atoned for this by ending later still. He was a splendidly inspiring, extempore lecturer for the better men, though not good for the dull or lazy ; the lectures were not always useful for examinations, but were good for everything else. This hardly needs justification because he is convinced that the chief end of lecturing on science is not to inform but to arouse interest. Once the interest is there the student can go ahead in his own

way. When he did experiments in class they were not beautifully finished demonstrations. But they worked. You saw what it was intended you should. The vital part of the experiment or demonstration was right, however haphazard or casual the rest may have been. This is, of course, all in the Cambridge tradition. Researchers in physics there have long been famous, in story, for that kind of apparatus which is best described as a 'rum un to look at but a beggar to go'—the essential parts held together by sealing wax, pieces of wire, plasticine, and string.

The book of reminiscences published at the end of last year will be read with pleasure by all who admire and love its author. It should make a wide appeal also to those who would like to know, so far as one can from a book, one of the great men of our time. It is the more welcome because men of science so rarely write autobiography. A small part of the book is highly technical, and so for scientists only, but the greater part of it is everyone's reading. It reveals a charming, generous personality, a keen observer of human nature who throughout his triumphant career has remained quite unspoilt. It brings vividly again before those who know him the gentle, easy-going, characteristically untidy, characteristically absent-minded figure, who loves simple things like gardening or walking in the country or watching Rugby football or listening to good stories. Some of those he tells here are so good, and so admirably related, that the reader cannot help wishing there were more. For example: 'A friend came in as I was using a microscope my father had given me. I showed it to him, plucked a hair from my head and put it on the slide and told him to look at it; he did and seemed very much interested, much more so than I had expected, for he was not very intelligent. He kept screwing it up and down, I thought perhaps the hair had been blown away. So I said, "Can you see it?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I can see it. It looks big enough, but I can't see the number on it." "Number," I said, "what number?" "Well," he said, "it says in the Bible that the hairs of our head are numbered, but I can't find any number on this."' Or again: 'One of my pupils at this time was Eldon Gorst, who subsequently became High Commissioner for Egypt;

he was a candidate for the Mathematical Tripos and took a First Class in it. His motto was "Thorough." When he came back at the beginning of the term in which his Tripos took place, he mumbled so that it was only with the greatest difficulty I could make out what he was saying. I asked what was the matter, and he said that all his life he had suffered from toothache and was determined that he would not be hampered by it in the Tripos, and so had had every tooth in his head taken out; as his gums were not yet healed, the plate could not be put in, and so he could not articulate properly.'

One of the interesting things in the book is the account of notable men in Manchester and Cambridge whom the author has known. There are admirable pen-pictures of men like Roscoe, Henry Sidgwick, W. H. Thompson, A. E. Housman, the Indian mathematician Ramanujan, and the philosopher McTaggart. There is a happy description of McTaggart as a strong supporter of an Established Church because it roused the antagonism of Dissenters and so weakened the influence of religion on the policy of the country—a good thing in McTaggart's opinion. Again, the reader would have liked to have had more. The author decided, however, not to extend these sketches to men now alive except in description of their scientific work. Someday perhaps, we hope, he will alter this decision. More than seventy of his pupils and students have held, or are holding, professorships, twenty-seven have been elected to the Royal Society, five have won Nobel Prizes and one, Lord Rutherford, his successor in the chair of physics, has received the Order of Merit. There is much we should like to know of some of these on the human and personal side, as they appeared to a keen and sympathetic observer, before they had achieved success or had any idea that one day in science they would be famous.

Readers who think of a specialist scientist as entirely a specialist may be surprised at the width of Sir J. J. Thomson's interests. To much of the phenomena which borders on that of science his attitude is sympathetic and critical but not carping. Like that very great man, the late Lord Rayleigh, he was interested in the supposed supernatural exploits of the Italian woman Eusapia Palladino in the 'nineties, and assisted at séances. Unlike

Sir Oliver Lodge, however, he was quite unconvinced by anything he saw happening. He has some sympathy with dowers and water-diviners and bids us reserve judgment yet awhile on their mysterious exploits. He is prepared to be convinced also of the reality of short-range telepathy, with much of the evidence for which he is impressed, although he does not think the evidence is yet decisive in its favour. He has no doubt, however, that if telepathy at short range could be finally established it would be a very important event in science.

A few sentences, aphoristic rather than true, may briefly indicate some other things suggested by this life or discussed in the book. 'In physics mathematics is a good servant but a bad master.' 'No one but a blockhead ever researched except for fun.' 'Great scientists are all great in the same way; the difficulties each has overcome are never the same.' And truest of all but hardest to believe: 'Progress in science is progress towards simplicity.' As we leave this delightful book and try to realise for a moment the immense amount of creative work in the scientific achievement of this happy life some words of Wilfrid Blunt's flash into mind:

He who has once been happy is for aye  
 Out of destruction's reach. His fortune then  
 Holds nothing secret, and Eternity,  
 Which is a mystery to other men,  
 Has like a woman given him its joy.  
 Time is his conquest. . . .

A. S. RUSSELL.

**Art. 11.—THE FUTURE OF BRITISH BIRDLIFE.**

How man can control or help the future of birdlife in the British Isles by means of sanctuaries, laws, and other methods is a subject that is both important and interesting, for no other kingdom is so ideally situated for bird-study as the British Isles, with 516 bird forms on the British list, a considerable number of birds from North and Central Europe seeking its milder climate during the winter months, and American stragglers from time to time reaching its shores from the Atlantic or the Arctic routes. Almost everywhere there is a sympathetic attitude towards the subject of birdlife ; indeed, as Charles Kingsley described it in one of his essays, it sometimes rises almost to a worship amongst us, and no other country has such a national characteristic for bird interest as has England. Yet we must not overlook the sporting interest, which is often prejudiced against the bird sentimentalist of the towns and vice versa, or that in the post-war years game-keeping has reached an unrivalled standard in this country. Since the passing of the Game Act of Great Britain in 1831, partridges have increased over two hundred per cent., pheasants over one thousand per cent.; the goshawk has been exterminated as a wild bird in our woods, the kite driven to the secluded cwms of the Radnor-Breconshire border, and the hobby, sparrowhawk, and raven considerably reduced in numbers. Each of these two main interests in British birdlife—the sentimental protectionist and the sporting type—is frequently obsessed with a perverted outlook on the matter due to a very limited experience of wild life. The sentimentalist appears to have but one solution to the problem of the future of British birds ; namely, the creation as a ‘ birds’ sanctuary ’ of every possible piece of land that can be bought, begged, or borrowed, irrespective of its value to birdlife, and a wholesale campaign against ‘ egg-collectors ’ and gamekeepers, who are considered the only dangers to our birdlife. On the other hand, the sporting element desires the ruthless suppression of everything feathered or furred that is even suspected of being ‘ vermin,’ or in the slightest way damaging to or hindering the numerous game and sporting birds of the countryside.

In addition to these elements, there is a minority of



experienced field ornithologists, who are broadminded on those controversial matters, who have a fairly shrewd idea of how best we could help the future of British bird-life from their own intimate acquaintance with the changing conditions of the countryside. There is no doubt that these changing conditions—the increasing suburbs, with their little back gardens, multiplying a certain type of birdlife on the edges of those towns, built over the old rural districts, the draining of marshes, the levelling of coastal sand-dunes for promenades and bathing-pools, the increasing sewage-farms on the borders of the cities, wire fences replacing farm hedges, the breaking-up of manorial estates, the felling of deciduous woods and the increase of pine-woods, the greatly developed mechanisation of farm-life, that has affected corncrakes, partridge, and quails with its closer cutting of grass and corn; the decrease of *Zostera marina*, the main food of wildfowl, around our coastal rocks and flats; overhead cables that so often ‘wire’ birds in flight—combine to make intervention necessary to help the future status of birdlife in our country. Because of this we can no longer regard the teaching of the older generation that Nature is best left alone, for once the natural balance is upset great difficulties arise.

The natural balance has already been upset by the interference with the natural haunts of birds by the very necessary developments of modern civilisation, and no sensible people could condemn the bringing of cheap electricity to farmers, the better housing of the people, or the improvement of roadways; we must accept the new conditions and try to help birdlife to accommodate itself in the changed order of things. As it is, birdlife has so accommodated itself surprisingly well. At the British Museum, the London Monument, and Glasgow gasworks, hordes of starlings have made use of such buildings for their winter roosts, usually found in rural woods or reed-beds. At Leicester post-office and in trees in Sackville street, Dublin, pied and white wagtails have made their roosts in the midst of busy cities. Many small birds have shown no reluctance to inhabit the modern suburban fringes of the towns, where small back gardens are provided in place of the dirty brick backyards of Victorian housing schemes. Rare waders have made

remarkable use of the sewage farms so necessary in modern sanitation, even when these places are beside busy towns.

Some of the other modern problems, as the lighthouses, waste oil at sea, road traffic, and overhead wires, take birdlife that can hardly be saved. In regard to the lighthouses, where mortality amongst bird migrants crashing against the light occurs chiefly on stormy or misty nights and against flashing white, not red, lights, the only remedy seems the provision of bird perches, as already provided on the balconies of half a dozen English lighthouses. The production of any anti-glare glass eliminating the ultra-violet rays, as recommended in France, hardly seems useful, in that the recent floodlighting of city buildings has brought damage to birdlife, especially to starlings and thrushes. In the campaign against the damage to birds by waste oil at sea, which has now become an international problem and has caused injury to these so far away as New Zealand and Japan, as well as in the North Atlantic, bird protectionists have overlooked the menace of the increasing pollution of our freshwaters, especially in the north, where refuse tipped into ponds and lakes and factory effluents put into the rivers not only damage fishlife but reduce such aquatic haunts of kingfishers, moorhens, water-rails, dabchicks, dippers, and some of the diving duck. Only the National Federation of Anglers and those angling clubs who keep waters pure by renting them are making any appreciable effort to remedy the trouble. Despite the publicity given to the deaths of birds caused by motor-traffic at week-ends and holiday time and by overhead cables, such an effect is negligible on the bird population of any area, and the birds killed are chiefly inexperienced young of the year, which in any case would have been reduced long before the next year came round.

The natural changes in the countryside have also affected birdlife. The increase of starlings has brought serious competition to such hole-nesting birds as woodpeckers, whose nesting places they usurp. The spread of bracken and birch over many northern heaths and moors has reduced the haunts of curlews, grouse, golden plover, and ring-ouzel in many districts; the increase of black-headed, lesser black-backed, herring, skua, and other gulls, also of carrion crows in Wales, has brought

serious competition to terns, eider duck, greenshank, and many more birds, whose eggs and chicks are readily taken by those predacious birds. Unfortunately the bird protection societies have too few practical field-naturalists on their committees to realise that these things are a more serious danger to many bird haunts than are human egg-collectors. I have had a great deal of experience with bird protection bodies, and while I agree that much of their work is admirable and valuable and their ideas are in many cases well meaning, if a little astray from facts, their almost usual failure is that their actions are guided too much by the need of satisfying their big subscribers and their propaganda for more funds, which are chiefly drawn from sentimental women in towns who are out of touch with birdlife. While they vehemently attack egg-collectors, bird-snarers, amateur taxidermists, and similar dangers to birdlife carried on chiefly by working-class people, they almost ignore the destruction of rare birds-of-prey by game-keeping interests, because most of their big subscribers have interests there, and their committees and vice-presidencies are filled with people who have little more practical experience of birdlife to-day than the average girl-guide or schoolboy, but are placed there for the glamour of their names or the value of their donations. I am not supporting egg-collecting or condemning game-keeping, but merely showing how, on discovering these one-sided policies of various societies, one can no more appreciate their genuine value of birdlife than the visitor to a banquet given by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds the other year, who noticed on the menu the item of roast chicken. The British Empire Naturalists' Association steers a clearer course, but is handicapped by the lack of large subscribers and legacies.

Thus, with such brief review of the conditions necessitating intervention to help or control the future of birdlife in this country, we may consider the methods at present adopted or advocated. Foremost of these is the bird-sanctuary idea; but again birdlife has not gained its full share from this because sentiment has exceeded experience in carrying out the programme of bird sanctuaries in every possible place. It is not that we have too many bird sanctuaries, but too many of the wrong sort; and any future development in this line should be

to adjust the balance. At present by far the majority of our sanctuaries cater only for common woodland or garden birds, and while they have certainly increased black-birds, song-thrushes, blue-tits, great-tits, robins, and wrens, they have also increased the numbers of house-sparrows and starlings. We have far too many little suburban bird sanctuaries where shooting is not normally carried out and the only danger to birds is the domestic cat. We could well do with more sanctuaries in the middle of towns and cities, especially in the slums of great cities, like the Liverpool Cathedral Wild Birds' Sanctuary in the heart of city slums and eight miles from open country. Here, in an old cemetery below the great cathedral, a dozen nesters and twenty species of bird visitors are attracted by the use of food-tables, water, and berry-bearing shrubs and trees. Thousands of birds migrate over cities, where the lights at night attract them, and many come to rest if some suitable sanctuary, like the one whose official records I keep at Liverpool, is available. Water and sheltering foliage are essential to such sanctuaries, much more so than bird-tables covered with bread crumbs. We have a number of sanctuaries for nesting seabirds, chiefly terns, but few sanctuaries for birds in winter, to protect them from undue shore-shooting. The Dungeness scheme was a rare opportunity to provide an ideal sanctuary for summer nesters and winter visitors; but, as Mr R. B. Burrowes has told me, the treatment given to his scheme and his great personal sacrifice was, to say the least, distressing. Many tidal estuaries, marshes, and similar parts of the coast haunted by large numbers of birds, especially in the autumn passage of waders, would make much better bird sanctuaries than some of the costly experiments that have been indulged in by certain societies. At Hilbre Island in the Dee Estuary, for instance, the only rocky piece of coastland between the Lakeland coast and the Welsh cliffs, the local council's prohibition of shore-shooting has had a wonderful effect on birdlife, which is more numerous now, in species as well as numbers, than ever before, and includes frequent autumn visits of the grey phalarope and regular winter visits of red-breasted mergansers, black-necked grebes, and long-tailed duck which haunt the local marine lake. Thus it forms the

best natural bird sanctuary for waders in the north-west, and when recently I arranged a joint field meeting there between the British Empire Naturalists' Association and the Ornithological Section of the Liverpool Naturalists' Field Club, everyone was impressed by the abundance of birdlife.

It is a mistaken idea that all a sanctuary requires is a few nest-boxes nailed up and a keeper or warden appointed. Too much stress is laid upon nest-boxes. They cater only for birds naturally nesting in holes. Provision should be made for good undergrowth, damp woodlands, woodland pools, evergreens affording winter cover, and for the general protection of all birds from intrusion, necessitating the keeping of the place quiet. Many good bird sanctuaries I know of are spoiled by too frequent visits from officials and large subscribers to the owning society who may know little of birds. A considerable amount of disturbance is done by amateur bird-photographers. Mr Jim Vincent, the keeper of Lord Desborough's sanctuaries for harriers, etc., on the Norfolk broads, and one of the greatest authorities, has insisted that he lost more to the disturbance of bird photographers than to egg-collectors. Other sanctuaries have had a similar experience. I am not prejudiced against bird-photographers as a whole. The experienced ornithologist who knows his birds as well as his camera is not responsible for much of this damage; but unfortunately he is in a minority. Bird photography has become a craze in this country, and is taken up by hundreds who know next to nothing about birdlife and who care nothing, provided they horde a collection of prints or lantern slides of every possible rare bird. There is no difference between a man who suffers the craze for a collection of eggshells of every bird that has nested in Britain and a man or woman who tours the country with a similar craze for photographs of every bird that has nested. The publication of records of rare birds is often condemned—as by the recently formed Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens—for disclosing information to egg-collectors who will descend upon the place in search of the rarity, but in a number of experiments I have made in newspaper and other articles, I have found more bird-photographers than oologists 'tap' me for a

locality, to gain access to it. Indeed, there is hardly a known bird sanctuary which is not annually plagued with bird photographers, some good and reliable, but many unreliable. Some visitors go so far as to use empty camera cases for other than legitimate purposes. In many cases wardens of bird sanctuaries get such small wages that a tip will secure any visitor's access; while at other sanctuaries keepers are absolutely above reproach.

The worst type of birds' sanctuary is that where the official body or committee refuses to allow any reduction of vermin and often loses its rarer bird-inhabitants because of the increase of predatory creatures. In a small town or suburban sanctuary the uncontrolled increase of sparrows and pigeons is the usual trouble, and in a seabird sanctuary that of black-headed or black-backed gulls. Rats and rabbits, weeds, and, where starlings are numerous, elders also require control. Thus it is that some of the most successful 'sanctuaries' for certain birds are the woods and lakes in the care of game-keepers, who in keeping down vermin and prohibiting trespassers protect many smaller birds. In a bird census I have taken, I found woods where game birds were reared usually contained far more chaffinches, wood-pigeons, and small birds in general than those without game, although they possessed fewer hawks, magpies, and jays. Lakes where mallard are put down for game preservation and have had natural cover in the way of plantations along the banks will attract other species of wild duck and other water birds like black tern in August, great crested grebes, and kingfishers much more than the water in a public park, frequented daily by visitors and with no confiding shelter along the banks and little if any aquatic vegetation. For certain species, game-keeping is an asset to the future of British birdlife, although for other species listed as 'vermin' it may be the reverse. Because of the great amount of money behind it, gamekeeping is able to preserve large areas of natural woodland and lakes that otherwise would not be in the countryside. It is often forgotten that the bulk of our woods are preserved for pheasant-shooting, thereby providing haunts for summer warblers and winter finches. Were game-keeping to cease, as has happened when estates have been sold, these woods would be felled for timber and



local birdlife impoverished. It is very well for bird and countryside preservation bodies to talk about national sanctuaries being created in their places, but my experience in endeavouring to save many well-known bird-haunts for preservation in their natural state is that unless the money to purchase them can be provided the campaign is hopeless. Bird protection bodies could never raise the money spent by gamekeeping interests on the preservation of woodlands and waterways in this country.

After bird sanctuaries, legal action is the next most important part of the programme for the future of our country's birdlife. Here there is more difficulty because of the controversy with vested interests—the laws against bird-caging had to fight the bird-food and grain trades; those against waste-oil discharge were in opposition to the petroleum and various shipping interests; those against the shooting of rare birds had to meet the game-protection interests, and so forth. Moreover, it is one thing to pass a bird law and another to enforce it. That truth we have learned with bitter disappointment. The various bird-laws are openly flouted every year; birds scheduled for special protection all the year still are shot, often reported anonymously in the sporting journals and set-up by taxidermists, or, when the shooter of the protected bird is discovered, he frequently escapes legal action under the plea that he did not know what he had shot or mistook it for vermin. Not one policeman in a thousand could identify half a dozen birds on the protected list, and as a great deal of general shooting goes on in the country in the winter, on Sundays as well as on weekdays, there is a constant flouting of this law.

Museums are largely to blame for the shooting of rare birds; for they and private collectors form the chief markets, and some shooters seem to consider it an honour to pile-up a collection of rare bird skins in the local museum. Many such museums are overstocked with skins of certain species, and if a system of exchange could be arranged, so that any museum short of a rare bird could get one of these surplus skins through a central body, like the Museums Association, and all museums made a point of refusing and discouraging the presentation of rare birds whether shot locally or not, they would do much to allay the fallacy that any rare bird is almost

worth its weight in gold. Indeed, the ideal would be to forbid all shooting except for the pot or against proveable vermin by an authorised person. Quite a number of birds, however, meet their deaths in traps. In the Scottish campaign against the muskrat alone, the trapping of 1,085 muskrats caused the deaths of 2,178 moorhens, 101 duck, 23 seagulls, 13 redshanks, 28 snipe, 15 black-birds, and one kingfisher. The trapping of rabbits on the Welsh and other cliffs entails the deaths of many jackdaws, puffins, and red-legged choughs. Polettraps are still illegally used in the wilder parts of Wales, Lake-land, and Scotland, and other birds than crows are caught in the still legal traps used for crow catching. These, however, by the way; for the most destructive method of bird-slaughter in the British Isles is the punt-gun used around the coasts. It is, of course, employed against wildfowl or geese; but often many more birds, especially the rarer waders, are killed in the death roll at a single discharge. I agree that skill must be exercised and hardship endured by the punt-gunner in winter weather working his punt to suitable positions, and that before the War many professional fowlers depended for their living on the sales of big bags of wildfowl. But there are fewer professional wildfowlers now, and except for them it would be well if punt-gun shooting were prohibited. For some years American and European sportsmen have complained of the diminishing flocks of wildfowl (although many species of duck have increased their nesting range in recent years, notably tufted duck, pochard, gadwall, pintail, garganey, eider) and recently an international investigation with representatives of the Ministry of Agriculture, the British Trust for Ornithology, the British Museum, and other bodies has undertaken to study the problem. In discussing the depreciation of bird numbers by over-shooting in the United States, American experts have blamed the introduction from England of the punt-gun. Many, however, have little idea of the colossal slaughter effected by that weapon. If we exclude as unauthenticated the claim to the British wild goose-shooting record of thirty-three punt-gunners who, at a single simultaneous discharge killed 704 geese, while beachcombers later picked up a further 250, with 'hundreds' of wounded birds reported to have got away, there

still are authenticated instances of such slaughter. With one single punt-gun shot on the River Maigue, in Limerick, a fowler got 43 bean geese; on the Shannon another got 96 wigeon; elsewhere 150 golden plover were so shot; while a parson got 60 curlew with one shot in Carlingford Lough, and another man got upwards of 300 dunlin from a swivel gun in Ireland.

Too many of my sporting friends are apt to consider the Arctic as providing an unlimited supply of wildfowl. Fishermen thought the same of the harvest of the sea until, in recent years, the competition for new fishing grounds changed their views. Wildfowl have other troubles than the fowlers to compete with. The decrease of *Zostera marina*, a tidal sea wrackgrass upon which so many duck and geese feed (as from the Dee marshes, once one of the best barnacle-geese haunts in the country), has impoverished many famous wildfowling haunts, and the drainage of many estuaries, marshes, and bogs has altered conditions considerably. There was a danger, in the early days of bird-ringing, for satisfaction to be gained by shooting a ringed bird, and many people increased their activities for these means; but such desire has passed, and now we have more admirable ways of recovering ringed duck, as by Messrs Ingram and Salmon's use of an old duck decoy in Glamorganshire for the study of the migrations of teal. There still is, however, the trouble that the average shore-shooter does not know many of the less common birds and in ignorance shoots rarities that might well be left alone. Often have I found grey phalaropes, ruffs, and other scarcities amongst the bags of fowlers coming offshore or sending their stuff to the market; and when I have drawn their attention to it they have expressed ignorance of the identity. In many ways the bird protection societies are not rich enough to appoint uniformed inspectors, with a sound knowledge of birds, to enforce the bird laws, as with the R.S.P.C.A.'s system for working the laws relating to domestic animals. The newly-formed Association of Bird Watchers and Wardens has suggested something similar by voluntary watchers; but the difficulty here is that in voluntary bird work you get too many fussy people who do not know what they are doing, and while an experienced bird man or shore-shooter is usually

willing to argue with a man or woman who knows as much about the subject as he, nothing but contempt or a sense of insult would result from somebody of limited bird-experience tackling him. The suggestion, by the A.B.W.W., of keeping a 'black list' of suspected offenders against the bird laws, and having their movements watched by voluntary local 'wardens,' is very dangerous. In view of the propaganda and controversy that has raged about egg-collecting and bird protection in recent years, the stigma of being an egg-collector might be serious. Wagging tongues may create many false suspicions; and if, by chance, an innocent man's name got into the black book there might be ground for libel.

The bird laws need to be simplified. If there is to be a list of scheduled birds rare enough or useful enough to require protection all the year on public land, they should obtain equal protection on private land. It is a fact that you can shoot the heron and kestrel in Lancashire, but across the border in Cheshire these birds are protected. From bird study in both counties I have never noticed any difference in their habits there. Likewise with the recent law against the caging of certain British birds, there seems to be no reason why it should have been left possible to cage the little owl, one of our birds which suffers most from small cages in the full glare of light at travelling animal exhibits. I am not suggesting that all bird-caging is cruel. It is obvious that if the plumage of an aviary bird is in excellent condition and the bird healthy and active, it is not suffering from confinement; just as the circus horse is well cared for if its coat is excellent and its actions right. But public bodies could well get rid of the British bird sections of the aviaries in public parks, and substitute corners where wild birds are fed daily, and tamed, in order to teach birdlife to the visiting public. A difficulty with the present legal protection of rare birds is that in many cases the skin is worth more than the maximum fine imposed for its shooting. There are cases where a penalty of £2 is enacted for shooting a bird whose skin is worth £3 or more, especially if it is albinistic or a colour freak.

More valuable than legal protection, however, is the provision of suitable haunts for birds. All the laws possible will never bring the kite back to its former

abundance in Britain unless we gave up our present systems of sanitation and return to a wild vermin-ridden countryside and garbage-littered town life as in the Middle Ages. Gulls, nesting duck, turtle doves, tawny owls, starlings, redshank, and great crested grebes have increased not because of legal protection but because of biological cycles of abundancy and scarcity amongst animals, spread over many years. But the grebes and duck will not colonise many waters, like the reservoirs in Wales, however much they are protected, simply because they are too deep for diving birds to get sufficient food from them. Wildfowl will not come to protected coastal areas unless there is sufficient to eat. Nesting harriers are confined to East Anglia, Glamorganshire, Orkney, the Hebrides, and one or two other places because drainage has deprived them of most of their old haunts, having altered the fauna upon which they relied. Many birds, like the bearded tit and Dartford warbler, never were abundant because there were not enough suitable haunts. If future legislation in the interests of birdlife were concentrated on the provision of more suitable natural haunts for birds or the protection of those already possessed, more success would be attained in increasing or preserving birdlife than the present method of carrying out legal campaigns against minorities. Legal protection sometimes does more harm than good. That for the gulls has been largely responsible for the decrease of the Sandwich and other tern around our coasts. Except for the kittiwake, that legal protection could now be removed; but how could we assure that gunners would not shoot the fulmar-petrel or the terns 'in error.'

There is no doubt that a greater interest in birdlife has grown in the present century than ever before. In the Victorian heyday, when natural history societies had memberships running into thousands, the interest in birds was small, and botany, entomology, microscopy largely occupied the so-called naturalists, who, if they were not shooting-men, followed the hedgehog into winter hibernation, emerging again in the spring. The modern bird-student, however, is different from that in his approach to nature and his methods of study. Essentially he is a bird-watcher where his Victorian counterpart was a bird-collector. The modern field-ornithologist uses field-glasses

or a telescope where his predecessor used a gun. He spends his time chiefly in taking part in nationally organised bird surveys and censuses, in bird photography, bird-ringing, or in concentrated study, elucidating some problem or studying the life of a species; whereas his predecessor spent most of his time in collecting, stuffing, or cataloguing lists of the rare birds he had shot. The modern ornithologist is thus more scientific in his methods, and at the same time his science is not burdened with the often gloomy 'scientific' approach of the Victorian. It is through encouraging the modern methods of bird study that the best help for the future of birdlife can be given, thus avoiding the ignorant sentimentality of what may be called the 'dickey bird' drawing-room or park-promenade order of nature study, and the equally ignorant and selfish personal exploitation of nature. Those natural history societies encouraging the right methods, whether they be modern like the British Empire Naturalists' Association, the British Trust for Ornithology, the Cornwall and Devon Bird-Watching Societies, or older societies re-organised, like the Liverpool Naturalists' Field Club and the Bootham School Natural History Society, are the societies which will best serve in the times of increased bird study and bird interest that are approaching. Young people as well as adults should be encouraged on these lines, and it is to be hoped that education authorities will give ornithology a fairer share of school study than at present it receives.

ERIC HARDY.



Art. 12.—ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, FIRST EARL OF BALFOUR.

*Arthur James Balfour, First Earl of Balfour, K.G.* By his Niece Blanche E. C. Dugdale. Hutchinson, 1936.

SOME recent French literature, tired, as it might seem, of elaborating the too often melancholy theme of the action and reaction of human beings upon one another, has shown a tendency to trace the subtler effect of old houses upon the families connected with them. The notion is, of course, by no means new. The idea of some household god or familiar abiding at the hearth or watching about the threshold of a building with a keen eye upon the weal or woe of its inhabitants has long fascinated the imagination of mankind and doubtless reappears, somewhat materialised, in the vague sense of personality which bricks and mortar, when moulded into form and mellowed by time, are so curiously capable of inspiring. Under the spell of this influence, indeed, the various façades of a great house may seem as the varied expressions of a single face; its windows appear as the stare of some Argus-eyed spectator who has beheld long since all the things that are done under the sun; and its rooms be conceived as the discreet repositories of more family secrets than a very Tulkinghorn amongst family solicitors could in a long lifetime hope to disinter. To walk round such a palace as thus rises into vision is in truth to feel oneself in the presence of moods as transient and uncertain as the glories of an April day. A vertical alignment in the features of the northern aspect may easily convey a notion of severity which the horizontal thrust and smiling Italian arcade of the southern front may as quickly dissipate; whilst the orientation and occidentation of the other two sides of the house will provoke corresponding though by no means identical reflections until the psychology of the building becomes vastly intriguing, in the French sense of that word, not to say actually enigmatic.

It happens that the subject, the author, and the reviewer of Mrs Dugdale's book could all alike have laid claim to possess something more than a casual acquaintance with the particular house that has suggested the

above observations, and to stand in a very similar family relationship to its historic walls. So vitally important, indeed, is this connection with the house of the first of the three persons above mentioned that, but for the tradition of public service maintained by and consolidated in the greatest of its owners, one might conjecture with much plausibility that a prime minister of England, who was subsequently a British Foreign Secretary at the largest peace conference the world has seen, would have remained a Scottish laird, devoted in an acute, amiable, if somewhat amateurish sort of way to philosophical studies and intercourse with intellectual and agreeable friends, and have proved in fact just the kind of man of whom people say that his talents would have taken him further but for a slight indolence of disposition, delicate health, and comfortable circumstances. It was by common consent his maternal tradition and maternal connection that carried Balfour from his first look of weakness to his later strength.

During the decade in which the future statesman was passing out of the seemingly languid, if not lackadaisical, phase of his career as an associate of the Fourth Party into the sternly resolute phase of his Irish secretariate, two children sometimes played together about Christmas-time in the rooms and pleasantries of the great house—two children of whom the younger is the writer of the book under review and the elder its present reviewer. The respective rôles for which circumstance has now caused them to be cast must be reckoned singularly felicitous. To the one, with her inexhaustible fund of vitality, her political interests and personal enthusiasms, not to speak of her keen observation, light touch, and excellent memory, has fallen, as it was most proper it should do, the task of portraying her uncle's character and career; to the other, for whom life itself is no more than a review, the less exalted and less agreeable functions of the critic and the reviewer. The former may well look for compliments and thanks; the latter be well content if he finds indulgence. For, though the spectator in politics as in other things may, perhaps, see most of the game, his frigid commentary cannot but be displeasing to those who either take part as players or whose feelings are so fully enlisted on one side or the

other that every move is a matter of warm enthusiasm and fond expectation.

Publishers, it is true, nowadays do what they may to quicken a critic's slow pulses, and can hardly have ever done more than in the present instance. Lord Balfour's Life, we are told on the wrapper—on the back part of the wrapper of the first volume—is 'the most important biography of all time'; and it seems clear that, if Macaulay, who speaks of a certain writer as possessed of a love for his subject passing the love of biographers, were now alive, he would have to recognise that a new and greater emotion has come into being and that the love of biographers for their subjects has been surpassed by the love of publishers for their books. The reader, then, will appreciate that, after so affectionate a blurb—to use that expressive expression—words necessarily fail a reviewer with, relatively speaking, nothing but cold cream running in his veins; and it seems to me in the circumstances that I might do worse than emulate that anonymous ecclesiastic at a banquet in Wolsey's honour, who, finding his name last upon the list of speakers and seeing that all the language of compliment had been exhausted, contented himself with raising his hands and eyes to heaven and heaving a great adulatory sigh—conduct which, it was generally believed, gave the Cardinal even greater satisfaction than all the rest of the laudation. Nevertheless, an appreciative word or two may yet perhaps pass muster.

The biography hitherto reputed the most important in the English language was the result of one of those happy conjunctions of a personality with great gifts of reflection and debate and a great memoriser of colloquies, and, if it is now displaced, the result will be in some degree due to a similar coincidence. Mrs Dugdale, tame praise as I fear it must seem, really walks in the Boswellian tradition, recording as she does much interesting talk on occasions both small and great, and recording it so skilfully and doubtless correctly that it retains much of the quality of life. For Lord Balfour's conversation was, as all the world knows, well worth the trouble she has taken with it. Though it was not in his nature to wield Johnson's club, he could use a rapier no less death-dealing. I remember watching him once at a

small dinner where the late Lord Finlay was another of the guests and took occasion to elaborate the distinction between Conservative theory and its opposite. Conservatives, Lord Finlay said in substance, did nothing by fits and starts, but caused institutions to evolve gradually after the manner of nature, whereas their opponents took sudden, unnatural ways with things in order to reach their ends. It seemed to me in the retrospect as if I had seen Lord Balfour's hand stealing to a rapier at his side. 'But Death,' he observed, when the speaker paused, 'is quite natural, but also sometimes quite sudden.' The ex-Lord Chancellor was silent.

For all this Balfour was a convinced Conservative, and not the less so that he was a little of the mind of a great lady who epitomised much social and political experience in the advice 'to dine with the Whigs and vote with the Tories.' 'Conservative prejudices,' Balfour observed to Alfred Lyttelton, 'are rooted in a great past and Liberal ones in an imaginary future'; and, with this frank recognition of the large part that prejudice plays in politics of either kind, he brought an unusually detached, penetrating, and conciliatory mind to bear upon the political problems of his time. The resemblance between his nature and that of the eminent seventeenth-century Halifax, which appears in the estimates both of Lord Morley and Lord Tweedsmuir, furnishes indeed a key to his political genius; and there will be found in Macaulay's character of the famous trimmer much that is susceptible of application, almost word for word, to Balfour. They were both men always greater than their offices made them, and perhaps greater also than they always made their offices; and it is vital to any real understanding either of Balfour's position amongst his contemporaries or place in English history to appreciate the fact. He was neither a great Prime Minister nor a great Foreign Secretary and, if he was invaluable at the Irish Office in the 'eighties and at the Admiralty in the Great War, it was because in the one instance his flawless courage in administration and quickness in debate and in the other his detachment of mind and calmness in council were precisely the qualities required in those offices by the Prime Ministers of the day to give effect to their intentions.

So demonstrably true is this analysis that even his Irish policy—those ‘twenty years of resolute government’ with which in idea his name had been so long and favourably associated—was finally abandoned by a Cabinet of which he was himself a member, leaving it to posterity to observe that in politics as in philanthropy *bis dat qui cito dat* is a better working rule than its opposite. His lasting contributions to practical statesmanship were in fact made, not as the head of any department but rather, like his prototype Halifax, as a leading counsellor of the Empire and nation. It is as the first begetter of the Committee of Imperial Defence and the foster-father of the Education Act of 1902 and the Statute of Westminster that he left an enduring mark upon the imperial and domestic policies of his country. It is of a piece with this that his part in the movement towards tariff reform was neither that of inspiration nor of impulsion but of patience and conciliation; and there is no more convincing chapter in Mrs Dugdale’s book than her defence of this much-abused aspect of his premiership. She shows him taking his course dexterously between the Scylla of doctrinaire free-trade and the Charybdis of precipitate protection, holding his party together, letting time work, and giving men leisure to meet the perplexity of new ideas or of old ideas grown new again. Halifax himself could not have ‘trimmed’ more wisely; and the event has been a vindication not only of the width of his judgment but of the wisdom of his way. All things come to those who wait; but Chamberlain was, what his colleague had no cause to be, an old man in a hurry.

The final test of Balfour’s statesmanship cannot, however, be sought by the historian in these directions; for the international events that recalled him to power, after his career had seemed closed by his voluntary retirement from party leadership, made all the rest of his political life appear in comparison trivial. It would be tempting, if time allowed, to stop and correct Mr Lloyd George’s offensive picture of him at the Admiralty languidly lamenting the British losses in the German submarine campaign—an ‘impression’ of her uncle which Mrs Dugdale shows too little disposition to resent. For, apart from the ill-judged wording of the Battle of Jutland communiqué, his Admiralty administration,

though it may suit Mr Lloyd George's book to wish that it were so, is not open to criticism at all in the same way as his administration of the Foreign Office; whilst to the latter the vast importance of the subject makes it desirable that the remainder of this critique should be devoted.

British foreign policy derives from two principal sources—the old Plantagenet policy of friendship with Flanders, and the later policy of Wolsey which, conceived in connection with his ambition to occupy the papal throne, aimed at giving England an influence, somewhat in his time beyond her fighting strength, in the councils of Europe by the creation of a diplomatic balance of power. These purposes had been gradually elaborated, until British policy at the close of the nineteenth century recognised one great commitment—the defence of Belgium—and one outstanding security—an isolation, or if we will, independence which left a British Foreign Secretary free to throw the weight of Britain into either scale of the European balances in the interests of peace. Here was a pattern or purpose that needed a more dexterous hand in execution than perhaps at first sight appears, as may be seen, for example, by comparing the stronger administration of Clarendon with the weaker one of Granville, but it was agreeable to the judgment of both parties in the State and it held its own actually into our present century. A memorandum of which so great an authority as Dr Gooch in his recent studies in pre-war diplomacy can say that there is no more impressive state paper in our recent diplomatic history, shows the system at work in the mind of the last great British foreign secretary just before he relinquishes power.

As a result of the sensible isolation of England in the South African war, men like Balfour and Lansdowne were lending a favourable ear as the century opened to Chamberlain's project of a Continental alliance; and it was in reply to Lansdowne's suggestion of an alliance with Germany that his predecessor at the Foreign Office returned the memorandum of May 1901 to which allusion has been made. The Prime Minister, as Salisbury then was, made two points. England, he said, had no reason historically to distrust the policy of isolation. Only once had she been in grave peril, when Napoleon threatened to get command of the Channel; but, though



she had many allies at the time, they would not have saved her. Weightier than this, however, he went on to observe, was the fact that the English people were so constituted that they would decide for or against war at the very crisis itself and according to their 'humour,' and that any Government which committed them beforehand further than they were prepared to go would be turned out and its pledges repudiated. Therefore, he concluded, 'in common honesty' a British Government could not invite other nations to rely upon British aid. From the position taken up in these shrewd and searching words, Balfour and Lansdowne, whose collaboration as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary in the conduct of foreign affairs was entirely sympathetic, turned away; and from that time to this British policy has never been really sure of itself. The Entente with France, as Balfour's later judgment upon it shows, had better have been an alliance rather than the uncertain thing that it was—a means in Lansdowne's first intention of settling the Egyptian and other old disputes, but in Grey's second thoughts the basis of compromising military conversations, and in Rosebery's keener judgment the sure forerunner of a European war.

The evolution of the Entente with France and Russia plays, however, no part in Balfour's own career; and we must take up the tale of foreign policy again when in December 1916 his hand once more deflects the course of foreign affairs, no longer as Prime Minister but as Foreign Secretary. He came to the Foreign Office in circumstances so peculiar that they affected the whole course of his administration. It was in December 1916 that Mr Lloyd George caused Mr Asquith to resign, and that Balfour took the step which was in some ways the most important, as it is certainly the most contentious, of his whole career, by countenancing what had been done and supporting Mr Lloyd George's action. His conduct, let it be said, was beyond question disinterested, devoid of anything petty or personal, and inspired by the type of patriotism which sees the end as the justification of the means—not, it should perhaps be added, in the true casuistical meaning of that phrase, but in that cruder interpretation of it which passes current. For the means which Mr Lloyd George took to dispose of Mr Asquith

were not compatible with the requirements of Cabinet government and, if they were to be condoned by the historian, would result in the destruction of those loyalties in the absence of which both public and private life become intolerable. No member of a Cabinet can constitutionally work in with the Press to the disadvantage or discredit of the head of the government; and the majority of Mr Asquith's Administration, to give them their due, hoped that in the final round between their chief and his chief lieutenant the latter would meet with his deserts. Balfour, intent upon the European War and indifferent for the time to English conventions, thought otherwise, and condoned in another a course of conduct which it is inconceivable that he should ever have taken himself. His advice prevailed; but there is room to doubt whether it represented the considered judgment of the British people. For Liverpool, who occupied a similar position to Mr Lloyd George in respect of the Napoleonic Wars, and Palmerston a somewhat similar one in respect of the Crimean War, remained in power until what was virtually the end of their days. But Mr Lloyd George fell within a year or two of the Peace, and great was the fall of him. Not all the political crises that have occurred since that time nor all Cleon's efforts to drive the plough of Cincinnatus have availed to bring the fallen minister back to power.

Let us assume, however, that Mrs Dugdale's treatment of this whole episode is morally adequate to the circumstances, and see what light her book throws on certain other aspects of it. The swopping of horses in mid-stream is not generally held to be a desirable measure; as well perhaps because mid-stream is a bad place for estimating mounts as it is for changing riders. It is an outstanding feature of the year at the close of which Asquith fell that, with an adverse current then at its strongest, the riders for the most part became more than usually conscious of one another's infirmities. Balfour had been placed at the Admiralty primarily in order to allow waters, troubled by the splashing horseplay with which Mr Churchill and Lord Fisher had demonstrated their mutual affection, to calm down. He had hardly, however, been there himself for a six-month before his Admiralty administration had got so much on

Mr Lloyd George's nerves that a little backwater intrigue to get him out of it appears, and is only defeated by Asquith's faultless loyalty to friends and colleagues. It is true that Mr Lloyd George explains to Mrs Dugdale that his own efforts had been really directed to supplying Balfour with a post better suited to her uncle's lofty abilities—an explanation which she, perceiving that no such post was at the time available but seemingly unaware that Mr Lloyd George has a taste for Napoleon's conception of history as 'a fiction agreed upon,' recommends to her readers with the mild, yet significant comment that Mr Lloyd George had in the retrospect 'slightly telescoped history.' In fact, Mr Lloyd George would appear to have looked upon Balfour as a piece on the chess-board to be sacrificed or saved as circumstances might persuade. Balfour's own doubts, meanwhile, appear to have centred upon Kitchener, 'a stupid man,' he tells Mrs Dugdale, not in the front rank of organisers, administrators or soldiers and 'only great when he has little things to accomplish.' As to Mr Asquith, Balfour has something to say that in the light of what occurred later is interesting. Commenting upon Asquith's judicial but not suggestive mind, eminent fairness, and admirable temper, as qualities ill-suited to the crisis, he provokes Mrs Dugdale to ask, 'But is he the very best man we could have in the place?' and then replies, 'I tell you, my dear, he would have been all right if he had had a decent War Minister.' Providence, it seems, was not inattentive. Kitchener was presently removed; and a new War Minister, a civilian War Minister such as Balfour had in mind, and in fact the very person that Balfour subsequently backed as the War-winner, went to the War Office, so that the conditions in which Asquith should have been 'all right' were secured. Asquith had thus at the War Office a nature complementary to his own—a nature magnetic, mercurial, dynamic, and neither conciliatory, dispassionate, nor controlled. Yet the War went no better than before. It was Mr Lloyd George's supreme cleverness that in these circumstances, trading upon his very real achievement at the Munitions Office, he managed to shift the whole blame upon his leader, for in all other administrations that have ever been heard of a war minister has had to bear the responsibility of failure.

The legend of Mr Lloyd George's military genius, industriously disseminated by himself, does not, however, appear to have taken in Balfour. 'In many ways,' Balfour writes of him, 'he was probably a very bad War Minister' (II, 170). And, if the test of a great war minister is the capacity to inspire confidence in his commanders or else to remove them, Mr Lloyd George must be reckoned one of the worst, for he neither supported Haig nor removed him. Anyone indeed who wishes to clear his mind from cant on this matter may well pause to consider what would certainly have been said of Asquith if the Passchendaele affair had occurred during his administration instead of under his successor's—how much talk we should have heard of Asquith's inertia, lack of decision, and practice of waiting to see. The truth about this whole much-debated business may well then be no more than that, whilst the engine puffed somewhat louder with the substitution of Mr Lloyd George for Mr Asquith, the speed was not greatly accelerated. And in support of that view I adduce this incident. A friend of mine, to whom I have lately referred what follows for confirmation, happened shortly after the change of Prime Ministers to inquire of one whom the reader must take it from me, since names cannot be mentioned, was both an admirable witness and in an admirable position to form a judgment, how the new government was getting on. The reply was to the effect that, though decisions were more quickly made, these were so inadequately considered as to stand in need of constant revision, with the result that there was no real increase of speed at all.

Let that be, however, as it may, and the major factor in the winning of the War—a factor that Mr Asquith did not by any inertia delay nor Mr Lloyd George by any energy promote—will still be the entry of America with its enormous resources of money and munitions and men. It was here that Balfour, long time an earnest believer in Anglo-American co-operation in world affairs, scored a solid, indeed, a supreme success. Too old in the Prime Minister's judgment for the Admiralty, he had been shifted to the Foreign Office, and within a few months undertook, apparently on his own initiative after a conversation with Ambassador Page, a mission

unpleasant for a bad sailor, dangerous owing to the submarine campaign, and to the last degree exacting in itself. It would be fitting, if space allowed, to deal with it at length, for he proved himself a very great diplomatist; but it does not allow and we must stick to the Eastern hemisphere.

Coming then to the Foreign Office in the circumstances just detailed, Balfour found the Cabinet swept of Asquith's judicial calm, of Lansdowne's large experience, and of Grey's pacific mind, and should have felt his responsibility by just so much increased. For it was no substitute for these losses that the Prime Minister's residence had been garnished with that bevy of youthful talent which amongst the profane went by the name of 'Lloyd George's garden suburb.' No previous Foreign Secretary, perhaps, would have tolerated this singular innovation; but, however that may be, it was plain that the Prime Minister was seeking a more direct influence in foreign affairs than any of his predecessors had possessed. Balfour was, however, now dominated by the idea of giving 'a free hand to the Little Man'; and to this he sacrificed all other considerations. No fact, indeed, so clearly marks his divergence from Salisbury. For Salisbury, as the last article he ever wrote for this Review shows, feared above all things political disintegration; whilst Mr Lloyd George was the very spirit of it—the disintegrator first of the balanced constitution which his Budget did so much to destroy, then of the Liberal party, which he broke into pieces, and lastly of Europe, as was soon to be seen.

Meanwhile the episode of the Lansdowne Letter, with what we now know of its history, throws a curious sidelight upon the reluctance with which Balfour was exchanging the idea of the old Europe for that of the new. Of all Englishmen then living, Lansdowne, as an ex-Foreign Secretary and the maker of the Entente, seemed to possess the best right in a free-speaking country to be heard on the subject of peace negotiations. His views did not, however, reflect those of a leading newspaper at that time; and every effort appears to have been made not only to prevent their publication but to discredit their authority. It was long believed on the strength of an explicit statement in 'The Times' that Lansdowne

had published his opinions without reference to any member of the Government; and, so delicate was his regard for Balfour's position, that the fact that he had in reality been in close consultation with his old colleague came as a surprise even to his own son after his death. It was upon Balfour's assurance that Lord Hardinge knew his—Balfour's—mind, that Lansdowne had submitted his famous letter to the Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and received the comment that its publication would do good. Balfour had not, it appears, made it plain to either of the two that he intended his approval to be confined only to such parts of the letter as he was in full sympathy with, but his subsequent silence, in view of the bitter, not to say brutal attacks upon his old friend, can only be explained, as Mrs Dugdale does explain it, by a strange though not in his case inconceivable ignorance of the particular charge that was being made. It was thus left to Asquith, with his usual courage and generosity, to say a good word for the Lansdowne Letter.

Balfour, indeed, was being drawn further and further away from the wise moderation of Castlereagh—that wise moderation which showed itself as well in the Frankfort and Châtillon proposals of 1814 as in the subsequent peace-making at Vienna—and, by allowing the very idea of negotiation to be treated as an unclean thing, was promoting the belief in a peace by dictation of which the present state of Europe shows the results. His responsibility here cannot be shifted or shared. He, and probably he alone in that Cabinet, had both the knowledge and the authority to insist upon that temperate attitude of mind the merits of which his god-father, Wellington, had, like Castlereagh, so well understood. But his voice was silent, as well in the hour of victory, when Mr Lloyd George turned the fate of Europe into an election-cry, as when Lansdowne first sought the blessing of the peace-makers and in place of it obtained the one reserved for those against whom all manner of evil things are spoken. Not, however, that Balfour's sympathies were at any time with the violence of the new diplomacy or, which was the same thing, of the new democracy. He was not ignorant, like the Prime Minister, of the indispensable services that Austria had rendered to Europe, nor,



perhaps, unaware of what Acton had urged against the narrowing influence upon the character of a state of the principle of nationality. He had, I have every reason to suppose, no use for cheap jokes about ramshackle empires. For I can remember vividly a chance walk with him across St. James's Park, when the War was still at its height, and his saying in so many words that he wished to preserve as much of the old Austria as possible. Nor again, in face of Miss Wedgwood's vivid recollection of his words to Lady Wemyss on the very night before he started for the Paris Conference, can he be thought to have been blind to the perils of the peace-making. 'As I have always told you,' he said in the hearing of these friends, 'it was not so much the War as the Peace I have always dreaded.' In his anxiety, however, to win the one he had, as we have seen, countenanced the expulsion from the Government of those who would most certainly have helped him to win the other; and in the supreme hour, according to his own estimate, of crisis, he stood alone, the only Briton perhaps in great place with the detachment of mind, knowledge of foreign affairs, length of vision, and sufficiency of prestige to have launched a league of nations upon benignant waters and amid favourable winds. There were things, no doubt, that no man could have done in that year of reckoning which was 1919 and in that city of revenge which was Paris. But there was room, with the American President as an ally and the Fourteen Points as a starting-place, for some better effort than he made.

Excuses that we should all desire to see fully recognised can, of course, be urged. He was a tired man, an old man, a man in great need of the recreation that Paris afforded and offered him in such abundant measure. Yet there was one thing clearly that he might have done, and ought to have done as the trusted trustee of his countrymen's interests; and that was to retain his seat at the council-table. He was fully aware of the Prime Minister's insufficiency; he had said of him, not two years before, that 'he did not perhaps adequately gauge the depths of his own ignorance.' Yet without sigh or resistance he permitted the original Council of Ten to be converted into a Council of Four by the exclusion of the Foreign Ministers, and from that time retained no

more hold upon the discussions than the Prime Minister liked to give him, so that at least on one important occasion he possessed no knowledge of an impending vital decision. 'Completely subordinate during the greater part of the time,' says of him the 'History of the Peace Conference.'\* So far had he carried his doctrine of 'a free hand for the Little Man.'

Mrs Dugdale's defence of this abrogation of his functions by the British Foreign Secretary is as inadequate as can well be imagined. She seems seriously to suppose that it can be justified by alleging as a reason the leakage of secret information that was somehow going on at the time. But if the Foreign Ministers of the four or five great Powers concerned could not keep secrets, it is improbable that they could be kept at all, whilst the Council was in the habit of admitting so many temporary counsellors that the Foreign Ministers may quite well have been innocent of indiscretion. In any case, the two things are quite incommensurable. The advantage to be gained by compelling some person or persons unknown to hold their tongues is no asset to be set off against the absence of the British Foreign Secretary from discussions affecting the future of a large part of the world and of many generations.

The ice across which Mrs Dugdale skates in this part of her narrative appears, in this present winter of our discontent, everywhere of the thinnest. The whole argument for Mr Lloyd George's supreme efficiency cracks and crumbles in view of Mr Churchill's strong testimony in his 'World Crisis' to the great acceleration of business that followed Mr Lloyd George's temporary absence in England and distinguished Balfour's too brief control. That short period showed what Balfour could still do; but it passed, the Prime Minister returned, and the Conference completed its design for the new heaven and new earth that the Prime Minister foretold. Under his direction but, as Mrs Dugdale shows, with Balfour's consent, was raised that monument to the fallen—that famous Peace of Versailles—which now lies, all dust and rubble, about our feet. But if the monument to the dead has toppled and crashed, that to

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\* 'History of the Peace Conference,' I, 245 (ed. Temperley).

the statesmen and statesmanship of the time still stands. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*—if you seek it, look around you.

Balfour, we may feel thankful to think, did not live to see the end of these things; and of those who negotiated the Peace Mr Lloyd George only is left. To have emphasised his failure may seem harsh, for age is commonly disarming. But no man has perhaps so often re-armed his critics or thrust so many weapons into their hands; and his recent onslaught on the eminent commander, whom he retained in power and who carried British arms to victory, leaves history free to take its course with him. Mr Lloyd George's responsibility is certainly Balfour's best excuse, yet, when that has been allowed, it must still be added that a Foreign Secretary faithful to the Castlereagh-Salisbury tradition would have insisted that the peace must be negotiated, that indemnities must be moderate and soon discharged, that Germany must take her place at the earliest possible date in the counsels of Europe, that in Middle-Europe there should be left a state strong enough to represent against Prussia the more peaceful ideals of the old Habsburg Empire, and that, as the Editor of this Review at that time used so wisely to urge, Germany should not be wholly deprived of her colonies. And just as a foreign minister of the first order might have been expected to obviate the patent danger in the treatment of Germany, so also the latent one in that of Italy.

For the cynicism of Grey's secret treaty with the Italians, which Mrs Dugdale justly criticises, is no obvious defence for the fresh cynicism of Balfour's attitude towards the pledge given by his predecessor. A promise is still a promise, however unwisely made; and, moreover, Mr Lloyd George had been in the Government—and a very prominent member of the Government—which made it. Italy had been led to expect she would get many things that she never got, including an extension of her African possessions if France and England extended theirs. But Mrs Dugdale's report of her conversations with Balfour shows that, even as early as the year 1917, when he went to America, he felt that the secret treaties 'had no importance.' Coupled with the observation that he must go and 'put on his wading boots,' which so

puzzled his staff at the Peace Conference until he explained that it had reference to an anticipation of Signor Orlando's tears at an imminent meeting, this revelation of his mind will strike a Latin somewhat differently to the way in which it strikes Mrs Dugdale and do something to confirm the Continental idea of 'Albion' as 'perfidie.' Salisbury was often accused of cynicism because he had a habit of looking at men and things as they really are, but we have seen how solicitous he was that England should give no undertaking that she might not be prepared to honour. No similar considerations seem to have governed Grey's pledges or Balfour's discharge of them, yet of no English statesmen of our time would it have been more widely, or in general more justly said that their word carried all the weight that words can ever do.

It needs no saying now that there was never greater need than at the Peace Conference of 1919 for British diplomacy to place itself above suspicion and for British policy to pluck away every root of international bitterness, if the glittering project of a league of nations was to have the slightest real prospect of success. But Balfour, whilst approving the notion of the League, never seems to have brought his mind to bear upon the fundamental problem of reconciling it with that rise and fall of nations which is surely the first fact of secular history. With the French thinking of the new League mechanism in purely static terms, there was nothing more incumbent upon the English and American delegates than to consider how a retrograde or decadent Power was to be tried in the balances and, if found wanting, have its empire taken from it without war or violence. Not perhaps to be solved unless the nations first cease to conceive greatness in terms of territory, and grow, like the Greeks, to see the wealth worth having in the treasures of the mind or, like the Hebrews, in those of the spirit, the question is nevertheless vital, since international police-work, however efficient, can at best do no more than maintain the existing order.

The League, however, has shown no great capacity for thinking deeply nor much sign of trying for any such revision of values as this, and, if Dr Gilbert Murray permitted himself the other day to remind Mr A. A. Milne that other people besides Christopher Robin can be

'very, very young,' it may perhaps be reckoned no impertinence to add that the League is not yet very, very old. Before its strange flirtation with the avowed anti-God Power of the world advances further there is time for Dr Murray to carry it off to college and teach it, if not the confession of Christianity, then at least—what none is more competent than himself to do—the confession of Prometheus :

τυφλὰς ἐν αὐτοῖς ἐλπίδας κατόκισα.

For between the lucid hopes of the one or the blind hopes of the other it will sooner or later be compelled to decide.

Meanwhile, for the present, the inexorable pressure of reality is driving England back upon her old axioms and her ancient anchorage. *Si vis pacem, para bellum* is to be read into the speeches of ministers who a little time ago were rejecting it as antiquated doctrine; and to look to our moat and not too far beyond it is once more the plain dictate of common sense. But if independence, allied with such influence in Europe as our natural place in the concert of the Great Powers may afford us, should appear again to be the last word in wisdom, it will mean that the great episode, which Balfour led by the formation of the Entente and subsequently of the League, is over and that the country has returned to its proved policy of wise but not doctrinaire isolation.

The old house of which we spoke at the beginning of this article would perhaps view the change with no sort of surprise. Beside it and within a stone's throw of it stands a wing of the old palace of the Bishops of Ely where Morton once held his court, and where More as a boy most probably walked and wondered; and if the two buildings ever exchange reminiscences, the elder may well be found to be telling the younger that four centuries ago it had heard talk of a pamphlet by one Erasmus with the title '*Dulce Bellum Inexpertis*,' which upon the accession of Leo X to the papal throne seemed to look for a cessation of wars in all the world. 'But,' the elder sage will add, 'you are old enough to remember what happened—how within a while men began to kill one another again for the sake of their ideals and interests. Nothing in fact ever makes them any wiser. But we needn't bother too much, perhaps, for they have

blind hopes planted deep in their hearts. Only, as there really is a way of doing the thing which they profess to want, it seems a pity they are so stupid that they never see what it is, even after they have been told all about it.' 'Why should you be surprised?' the younger house may be supposed to answer. 'Their ideas are contracting more and more under the influence of the politicians; and I remember, about the time that I was building, hearing that a politician had been defined by a certain Prince of Denmark—a character, I believe, in a play—as "one that would circumvent God."'

Shadows, indeed, men must seem to these their habitations—and pursuers of shadows—shadows as fleet and flitting as those which diurnally chase one another from the western to the eastern wall of the great house! Yet, for all that, not mere shadow-stuff on its way into everlasting shade. There is perhaps nothing more striking in Mrs Dugdale's volumes than the letter which she prints from Balfour to Lady Desborough, affirming his sure confidence that human immortality lies in the very structure of our life and mind. Like Halifax, he had been thought a sceptic, and, as with Halifax, it was far from being the truth! 'I deem a future life,' he wrote, 'at least as certain as any of the hundred-and-one truths of the frame-work of the world, as I conceive the world. It is no mere theological accretion, which I am prepared to accept in some moods and reject in others. I am as sure that those I love and have lost are living to-day as I am that yesterday they were fighting heroically in the trenches.'

On such a note as this the review of a life prolonged beyond the ordinary, and rich far beyond the ordinary in works and merits, yet still always somewhat greater in personality than in achievement, may fittingly conclude. To do justice to the man himself a critique concerned with one or two aspects of his statesmanship inevitably fails. It is the more agreeable to feel that in his biography a full-length portrait of him has been drawn with such felicity as to show, for all the admittedly unprobed reserve behind, an inner grace of being animating that outward grace of nature which all men saw and most had cause to envy.

ALGERNON CECIL.




## SOME RECENT BOOKS.

- The Diplomacy of Imperialism.** William L. Langer.  
**War Memoirs.** D. Lloyd George.  
**Gladstone and his Wife.** A. Tilney Bassett.  
**The Two Mr Gladstones.** G. T. Garratt.  
**Gladstone of Hawarden.** Ivor Thomas.  
**Walter Long and his Times.** Sir Charles Petrie.  
**Men, Movements and Myself.** Lord Snell.  
**Karl Marx: Man and Fighter.** Boris Nicolaievsky and Otto Maenchen-Helfen.  
**Human Life in Russia.** Ewald Ammende.  
**Hindenburg: the Wooden Titan.** John W. Wheeler-Bennett.  
**Fuad: King of Egypt.** Ikbar Ali Shah.  
**Tamerlane or Timur, the Great Amir.** Ahmed Ibn Arabshah.  
**The Harem.** N. M. Penzer.  
**The School of Night.** M. C. Bradbrook.
- The Final Struggle.** Countess Tolstoy.  
**Voltaire.** Alfred Noyes.  
**The House of Longman.** C. J. Longman.  
**Personalities.** A. A. Baumann.  
**A. E. Housman.** A. S. F. Gow.  
**A Short History of India.** W. H. Moreland and Sir Atul Chandra Chatterjee.  
**Rome: Republic and Empire.** H. W. Household.  
**The Spanish Tragedy.** Allison Peers.  
**Years of Endurance.** John R. Muir.  
**High Failure.** John Grierson.  
**The Nile.** Emil Ludwig.  
**No Longer Poles Apart.** Henry Baerlein.  
**Don Gypsy.** Walter Starkie.  
**The God Who Speaks.** B. H. Streeter.  
**Sri Swami Narayana.** Bhai Manilal C. Parekh.  
**La Danse des Symboles.** Saul de Navarro.

A work of essential importance to students of contemporary history has come from America. The result of extraordinary industry of research and of full and careful statement by Professor William L. Langer of Harvard, these two volumes on 'The Diplomacy of Imperialism 1890-1902' (Knopf) comprise an intensive study, fully documented and acute in the judgment of causes, movements, and persons in the dozen years concerned, which, while they cleared away old complications in international affairs, were also the cradle of whirlwinds to come. The personal issues, of course, cannot be ignored and in that time often they were feverish. 'People simply became panicky as they saw the world shrinking. Nothing seemed quite so important as to get everything possible before it was too late, and to allow as little as possible to pass into the hands of competitors'; and it seems that two governing factors in that condition which led to much uncertainty, were the existence of the British

Empire, with many of the best parts of the earth in its possession, and the eagerness of Germany, the last of European nations to enter the colonial field, waiting to grab, impatient to grab, and yet uncertain where to grab from. It is not possible to read these volumes and retain an exalted view of the ends or the means of the statesmen who in all countries have led in foreign affairs. Much of their activities was as base as any huckster's; and often through their cunning or desperation they were overreached. England's particular bogey then still was Russia, whose designs on India by way of Afghanistan were ever-suspect and through their maladroitness and stupidities justifiably so. But the Far East was tending to provide a new counterpoise to Muscovite pressure in the regions of Turkey and the Balkans, as well as in southern and western Asia—Armenia, Persia—wherever the Great Bear could flesh his claws. Japan at the beginning of those years was an unknown and, therefore, ignored quantity. Before those years had passed, however, she had proved herself a first-class power, worthy of alliance with Great Britain and on the threshold of a final victory over Russia. To our own country, this work is not only fair but in its ultimate judgment approbatory. Professor Langer discovers in British foreign policy a sense of reality and a consistency that were unequalled elsewhere; and especially in Germany, where the Kaiser was rollicking in rhetoric and through his excitableness, it is alleged, marring the purposes of his representatives, causing them to improvise rather than to construct. Bismarck was still an outstanding influence, through the effects of his strong policy, though the period covered by this work begins at his fall, and our own Lord Salisbury, with his bent towards 'splendid isolation,' is regarded as the best of the statesmen then at work. He had a sound instinct as to the value of motives and the limited effect of impressionist efforts or short-cuts to glowing ends; but he was benevolent, sincere, and frank—sometimes imprudently so—and generally clear-sighted as to the future. But, says Professor Langer, he was invariably twenty-five years behind-time. Mr Chamberlain also comes into an unexpected prominence, largely through South Africa and the Boers; but his interventions were rather irritating than constructive. 'It was indeed a long call from the



diplomacy on the grand scale of the days of Bismarck.' This is a standard work, and although the years it treats are not of the noblest, they yet were of crucial importance to the future of the whole world.

The fifth volume of Mr Lloyd George's '**War Memoirs**' (Ivor Nicholson and Watson) follows the tradition of its predecessors in ability, lucidity, bias and obsession against the military authorities—with the exception of Foch. We are, therefore, not surprised to read of Haig's 'flagrant disobedience' or 'patently fatuous suggestions,' nor of the 'machinations of the military clique which had thwarted every effort I had made in the War either to equip the Army or prevent a wasteful use being made of the enormous resources of men and material placed at their disposal.' We also are informed that the flight of the Portuguese in April 1918 and consequent disasters 'were entirely attributable to the crass stupidity of a General' [the English General Horne]. French Generals, except Foch, were no better, and as to America we are told of Pershing's 'stubborn intransigence' and 'jealous maintenance of his own authority.' If Mr Lloyd George's interpretation of facts is correct, the reader can only wonder how, almost unaided, he won the War, handicapped as he was by hopeless generals, mediocre colleagues, and rasping political opponents. A writer with a more generous mind and less legally trained in making a case would, we feel, have allowed that the opinions of others sometimes might not be entirely wrong and would not have left this volume so barren, as it is, of a warm appreciation of any one or even of gratitude to those who helped. In places, as the chapter on Clemenceau, the book is brilliant. Mr Lloyd George has shown how able a writer he is. It is doubly disappointing, therefore, that his work, which is necessary to students of the War, should be spoilt with such bitter personal bias.

The Gladstone family have been much in print lately. Three volumes well deserve notice: '**Gladstone to his Wife**' (Methuen), edited by Mr A. Tilney Bassett; '**The Two Mr Gladstones**' (Macmillan), by Mr G. T. Garratt; and '**Gladstone of Hawarden**' (Murray), by Mr Ivor Thomas. The first of these is an interesting but tantalisingly scrappy selection of extracts, jumping from subject to subject and date to date in ways that

at times are bewildering, in spite of the editor's illuminating notes. Gladstone's early letters to his father from Eton illustrate well his precocity, love of ordered economy, seriousness of purpose, and dislike of frivolous waste of time—qualities which were dominant in him through life. There are, of course, many references to politics, concerning which his wife was his absolute confidante—he told her everything and, as he himself wrote, she never 'leaked.' As a whole the letters may be taken as Gladstone in undress, showing his thoughts with no attempt at style or literary distinction, and proving himself to be a man of learning, wide interests, a devoted husband and father, a convinced churchman, and a great Englishman, whatever may be thought of his political actions. Mr Garratt's lucid and well arranged book is intended to show the duality of Gladstone's nature and 'recall such features of his long and complicated political life as have left their mark upon our institutions and upon the minds and outlook of a people.' The work is biography in so far as many biographical facts are included in it, and the whole is treated chronologically; but the facts and events are selective rather than comprehensive, and chosen in the endeavour to show the Gladstonian influence as still living and himself as not 'a rather dull and forbidding figure, typifying much that seems worst in the Victorian era, a social reformer without humour.' The duality of Gladstone's nature is emphasised, perhaps, too often and too much, under the characters of 'Mr Liverpool' and 'Mr Oxford'; the one 'cautious, hard-headed, matter-of-fact, egocentric, with a high sense of duty and self-respect; the other is emotional, altruistic, prepared for self-sacrifice for a cause or ideal, with a deep love of poetry and travel.' After studying Mr Garratt's pages, readers will form their own opinions as to whether 'Mr Liverpool' or 'Mr Oxford' dominated Gladstone's career. Mr Ivor Thomas, in his memoir of Gladstone's third son, Henry, afterwards Lord Gladstone of Hawarden, tells with sympathy and insight the story of 'one whose path lay apart from politics, but who in his own way did notable service, in commercial life in India and at home, in social life and philanthropy, and officially in later years as the Lord Lieutenant of Flint. No one who knew Henry Gladstone could fail to feel for him esteem growing

to affection, and true admiration for one who was a very honourable gentleman, an unflinching friend, a trusted counsellor, a model host, and a man whose religion was no empty parade but the very core of his life.

We pass to two of the lesser lights of politics. Great Britain has always been fortunate in possessing citizens of the character of the late Viscount Long of Wraxall, willing to devote their leisure and energies to her service. Walter Long was not blessed with outstanding qualities of mind or personality, yet his loyalties, strength, and sound commonsense were addressed single-heartedly to the best purposes of his country. How nearly he came to being the chosen leader of the Conservative Party is told by Sir Charles Petrie in 'Walter Long and his Times' (Hutchinson), with a frankness, supported by documents, which should clear away all doubts on that subject, if any still exist. How he would have shone in that exacting position, and to which, as a compromise with Mr Austen Chamberlain, Bonar Law was appointed, is one of the questions that only conjecture can answer. In any case, it may be assumed that he would have done as well as Bonar Law did. Sir Charles Petrie has told with care and fullness the story of the many agitations and vicissitudes in which our country was plunged from the eighties until after the War, and while telling it from Long's point of view, gives incidentally further evidence of Mr Lloyd George's occasional serious irresponsibilities. That, by the way. We see in this volume a little, but not enough, of Long, the squire and the sportsman.

And now for one of the opposite camp. The attractiveness of Lord Snell's personality is reflected in his 'Men, Movements and Myself' (Dent); and that is why the book is readable. Although he followed in his father's footsteps by becoming a farm-hand at the time when Joseph Arch was fighting for the simplest rights of agricultural labourers, then among the most useful and neglected members of the community, he has risen to become a peer; and in that estate wears his robes in modesty. His political path, as well as his efforts in social and ethical movements, were marked by genial persuasiveness; and it is almost strange, as things are, that a man so little pushful and always so decent in his methods of progress should have won to a distinction for which

so many would sell their poor souls. Not that Lord Snell's progress has been made without bruises. Manifestly, he was hurt, when some of his associates in the Labour Party cold-shouldered him, because at the wish of his Chief, and for constitutional reasons, he took the peerage; but such injuries pass and it is pleasant to realise how kindly his views, especially of opponents, are. When the Labour Party split and the National Government was formed, he did not join in the bitter and vulgar verbal assaults on the old leaders that were general among Socialists; while his tributes to Asquith, Bonar Law, Mr Baldwin, and others are generous and discriminating.

It is high time that the world knew more about 'Karl Marx: Man and Fighter' (Methuen); and here is the necessary book. Its authors, Boris Nicolaievsky and Otto Maenchen-Helfen, have made an earnest and generally successful effort to explain the peculiar personality, teachings, and methods of the extraordinary man, the resolute application of whose really unsocial doctrines have caused such immeasurable unrest and unhappiness. They might have shown a greater appreciation of England for granting him a refuge in freedom when the rest of the world closed doors against him; and there is a natural bias which shows itself, for instance, in the partisan account of the French Commune of 1871. But they do bring out well the contradictory character of the man himself. Said one who knew him: 'Think of Rousseau, Voltaire, Holbach, Lessing, Heine, and Hegel fused into one—I say *fused*, not just lumped together—and you have Dr. Marx.' On the other hand, Mazzini's testimony is more actual: 'a German, a man of penetrating but corrupting intelligence, imperious, jealous of the influence of others, lacking strong philosophic or religious convictions, has, I fear, more hatred, if righteous hatred, in his heart than love.' Marx was devoted to his wife and children, but he let them live in squalor while he worked out his destructive theories, the gospel of his hatred. 'Washing and combing himself and changing his linen are rarities, and he likes getting drunk,' said another witness, whose assertions in those respects are supported by the authors, who show how he enjoyed a 'pub-crawl' and, when nearly forty, wantonly broke street-lamps; while throughout he was in fact a bourgeois



who sponged on Engels. The justification of his narrow and vindictive class-war is to be found in the conditions of repression to which he was born in the Prussia of Frederick William; but Marx's own doctrine, preaching a revolution of the workers everywhere, was so darkly one-sided, while its application, as we have seen in Russia, lends itself easily to such brutalities, that his contribution to the thought of the world can only be regarded as noxious. A part of the unclean thing. Yet he represents a phenomenon and a chapter of European social history; and for those reasons this honest work is valuable. As a bitterly ironic addendum to Marx's gospel, as illustrated in the calculated tyrannies of the Bolshevik system, that ruthless uncrowned Tsardom, comes Dr Ewald Ammende's '**Human Life in Russia**' (Allen and Unwin), wherein is revealed much of the truth that is hidden from conducted visitors to the Soviet State. The methods used in compliance with the theories preached, the persecutions, and the propaganda are frankly explained, with pictures of the victims to the famine that inevitably followed. The photographs given are evidence of a most cruel reality, and cannot with sincerity be gainsaid.

It is inevitable, in an age which spends so much of its energies is revaluing the leading personalities of the World War and of the times immediately before it broke out, that '**Hindenburg: the Wooden Titan**' (Macmillan) should not be spared; and here is a volume of revaluation which does not so much destroy a popular idol as puts the Field Marshal into a truer place. Naturally, after the Armistice, when chaos had fallen on Germany and the causes of the débâcle there were sought—with some haste and unfairness—Hindenburg was one of the trounced. As a retired officer of the German Navy in bitterness declared of him, his record was bad. 'Ludendorff won his battles for him, and he betrayed Ludendorff; the Kaiser made him a Field Marshal, and he betrayed the Kaiser; the Right elected him in 1925 and he betrayed——' and so on. A vicious interpretation of decisions and changes, which, however, Mr John W. Wheeler-Bennett in his discerning volume more generously treats. The Field Marshal was, indeed, the victim of a legend. The passion for hero-making made and unmade him. Exalted to the highest responsibilities, he was

unequal to the strain of impossible times ; but yet he gave himself to the national service with devotion according to his hard and simple ideals. Although a Prussian loyal to his Emperor, he was able without self-seeking to become the President of the German Republic, and if he failed to keep his old ideals, it was because the conditions failed him ; while surely his intervention, with all its faults, and the consequence of the present ascendancy of his ' Bohemian Corporal,' helped in the restoration of Germany.

The Sirdar Ikbar Ali Shah has performed an act of dutiful service to 'Fuad: King of Egypt' (Jenkins) in his tribute to that harassed and well-meaning monarch ; and if his record is not so picturesque as one might have expected that of a Moslem potentate to be, whose kingdom is enriched with ancient monuments and memories and the light of the Eastern sun, he has done rightly in emphasising the practical nature of Fuad's rule and the earnest endeavours that he made, against strong and often unscrupulous forces, to secure peace and prosperity for Egypt. He had faith in an early prediction that some day he would be a king, and the War brought his opportunity. Fortunately he had been trained according to European standards and had confidence in the good faith and the benefits of British co-operation in the administration of Egyptian affairs. Although he was unable quite to win the hearts of his people in his life-time, he left behind him such an impression of wise and earnest efforts to secure social reforms that he must be numbered among the worthiest rulers of his ancient and modern country, which is now beginning even another chapter of hopeful progress, thanks largely to him. We pass to another Eastern potentate, but how different ! It is curious that a translation of the Arabic Life of 'Tamerlane or Timur, the Great Amir' (Luzac), by Ahmed Ibn Arabshah, should not have been undertaken before ; but the delay has resulted in a more scholarly biography than earlier could have come. Mr J. H. Sanders is to be congratulated on this work. He has shown discrimination by the use of such few authorities as there be, and presents it in a style that retains the Eastern floridness of the original subject to the tests of Western enquiry. He has no illusions as to the human value of the conqueror and

tyrant, whose personality caught the imaginations of Marlowe and Gibbon; and his narrative, in telling truly the extraordinary record of Tamerlane's career, bids one to be thankful that the number of such human scourges as he has been rare. 'The birthplace of this deceiver was a village of a lord named Ilgar, in the territory of Kesh—may Allah remove him from the garden of Paradise!' was the prayer of Ahmed Ibn Arabshah. One is tempted to wonder whether Tamerlane ever did reach that only perfect garden.

Still with the Eastern world and its ways. An old and very insistent form of curiosity at last can be satisfied through the publication of Mr N. M. Penzer's account of 'The Harem' (Harrap) as it existed in the palace of the Sultans of Turkey, with a history added of the Grand Seraglio from its beginnings until now. The work is produced with a fullness and sumptuousness worthy of its compelling interest. The author writes with a due sense of the reality, and does not hesitate, in describing the great institution that was one cause of the decay of the power of the Sultans, to give an account of the surgical and other processes through which those autocrats came to be served. Sometimes that description appals. Here was human material exploited and abused to serve the lustful purposes of one pampered man, with effects that were bound to be physically and morally disastrous. Yet it makes strangely attractive reading, for Mr Penzer, in his particular examination of the Grand Seraglio and its surroundings, with the various halls and rooms, their appearance and purposes, has written something which could not have been done in like manner before or is likely to be better done in the future.

Whatever may be the justification for Miss M. C. Bradbrook's theory, as detailed with some hardihood and ingenuity in her study of the literary relationships of Sir Walter Raleigh, 'The School of Night' (Cambridge University Press), we have to thank her for the jolliest surprise, the cause of the most pleasant laughter that any printed Shakespearean discussion surely has aroused. It is so good of its unsuspected kind, that with the reviewers of detective fiction, we are indisposed now to reveal it. But needs must! In 'Love's Labour's Lost' Shakespeare nicknames a society founded by Raleigh,

and to which, it is alleged, Marlowe, Chapman, Harriot, possibly Spenser, and others belonged ; it was the School of Night. Its purposes and principles seem to be very uncertain ; but that need not concern us here ; for the jewel of the discussion is Miss Bradbrook's conclusion that Don Adriano de Armado was a caricature of Raleigh. Her sudden assertion took the breath away, until conviction—over which we purpose to be obstinate for at least a fortnight, and we hope for ever—compelled the denial. That Raleigh, with his mannerisms and self-satisfaction, his pushfulness, airs and graces, should have been a subject for burlesque is acceptable ; but not as Armado. The trifling omission to which Miss Bradbrook refers is a piece of evidence against her theory ; for Raleigh's pipe-smoking would have been too good a counter-blast for Shakespeare to have overlooked it ; while in those days there must have been many poets, wanderers, eccentrics available to furnish the foibles and vanities of an Armado. Moreover, would our gentle Shakespeare be the one to gird in humour at a man of great services, who was beaten and unhappy and with 'broken brains' ? The answer is in the negative.

It is to be hoped that with this publication of the Countess Tolstoy's Diary and Daybook for 1910, with the extracts from her husband's journals of that period, the tragic story of their differences and misunderstandings, 'The Final Struggle' (Allen and Unwin), may be left. It comprises a distressing record, and most of it was unnecessary. The explanation is now clear. The Count, who did not use that title for a quarter-century before his death, wished to fulfil his own proclaimed social and religious doctrines in the administration of his inherited estate ; and she, a mother concerned with the future of her children, forbade and acted to prevent it. Being a woman of unusual nervous irritabilities, she pursued her purpose—and her husband—to extravagant lengths, and saw in Tolstoy's devoted adherent, Chertkov, the prime cause of their embittered differences. A tiresome poor creature, she brooded, spied, misunderstood, lectured, wept, frequently made herself ill, and contemplated suicide ; sometimes even making futile attempts at suicide of a silly kind. It is all distressing, and the fact that it was possible, and a cause of the utter division of

the Tolstoy household, does seriously detract from the greatness of the man, which otherwise was unquestionable. Certainly she doubted the essential part of him, for in the peace of the months after his death, when translating a fragment from his pen about God, she asks herself 'He wrote well, but what has he done?' Could any judgment be more destructive of herself than that?

It is a little surprising to find Mr Alfred Noyes as the biographer of 'Voltaire' (Sheed and Ward), and still more so to discover him as a whole-hearted advocate of the man who outstandingly has been regarded as an enemy of the Christian faith and of much else that had long been established. To Mr Noyes this work has been a labour of love; and the pity is that in the ways of many ardent lovers he often has lingered unduly over the charms of the adored one. The early and especially the concluding chapters are excellent in bringing out the personality of the subject, but the many that intervene, explaining Voltaire's philosophy and his works that barbed the vanities and stupidities of the time, are long-drawn and tedious, due partly to the self-satisfied style which seems to be characteristic of Mr Noyes in his polemics. Yet a biography of Voltaire was called for, as the old general idea of him was based largely on deep prejudices and the answering resentments of the little people who could not endure to have their follies pricked. Especially valuable is Mr Noyes' deductions that Voltaire was religious in the large-hearted manner: a Theist, reverent, frank, and serviceable; while his championship of those who needed the shield and sword of a defender is shown in his efforts in the Calas case.

'The Quarterly' is glad to welcome an interesting volume coming from the home of the 'Edinburgh,' though it deals with a period anterior to the birth of these Reviews. In 'The House of Longman, 1724-1800' (Longmans), by the late Charles Longman, edited and completed by Mr J. E. Chandler, is given much that is of great interest to all who are interested in the history of literature and of the book-trade. In addition to introductory and concluding chapters on the family of Longman and their work, bibliographical information is given about all the books published by the firm from its foundation in 1724 to 1800. It is a list of which any publishing

firm might be legitimately proud, and proves the strength and vitality, always since preserved, of the House of Longman in days when practically no other firms still existing were even dreamed of.

The biographical essays and reviews of the late A. A. Baumann are well worth preserving in book form, and the little volume, edited by Mr Humbert Wolfe and entitled 'Personalities' (Macmillan), deserves a welcome. There was never a keener upholder of the Victorian tradition than 'A. A. B.,' nor a more convinced Conservative. The world around him might, and did change, but A. A. B. never; and so the mild reformer of 1880 became consistently the reactionary of 1930. Politically he did not reach the eminence which his early ability seemed to promise, and his growing disillusionment at times lent acidity to his pen; but, astringent though they might be, his writings were always well-informed, well-arranged, and well worth reading. Mr Wolfe has made an excellent selection, shedding a little light on A. A. B.'s life and more on his views of political leaders and traditions.

The reticence of 'A. E. Housman' (Cambridge University Press) about himself, his economy of output, his injunction that none of his writings which had appeared in periodical publications should be reprinted, as well as his aloofness and seeming austerity, have tended, in the ways of contradictoriness, to attract the curious; and, therefore, Mr A. S. F. Gow's Sketch of him will be widely read. Within its brief compass it reveals much about an eager scholar and sensitive man. In many ways Housman's course was fortunate. He had failures that would have swamped many, and yet went on and more than survived. He had no illusions over persons or movements. He could attend a lecture by Jowett and not go again because of the Professor's disregard for the niceties of scholarship; and he refused honours because they also were bestowed on others who were, he believed, unworthy of them. A spirit so discriminating does not tend towards worldly success, and in his case it caused him to restrict the issue of his works in poetry and prose to the little that he believed was assuredly good. While his view of life was that of 'a long fool's-errand to the grave,' he yet had a shy hope of leaving behind him an enduring name, and that, we feel, is realised.



'A Short History of India' (Longmans) at the present day, which marks vast developments in our Empire in the East, is timely ; and the authors, Mr W. H. Moreland and Sir Atul Chandra Chatterjee, have used the opportunity well with their lucid, balanced, full, and stimulating volume. A subject that begins with the aboriginal jungle folk, and includes such personalities and influences as those of Alexander, Buddha, Asoka, the Islamic conquerors, the Moguls, Aurangzeb, Clive, Hastings, the Lawrences, and modern administrators and agitators, with Queen Victoria and her successors on the throne as an exalted inspiration to Indians in general, is not easily to be put into a convenient volume of less than five hundred pages. Yet here it is successfully accomplished. Every one concerned in the conditions not only of Hindustan but of our British associations and responsibilities there should master this book, and not only attain thereby authoritative information but gain the impression that with all the mistakes and shortcomings resulting from the government of so many different and difficult races under the Raj, the work has been done with greatness and the future is hopeful. No small part of the improved conditions in Hindustan the authors ascribe to the influence of the comradeships of the War between Indians and the British, and of the pleasant and equal competitions on the playing-grounds—in polo, and cricket, and the example of 'Ranji.'

We pass to another, a vastly different, earlier Empire, whose influence is still not dead in the world ; but which lacked the essential spirit of duty and human liberty that mark the principles underlying the British Commonwealth of Nations ; using instead the force and rough justice of the sword, though the spirit of 'mercy to the conquered' also was recognized. A part of the story of that widespread power is told by Mr H. W. Household in the first volume of 'Rome: Republic and Empire' (Dent). Rightly he has eschewed the merely legendary, though he declines to sacrifice altogether the reality of Romulus and Remus. He accepts the fathers of the Latins as being 'the slender, brown, long-headed, peaceful agricultural folk known as the Mediterranean race,' who came, thrust out of Northern Africa by the pressure of the populations there, to settle in Italy and elsewhere along

the northern borders of the island sea. The volume so begun ends with the murder of Julius Cæsar, whose all-round greatness is recognised. This little work, in its prudence and the fascination of its story, is not only readable but it contains lessons to those who have faith in the mission of our own Commonwealth and wish to see the fatal errors of ancient Rome avoided.

The grim accounts of recent doings in Spain have caused many to wonder what is the real cause of the trouble. Such people may turn to Professor Allison Peers' '*The Spanish Tragedy*' (Methuen) with profit. In little over two hundred pages it gives a clear, discerning and comprehensive account of the past causes and present development (up to September, when the proofs were corrected) of the troubles from the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera to the rule of Largo de Caballero. It gives an interesting portrait of King Alfonso, praising his personal courage but showing how inevitable was the fall of the monarchy. Then came the outwardly peaceful start of the Republic, gradually to deteriorate into anarchy. It is a sad story—but the Spaniards have brought their troubles on themselves. Nearly thirty changes of government in the first twenty-seven months of the republic, delays in reforms, financial chaos, no budgets, elections illegally delayed, the consistent abuse of power to oppress opponents, rampant corruption, wholesale imprisonments, rioting and assassination. Such is the sorry tale of the Spanish Republic.

The qualities required in a book that describes experiences of the War-time must be something special to justify its publication in these over-printed years. Surgeon Rear-Admiral John R. Muir's '*Years of Endurance*' (Philip Allan) has those special qualities—the gifts of vivid description, with frankness of outlook and that extra-blessed virtue, humour. The result is better than mere enjoyment. At Chatham when the War broke out he had largely to improvise medical conditions for the rapid and overwhelming mobilisation; and from that opening until the end he was active. As the Fleet surgeon on the '*Tiger*,' he passed through the long months of watching and waiting to the Battle of Jutland. Of that fight he gives an unapologetic account; and shows conclusively that, so far as it went, it was both an actual and a moral

defeat of the Germans. It is good to have that truth brought out; while as for the cool reception of the fighting sailors after the event, it was less the fault of the anxious British public than of the Admiralty, whose clumsy suppression of the truth of the sinking of the 'Audacious' was an ill prelude to their lugubrious report after Jutland.

The only uncertainty over Mr John Grierson's '**High Failure**' (William Hodge) is in the appropriateness of the title; for he did not fail. Often he was near it, close even to death; but his courage and resources of mind, and the fortune that sometimes attends the deserving, helped him through to successful achievement. His purpose was to fly from England to Canada by the 'Arctic Air Route'; that is, by way of the Faroes, Iceland, Greenland, and Baffin's Island. The whole way had its difficulties, for it was almost a virgin route, and certainly most hazardous to the small machine that Mr Grierson flew. Its most dangerous passage was over the ice plane of Greenland, with heavy clouds about him and solid ice beneath, meaning death in the event of a descent. While the book has its particular interest to experts, for the Author faithfully reports the practical and scientific details, it is so adroitly done that it will entertain also the general reader, because of the spirit of high adventure that animated its writer. Mr Grierson's earlier experiences, when he blandly ignored the R.A.F. (that later forgave him), and went flying about the world, are not its least enjoyable parts.

Herr Emil Ludwig's methods being so well known it was to be expected that he would soon go to '**The Nile**' (Allen and Unwin), that most mysterious, historic, and wonderful of rivers, for its life-story, which also, under his treatment, has inspiration and parable-values for mankind. He traces its course from its many sources among Abyssinian mountains and the great lakes to Egypt; and is, therefore, able in his way to paint luminous pictures of natural loveliness and to draw deep morals over the transitoriness of kingdoms and empires. He sees the Nile as a mighty influence whose struggle with mankind was decided in Assouan, and waxes almost lyrical over the water-saving and fertility-giving dam, which must be an enduring monument to the beneficence of the British intervention in Egypt. Herr Ludwig is

not to every one's taste; but those who accept his picturesque and florid style will enjoy this book.

Mr Henry Baerlein might fitly be termed the Happy Traveller. He flits here and there—Japan yesterday, Rumania to-morrow, with Sicily or somewhere else between—and gathers stories, some of them elderly, to retell with an innocent zest that makes them seem almost new; and if he is willing to remain in any country a sufficiently brief time is able to write an amusing book about it. In '**No Longer Poles Apart**' (Longmans) he proves that truth, and in this volume with the punning title incidentally says a number of things about Poland and its people. Besides the essential country he also requires a person to act as a foil to himself. In an early book on the Children's Crusade, he discovered, not without the help of M. Anatole France, a pastry-cook; and in this work he has a soda-water merchant who serves his answering purpose well enough. It is a bright book, and contains a number of lovely photographs.

Although Dr Walter Starkie took François Rabelais rather than Quixote as his spiritual companion when he tramped with his fiddle through Barbary, Andalusia, and La Mancha, he ends his realistic-romantic narrative, '**Don Gypsy**' (Murray), with so delightful an epilogue, wherein he revisits the district of the greatest of all the Dons in tale or history (for what was Juan but an amorous, shabby trickster?), that a lovely quixotic flavour is left in the mind. There is a deal of Spain in this book, the true Spain, for Dr Starkie minces no words over the worked-up shams, with their tinklings and poses and gaudy Moorish tiles and 'walls and ceilings strident in colour with red, yellow, and gilt, which too many have given and taken as of the real country.' Instead we go with him among the ragamuffins, gypsies, wayside beggars, and musicians who are an inevitable part of—everywhere. From the gladness with which he welcomed a postal-order received from home, we take it that his earnings as a maker of music were not so profitable as might have been; but then he has a large heart—as well as a big body, about which he talks too much—and could not resist sharing his pennyworths of wine with the many down-and-out whom he gladly met. He has the spirit of brotherhood, and therefore found the

way into tents and places wherein the mere *gorgio* could not have entered. But we wonder if he was as truly regarded as a Romany Rye as he seems to believe. Yet what does it matter? He enjoyed his experiences and gallivantings so well that he enables his readers also to enjoy them. Therefore, tune your fiddle, Don Eustaquio, and go again to those happy hunting-grounds—mainly for insects—from which you bring such jolly provender.

Many earnest Churchmen and women follow with comfort the guidance in religious truths of Dr B. H. Streeter, knowing that while he is modern enough to keep abreast of the knowledge which comes from an intensive study of the Scriptures, and the Fathers and the teachings of Science, he yet stands by the spiritually-reasonable assertions of the Faith. Their confidence in him should strengthen with the perusal of this his latest and somewhat more conversative volume, 'The God who Speaks' (Macmillan), consisting of the Warburton Lectures of 1933 to 1935. Brief as the book is, it fitly serves a need of these days. For the world is still in a sort of chaos after the destruction of the War; while humanity continues in a state of despair, with little inclination to mend the rot. But in God is the cure, and He speaks, 'not in the tornado, the earthquake, or in the lightning-flash, but by the still small voice. And that voice bids to act.' Such in briefest measure is the moral of this volume. Through the teachings of that Voice and of the Old and the New Testaments, of which Dr Streeter gives a suggestive outline, to act constructively and recover values which the brutality and silliness of later days have endangered or thrown away is the need. 'If Christianity is to save our threatened civilisation, its representatives must deflect their interest from theological discussion and denominational rivalries to a practical dealing with those basic infirmities of human nature which are the taproot of all human ills.' The pity is that the Churches did not discover that truth centuries ago.

The history and religion of Hinduism are so baffling to those born without that super-extensive fold that few Europeans can appreciate its virtues or fail to be horrified by some of its alleged practices. And this, in some respects, is so to members of its own community; as is shown by the occasional reformers that arise to cleanse

the defects and remove the vices, and set not only Hindus but the world an example of purity and goodwill towards men. Such an one was 'Sri Swami Narayana' (Harmony House, Rajkot, India), whose life-crusade is enthusiastically told by Bhai Manilal C. Parekh. In large measures Swami Narayana's career followed the line of those of other Indian religious reformers; but differed from them in that he was not an opponent of the British Raj, but had close and friendly relations with 'Sir Malcolm,' the Government representative. This is the more striking, showing his independence of spirit, as he wrought at a time, more than a century ago, when much was happening to displease Indians, and conditions in the vast sub-continent were unsettled. His career followed the ordinary courses of such extraordinary persons as reformers of the religious and social life of Hindustan must be. He performed miracles, and preached an uplifting gospel, and at any rate for that second reason belonged to the Salt of the Earth.

Of greater significance is M. Saul de Navarro's '*La Danse des Symboles*' (Editions Mazarines de Paris), a winged commentary on Life and its mockeries, written with a wit as bright as that of Anatole France, though less subtle than his and free from bitterness. A word of admiration is due to M. Maurwell for its translation from the Portuguese. In the most airy spirit and with charm of expression we go on a butterfly dance through the visions, rather than the realities, of this civilisation; and recognise how even this commonplace life has reflections—of the smile of Monna Lisa, the enlightened earnestness and triumphant idealism of Quixote, with the influence severally cast amongst others of Diogenes, Goethe, Pierrot, and Charlie Chaplin. What is life? our author asks, and answers with, '*La sourire des apparences*.' And that may be taken as his not unhelpful moral. The English, of course, must be in a kindly manner his butt: '*L'humour et le "fruit-salt," la Bible et le "Times," Shakespeare et Swift, c'est en bref, l'Angleterre.*' With that in mind it is not surprising to discover that on a brilliant summer night in Rio de Janeiro M. de Navarro having set himself to read Shakespeare, he fell to brooding on the force and mysteries of the Jungle, and after a while as the stars blazed above him awoke to close the book unread.



